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THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND *LONDON REVIEW*,

CONTAINING

PORTRAITS, VIEWS, BIOGRAPHY, ANECDOTES,
LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS,
ARTS, MANNERS,
AND
AMUSEMENTS OF THE AGE.

VOL. 58,

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1810.

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1810.

THE

European Magazine,

For JULY, 1810.

[Embellished with, 1, an elegant Frontispiece, representing TAVISTOCK ABBEY; and, 2, a Portrait of SIR GORE OUSELEY, BART.]

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London:

Printed by J. Gold, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street,

FOR JAMES ASPERNE,

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

☞ Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month, as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies, at Two Guineas and a Half per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas and a Half per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any Part of the East Indies, at Forty Shillings per Annum, by Mr. GUY, at the East India House.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

WE, a short time since, observed in a *daily print* a letter addressed in some degree to the *conductors* of *periodical publications*, which stated, that the HARVEST had by no means answered the hopes of the cultivators of the soil, and wished that this *important information* should be *generally* announced to the *public*. If this had been really the case, which, thank Heaven! we have great reason to believe it is not, the wisest measure would have been to have suffered the subject, for the present, to pass *unnoticed*; because the publication of *apprehended scarcity* has all the effect that is attributed by *Prior* to the *fat man* in a crowd; it *creates* the *very evil* which it *deplores*. Of this we have seen *innumerable* instances. However, so far from having any fears of the failure of the *ensuing harvest*, we have, from the *public papers*, the MORNING POST in particular, which has several times mentioned the subject, great reason to *rejoice*, that owing to the late *favourable showers of rain*, there is a *fair*, *rational*, and *well-grounded* prospect of ABUNDANCE. We deemed it necessary to mention this circumstance, because in proportion to its *general interest* has been the *general anxiety*.

DISSIPATION; or, *The Origin of Parties*, and THE MELANGE, No. XXV. are unavoidably deferred till our next.

We wish to intimate to our Correspondent R. P. that the anecdote respecting the famous equestrian statue of CHARLES II. in *Stocks Market*, erected by *Sir Robert Viner*, mayor (which is said to have been made at Leghorn), being that of *John Sobieski*, King of *Poland*, trampling on *a Turk*, is *gravely* recorded by PENNANT, page 363, and also by many other of our civic historians. When "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR" was revived at Drury-lane, by *Mr. Garrick*, in 1751, a very beautiful scene of *Stocks Market*, in which this equestrian statue was most admirably depicted, was painted by *Hayman*, which, as a *vestige* of the ancient city, elicited (as it is now the fashion to say) unbounded applause. *Apropos*, the fencing-scene in this excellent comedy was originally performed with *bed-staves*; and it was at rehearsal debated whether they should be retained; but upon consideration they were deemed too *ludicrous*; and indeed *Woodward* very justly contended, that they would weaken the *stage effect* of his exertions.

We have not been able to find "A GREAT LITTLE ODDITY."

We are sure the good sense of our Correspondent DETECTOR will induce him to excuse the publication of his letter respecting the "Extortions of the sellers of second-hand books."

The *Account of the Family* of SHEFFIELD, *Earls of Mulgrave*, is obliged to be deferred for re-consideration.

"*An Effusion of* PARENTAL PIETY" is received.

The benevolent author of the letter "On the *absurd* Custom of *Duelling*" will see, that we have, in this Number, taken notice of this *senseless* and *wicked* practice in another manner.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from July 7 to July 14, 1810.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	118	4	47	0	47	0	34	8	50	5
Kent	108	9	58	0	44	0	31	3	47	6
Sussex	115	4	00	0	00	0	31	0	00	0
Suffolk	116	1	00	0	45	2	32	5	48	0
Cambridge	109	8	00	0	33	10	34	0	46	8
Norfolk	108	10	51	3	37	6	25	11	51	0
Lincoln	108	5	53	0	45	2	27	2	48	9
York	103	10	61	4	31	6	25	9	52	0
Durham	106	9	00	0	57	2	38	2	00	0
Northumb.	98	0	72	0	46	10	35	8	00	0
Cumberlan.	99	6	56	0	54	10	35	9	00	0
Westmorl.	108	8	64	0	51	2	32	8	00	0
Lancaster	111	10	00	0	47	4	31	2	62	8
Chester	105	11	00	0	00	0	32	11	00	0
Gloucester	127	7	00	0	39	0	00	0	00	0
Somerset	134	8	00	0	52	8	30	5	63	0
Monmouth	143	3	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
Devon	122	11	00	0	52	4	00	0	00	0
Cornwall	121	0	00	0	35	2	30	2	00	0
Dorset	118	9	00	0	56	0	34	0	00	0
Hants	116	6	00	0	47	6	32	10	59	0

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Middlesex	119	3	51	11	41	9	35	4	53	1
Surrey	122	0	56	0	46	0	38	4	60	0
Hertford	104	6	58	6	42	3	31	8	52	4
Bedford	105	4	64	10	41	9	30	0	55	2
Huntingd.	112	6	00	0	43	6	27	8	48	3
Northampt.	109	0	64	0	43	8	25	4	64	0
Rutland	111	6	00	0	46	3	27	9	50	0
Leicester	104	0	62	1	43	1	27	7	47	7
Nottingh.	111	0	62	0	43	6	29	8	59	0
Derby	98	10	00	0	44	6	33	6	56	6
Stafford	110	3	00	0	49	10	35	5	56	8
Salop	120	9	90	11	60	6	36	6	00	0
Hereford	129	11	64	0	56	2	36	5	57	0
Worcester	121	5	60	5	50	3	36	6	57	5
Watwick	124	2	00	0	43	7	38	2	65	5
Wilts	112	4	00	0	45	2	33	10	64	4
Berks	120	1	00	0	44	2	36	0	57	8
Oxford	118	11	00	0	45	2	33	6	54	11
Bucks	112	8	00	0	44	10	33	10	54	2
WALES.										
N. Wales	100	4	00	0	49	4	35	4	00	0
S. Wales	114	6	00	0	53	0	29	8	00	0

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,
FOR JULY, 1810.

MEMOIR OF SIR GORE OUSELEY, BART.

HIS MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO THE KING OF PERSIA.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THE subjects of the great mission on which this gentleman is employed, even in the moment of quitting his native shores, are of a character at once so new and so important, that it may be not only proper, but necessary, to preface the recital of his more private story, by giving an outline of the history of our political relations with the country to which he is delegated. The mental powers of the man selected by his government to discharge the duties of an embassy, may be in a manner measured by the degree of public consequence annexed to it. His character is thus shewn as it were by reflection; and in feeling what he ought to be, we find a clue to assist us in discovering what he really is.

Of the general importance in all times to this country of its *Eastern possessions* we need not speak, but at the present moment their value is beyond calculation; always a source of immense revenue and consequent power, they may now be considered as the means of even our political existence. The sovereign of those immense and splendid colonies must, under existing circumstances, stand first among the rulers of empires; and the views of that wonderous instrument of the Divine Vengeance, who pants for universal monarchy, are naturally directed to the possession of them. France, under her legitimate sovereigns, contented herself with occasionally disturbing us in INDIA. Her attacks aimed not at conquest, but were instituted merely to create diversions, or to possess herself of insulated settlements, as a counterbalance to our advantages there or elsewhere; and to be restored at the termination of war. France, under her usurper, meditates the permanent dominion of the whole, and the extirpation of the BRITISH NAME from every part of ASIA.

In order to facilitate the execution of this stupendous plan, the concurrence, or rather the connivance, of the KING of PERSIA is indispensably necessary; not only because the ready passage to all our *Indian possessions* is through the dominions of that monarch, but because his conjunctive neighbours on the north-east are the *Mahratta states*, at once the most powerful and the most implacable of our *Eastern* enemies. This fierce people obtained long since, from *Frenchmen*, the rudiments of *military tactics*, and the use of arms, according to the *European* mode; but this may be ascribed rather to their own taste for warfare, than to the zeal of their instructors. Since the *French* revolution, however, and more especially since *Buonaparte* has directed the affairs of *France*, whole cargoes of military missionaries have been smuggled thither; and the drilling and disciplining the *Mahrattas* have assumed a regular form, as one part of his grand system. A Savoyard, named DE BOIGNE,* left Eng-

* We trust our readers will be gratified by the following account of this extraordinary person, and his successor; especially as it is so highly demonstrative of the justice of our observations in the text.

General DE BOIGNE was born at Chamberry, the capital of SAVOY. At an early period of his life he travelled into Russia, where he served, first as a private, and afterwards as a subaltern officer, in the armies of the late Empress. In 1772 he was taken prisoner by the Turks, and liberated at the subsequent peace. Being thus, by the custom of the Russian service, reduced to half

land, several years since, for India; and presented himself to DOWLAT RAO SCINDIAH, the usurper of the authority of the *Peishwah*, with plans for the amelioration of the *Mahratta* army. His services were accepted; and he presently drew together a band of *French military* adventurers; who, together with himself, devoted their most strenuous endeavours to that end. This man, who is now in France, possessing *Buonaparte's* fullest confidence on matters of this nature, was succeeded by a *Frenchman*, PERRON; who not only followed the steps of his predecessor, but enlarged his plan, by gradually dismissing all those officers who were not his countrymen. A third, DECAEN, was sent thither in 1803; accompanied, among others, by one who had, two years before, submitted a plan to BUONAPARTE, then called *Chief Consul*; the effect of which was, to make the unfortunate SHAH AULUM the principal instrument of the French designs in India; and to avail themselves of his name to establish their influence and power. A copy of this plan fell into the hands of the MARQUIS WELLESLEY, when GOVERNOR-GENERAL.*

It is to this nobleman, whose penetration fathomed the design to its utmost depth, that we owe the present quiet possession of our Indian settlements; it was that *Mahratta* war which his wisdom so admirably planned, and his firmness executed; that Mahratta war which drew forth the impertinent and ignorant censures of petty politicians, both in and out of Parliament; and which they so loudly declared called for the impeachment of its author; which, for the time, frustrated all the schemes of *France*; while the achievements of *Major-general Wellesley*, now LORD VISCOUNT WELLINGTON,† and of GENERAL LORD LAKE,‡ combined with the

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pay, he went to India, with the view of entering the British service in that country. On his arrival at Madras, in 1783, he was appointed an officer of the body guard of Lord Macartney, then governor of that settlement; but conceiving that the circumstance of his being a foreigner might prove an obstacle to his further advancement, he relinquished the Company's service. He then proceeded to Bengal, where he obtained letters of recommendation to the late MAHAJEE SCINDEAH, the celebrated Mahratta prince; who immediately gave him an appointment in his army. Mahajee, who possessed a penetrating sagacity, and a judgment, no less exact than quick, in forming his opinion of men, soon perceived that DE BOIGNE was well qualified to assist in carrying into execution the vast military projects which he had then in view. He, therefore, consulted him on the best mode of forming a body of regular infantry; having observed the great advantage which the English derived from their infantry in their contests with native powers. DE BOIGNE accordingly proposed to raise a brigade of *ten battalions*, to consist of *one thousand men* each, to be clothed and disciplined, as far as religious prejudices would admit, in the same manner as the English infantry; and to be regularly trained to the system of European tactics. The proposal was agreed to, and DE BOIGNE appointed to the command of the new levy, with the rank of general; to render this force more compact, *five hundred* mewattees (or irregular foot soldiers) were attached to it, to perform the ordinary routine of camp duties; so that the brigade might be always ready to march, without the smallest diminution of its numbers, on any emergency, however sudden. A body of *five hundred* cavalry was likewise attached to the brigade; and a train of well-mounted and well-served artillery, consisting of *sixty pieces* of *cannon*, of six, nine, and eighteen-pounders. No sooner had DE BOIGNE brought this brigade to a high state of discipline, than he raised two more of *eight thousand* men each, on the same model; and to the whole was attached a body of *rohillas*, consisting of *twelve hundred* men, for storming parties. This army, officered by Europeans of different nations, and directed by the enterprising spirit of its commander, enabled MAHAJEE SCINDEAH to gain a complete ascendancy over all the other chiefs in the Mahratta empire, to add vast territories to his dominions, and to extend his influence from Delhi to the Punjaub. As a reward for these eminent and important services, Scindeah gave DE BOIGNE an extensive and valuable jaghire, in the Du-jaub, one of the provinces which he had subdued.

After the death of Mahajee, and the accession of Dowlat Rao Scindeah, DE BOIGNE chiefly resided on his jaghire, until 1798, when he returned to England, having acquired a princely fortune. He was succeeded in the command of the army by PERRON, a Frenchman; who came to India a midshipman in Monsieur de Suffrein's ship, and who commanded one of the battalions under DE BOIGNE for many years.

In the spring of 1802, DE BOIGNE went to Paris; where he has since resided.

* A PORTRAIT and MEMOIR of the Noble Marquis were given in our LIId Vol. page 411.

† See a PORTRAIT and MEMOIR in Vol. LIV. p. 3.

‡ See a PORTRAIT and MEMOIR in Vol. LIII. p. 243.

admirable and exemplary conduct of the officers and troops during the campaign of 1803; more particularly in the signal and splendid victories of DELHI, ASSYE, and LASWARREE, raised the fame of *British* bravery and discipline on the shores of Indus to a height equal to that of its immense elevation in Europe.

Having thus happily repelled all present danger from open force, it remains to counteract the intrigues of *France* by *policy* and *negotiation*.

"It has always been a principal object" (says a most enlightened writer) "of the British Government to prevent the sovereign power of the *Mahratta state*, or the power of any great branch of the *Mahratta Empire*, from passing into the hands of *France*, while the views of the government of *France* shall be directed to the establishment of its authority within the peninsula of *Hindostan*. It is manifestly the policy of the *British government* to accomplish such a system of alliances with the powers of INDIA, as may preclude the occurrence of those internal convulsions, which would afford to France the most favourable opportunity of effecting her ambitious purpose."

In this spirit, and with these views, has the present mission to the King of Persia been devised; and to SIR GORE OUSELEY, Bart. whose talents and integrity, whose perfect *geographical* and *political* knowledge of INDIA, whose intimacy with the courts and various interests of its princes (some of whom, as we shall see, he has personally served), and whose admirable skill in its *languages*, render him, perhaps, of all men living, the fittest for such a charge, is this important embassy entrusted: we proceed to our promised memoir.

The family of OUSELEY, OUSLEY, OWESLEY, OSLEY, &c. according to the rude orthography of early times, is of high antiquity, and was formally divided into many branches; we find them seated at *Cheddington*, in *Dorsetshire*; at *St. Mary Buckland*, in *Somersetshire*; at *Great Budworth*, in *Cheshire*; at *Hallaton*, in the *county* of *Leicester*; and at *Low Layton*, in *Essex*. The principal stock, or elder line, however, seems to have fixed itself in *Shropshire*; where, as appears from several wills, and other authentic documents, different branches of it resided at *Morvild*, *Houghton*, *Croft*, *Alpley*, *Stockton*, *Astley*, and other places, situated chiefly in the eastern part of that county. The same authorities inform us also of their several intermarriages with various ancient houses; as the *Brays*, *Conways*, *Staffords*, *Salisburys*, &c. It would not be difficult to trace to very remote antiquity, the pedigree of the subject of this memoir; but it will be sufficient for the present purpose to begin with his undoubted ancestor, *Richard Ouseley*; who, in 1571, we find lord of the manor of *Courtein Hall*, in the county of *Northampton*; that this Richard came from Shropshire, we learn from the following quaint inscription on the monument erected to his memory, by his son, *Sir John Ouseley*, in the church of that parish, as given in *Bridges' History of Northamptonshire*; it is cut on a slab of black marble, which covers a handsome tomb of free stone; and an engraving of it may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1799, accompanied by some genealogical anecdotes of the family:

> A Sallop's Oseley, I
> A ruen *Partrige* wooune,
> No birds I had her by:
> Such work with her was doonne.
>
> Shee dead, I turtle sought,
> A *Wake*, in Salsie bred;
> Twise six birds shee me brought:
> Shee lyvs, but I am dead.
>
> But, when ninth yeare was come,
> I sleapt, that was *a Wake*:
> So, yielding to death's doome,
> Did here my lodging take.

The key, for the most part, to this whimsical epitaph is to be found in the following facts. *Richard Oseley*, married, first, the widow of *Sir Miles Partrige*, by whom he had no issue (*ruen*, perhaps for barren); and secondly, *Magdalen*, daughter of *John Wake*, who brought him twelve children, and survived him for nine years. This *John* was grandson to *Roger Wake*, of *Bliswsorth*, in *Northamptonshire*, who was distinguished by the appellation of "the *great Wake*;" and through the match in question the posterity of *Richard Ouseley* descend from many of the most ancient and illustrious houses in England.

It appears, from the will of *Richard Ouseley*, which was proved in the prerogative *Court* of *Canterbury*, that he received the manor of *Courtein Hall* in gift from the crown; and he speaks o

it in that document as a very inadequate reward for "fifty years service," probably in the army; he built there, however, at a great charge, a stately mansion, which he called the Hall House; over the principal portal of which were to be seen, says *Mr. Bridges*, the initials of the names of himself and of his second wife, with the date 1580. This house has been lately pulled down. *Richard* died on the 10th of July, 1598.

John Ouseley, the eldest of his numerous issue, succeeded to his estates, and received the honour of knighthood from *King James* the first, on the 23d of July, 1603. He embraced in very early life the military profession, and is frequently mentioned by the more minute historians of that period as captain of one hundred men. We are told in *Purchas's Pilgrims* (vol. i. p. 1925), that, in 1589, the *Earl of Essex*, then commanding the *English* in *Portugal*, sent *Captain Ouseley*, undoubtedly the gentleman of whom we are speaking, envoy to the *Emperor of Morocco*. He married *Martha*, daughter of *Bartholomew Tate*, of *Delapré Abbey*, near *Northampton* (now the beautiful seat of the Hon. *Edward Bouverie*, uncle to the *Earl of Radnor*); and dying in the prime of life, at the *siege* of *Breda*, where he had a command, was buried at *Williamstadt*: his lady long survived him: we find the entry of her burial in the parish-register of *Courten Hall*, under the description of "*Martha Ouseley*, the lady," on the 24th of January, 1641.

Sir John was succeeded by his eldest son, *Richard*, who, about the year 1650, sold the manor of *Courten Hall* to Sir *Samuel Jones*, Knt. who bequeathed it to *Samuel Wake*, Esq. from whom it passed, by inheritance, to Sir *William Wake*, Bart. the present possessor. *Richard Ouseley* married *Mary*, daughter of *Mark Parker*, of *Olney*, or *Underwood*, in the county of *Bucks*: and *Richard*, his son and heir, who was born at *Courten Hall*, in 1625, dying without issue, was succeeded by his next brother, *Jasper*; who married *Sarah*, daughter of ——— *Chambers*, of the kingdom of *Ireland*, and left a son *Jasper*, who was born in 1660, and died in 1755, and who took to wife *Dorothy*, daughter of the Rev. *James Johnstone*, of *North Britain*. *William Ouseley*, the son of this second *Jasper*, was born in 1693, and by his first wife, *Elizabeth*, daughter of ——— *Morley*, of *Caermarthenshire*, had a son, *William*, born in 1727; who married *Priscilla*, daughter of *William Gray*, Esq. by whom he left an only child, *Elizabeth*, who is now living without issue, the widow of *Robert Wills*, Esq.: he married, secondly, *Margaret*, daughter of *George Lee*, of the county of *York*, on the 7th of February, 1739-40, who brought him a son, *Ralph*, the father of the Gentleman who is the subject of this Memoir. *Ralph Ouseley* married *Elizabeth*, daughter of *Henry Holland*, of *Limerick*, Esq.; and dying on the 18th of February, 1803, left issue, by her, two sons and two daughters: *Sir William Ouseley*, LL.D. the eldest son, who received the honour of knighthood at the *Castle* of *Dublin* under the vice-royalty of the late *Marquis Cornwallis*, author of several learned Oriental works, and who, with every natural and acquired qualification to render him assistance, accompanies his brother *Sir Gore* in his embassy. This gentleman, who, on the 6th of March, 1796, was married at *Carlisle*, to *Julia-Frances*, daughter of the late *Lieutenant-colonel John Irving*, has issue by her, now living, three sons and three daughters: *William-Gore*, born July the 26th, 1797; *Julia-Frances*, June the 18th, 1799; *John-Ralph*, May the 12th, 1801; *Eliza-Martha*, May the 28th, 1803; *Amelia-Annie*, January the 5th, 1806; *Richard*, June the 29th, 1809.—*Eliza*, relict of the late Rev. *Robert Warren*, by whom she has several sons and daughters; and *Alice*, unmarried.

Sir Gore Ouseley, our immediate subject, was born on the 24th of June, 1770, and went, when young, in a military capacity to *India*, where he served as *aide-de-camp*, confidential secretary, and commandant of the body guard to his Highness Saudah Ali Khan, the *Navaub Vizir* of Oude at Lucknow, and afterwards received a patent of nobility from Shah Allum, the *Emperor* of Hindostan. He was created a baronet of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland on the 28th of September, 1788; and on the 10th of March, in the present year, was appointed his Majesty's Ambassador *Extraordinary* and *Minister Plenipotentiary* at the Court of his Majesty the *King of Persia*. Sir *Gore* married, on the 12th of April, 1806, *Harriet-Georgina*, daughter of *Lieutenant-general John Whitelocke*; by whom he has an only daughter, *Mary-Jane*, who was born on the 28th of March, 1807.

CLASSICAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Observations on Horace.

No. V.

Observations on the 18th Ode of the 3d Book of Horace.

WE learn from Varro, that Faunus, to whom this Ode is dedicated, was the Pan of the Greeks, and that the Latins gave him the appellation of Faunus. Varro's etymology, however, of the word is rather far-fetched: he supposes it to come from *fari,* because, says he, *solebant fari insilvestribus locis.* He was the Deity who presided over all rural matters, as we learn from Virgil, who calls him, *Pan Deus Arcadiæ;* and the author entreats his casting a propitious eye on his farm; on the crops growing in the sunny fields, and on every thing which was being fostered by him: in return for the good offices of the sylvan god, he promises to present him with a liberal sacrifice.

Faune Nympharum. The ancients represented those inhabitants of the woods who bore the several names of fauns, sylvans, and satyrs, as having the legs and feet of goats, in order to designate their lasciviousness; which they carried to such an excess as to keep the females of Arcadia in constant consternation, whom they were in the habit of assaulting in a manner highly offensive to their chastity; insomuch that the dryads and hamadryads could scarcely occupy their native woods: and from this well known trait of their disposition, Horace styles Faunus (otherwise Pan) as "the pursuing lover of flying nymphs."

Æquus alumnis. The word *alumnis* has, I observe, by the Scholiast, been a matter of misconception, some having rendered it as servants, slaves, or boys, in the habit of waiting at table: but I should rather render it, from the tenor of the foregoing words, the young and tender roots, or perhaps tendrils, which were under his fostering care. *Alumnus,* I readily grant, means *any* thing or *person* fostered; but in this case it must certainly be considered as applying to *plants.*

Si, tener pleno. If the god complied with the poet's wishes, he was to have an offering of a goat of one year old, and large libations of wine, which he denominates the companion of love; thus artfully trying to put him into good humour by speaking of his favourite pursuits. In the 4th ode of the 1st book, Faunus and the sacrifice are thus mentioned:

Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis
Seu poscat agnum, sive malit hædum;

and again in the 17th.

Ludit in herboso. The Romans regularly sacrificed to Faunus twice in the year, first in the spring, at which time the seeds were committed to the ground, and afterwards in the nones of December, when the harvest was stored in barns. On the celebration of this festival, all the cattle enjoyed a respite from toil: the ox eased from the weight of the yoke, and from the draught of the cumbrous ploughshare, reclined, or sported at his pleasure, in the meadows; and the husbandman too spent this sabbath-like-day in innocent pastimes, and by cessation from toil refreshed his weary limbs; the wolf, discarding his nature and ferocity for this single day, sported innocently among the tender lambs; the very trees on that occasion shed their leafy honours in compliment to him who presided over them; and the ploughman, loving exercise even in the hours of relaxation, joined the mazy round.

The words *invisam terram,* I am by no means disposed to translate, as the earth, detested by the husbandman on account of the hard labour constantly bestowed by him on it: for he could hardly be so ungrateful as to detest that which was daily yielding him bread, and which administered to every want: I should rather translate it by saying, that his feet, by their rapid motion in the dance, seemed *as if they spurned the earth,* that is, they were so agile that they rebounded from the ground the very moment they had touched it.

Ovid thus describes the variety of ways in which holiday-makers employed themselves,

Hi ludunt; hos somnus habet; pars brachia nectit,
Et viridem celeri ter pede qualit humum.

S. H. C*****.

LUCRUM HOMINIS PRÆCIPUUM:

SIVE, DE

RELIGIONE TRACTATUS;

Oxon. 1705.

cui præmittitur *Od. Anacr.* Barnes.

Ὦ χριστὲ, θεῖε σῶτερ,
Τὸ σὸν δίκαιον ἦτορ,
Τὸ χρήγυον σὸν ἦθος
Μιμήσεται μὲν οὐδεὶς·
Ὅσσ' οἱ θεουδέες σοι,

'Ανάκτορές τ' αγαυοὶ,
Ποιμάντορές τε λαῶν,
'Επίσκοποί τε σεμναὶ,
'Αριστέες τε λαμπροὶ,
'Ηγήτορες, Κριταί τε.
'Αλλ ἄκριτοί τε πάντες
'Ιδ ἄφρονες, θεοῦ τε
Φρονήσεώστ ἄπειροι,
Καλοὺς κακοῦσιν ἄνδρας,
Σοφοὺς πατοῦσιν ἄνδρας,
Καὶ κωτίλους φιλοῦσι,
Φιλοῦσι παμπονήρους.
Τούς, σφιν γένευς λαχόντας,
'Αλλ ὀυ φρενῶν ςταλαγμοῦ.
Καὶ πλουσίων ερῶντες
'Αμνημονοῦσι χρηστῶν·
Τάξει δὲ τῶν μελισσῶν
Κηφῆας ἐκτρέφουσι,
Καὶ γλαῦκας ἀντὶ κύκνων·
Καὶ κοσμικοῖο κέρδευς
'Ερῶντες, ὀυ βλέπουσι
Τὸ κέρδος ὀυκ ὀνοστὸν,
'Αληθινὸν, τὸ μέλλαν
'Εν ὀυρανοῖς λαβεσθαι·
Τὸ σητόβρωτον ὄυπω
Γενήσετ' ὀυθ' ἁλωτὸν,
Κλέπτησιν ὀυδὲ κύρμα·
Τὰς δ' ἐλπίδας βροτείας
Οὐ πώποτ' ἠπάτησεν.
  Δὸς, Χριστὲ, δὸς τὸ κέρδος
Συνειδότος καλοῖο·
Δὸς Πνεύματος τὰ δῶρα,
Τὴν Πίστιν ἀκλόνητον,
Τὴν 'Ελπίδα κρατοῦσαν,
Στοργήν τε φιλάδελφον,
Τό θ' ἥσυχόν γε θυμοῦ,
Τὸ σὸν, θεος, πρόσωπον,
"Αεὶ δ' ἀεὶ γαληνόν
  Τότ' ὀυ φθονήσομ' ἄλλοις,
Οἷσπερ Τύχη γελάσση,
Οὗσπερ Τύχη φιλήση
Πλοῦτός τε ψευδοκερδὴς,
Τιμή τν κοσμοφεγγὴς,
"Ερως τε παντορέκτης,
'Εν ἀγκάλαις φέρουσι
Τύχης ποιητὰ τεχνα,
"Ονους τε καὶ καβάλλας.
  'Εμοὶ γάρ ἐστιν ἄλλος
Παμπλούτιός τε πλοῦτος,
Τιμήστερός τε τιμὴ
Πανήρατός τ' "Ερως μοι,
Κερδίστερόν τε Κέρδος,
'Ο Χριστὸς ἐγχρονίζων.

Ιησοῦς ὁ Βαρνεσίου, ὁ τῆς ἱερᾶς Θεολογίας Βακκαλαυρέας, καὶ τῆς Βασιλίσσης 'Αναγνώστης 'Ελληνικὸς, παρὰ Κανταβριγιεῦσιν, ἐν 'Αγγλίᾳ.

Sectio 9.

Præmium, quo post hanc vitam decorantur Pii, maximum Religionis commodum. Hujus præstantia probatur Scripturæ testimonio.

Quod hactenus dixi de Pietatis Commodis, parum est præ eo quod dicendum restat. Status Hominis post hanc vitam considerationem postulat magis accuratam et diligentem. Quemadmodum vulgo dicitur, Analogiam omnino non esse inter finitum et infinitum, esse vero inter duo finita, quamvis inter se, Naturæ, qualitatis et quantitatis ratione, maximè diversa; ita proportio quædam est inter *momentum* et *mille annos* et nulla autem inter *mille annos et æternitatem.* Adeo ut, si Christianorum in hac vita calamitas impiorum malevolentiæ, aut impiorum felicitas suis ipsorum votis responderet; et si in duabus istis conditionibus longe diversis mille annos bis numeratos omnes vixerint; imo, fac impios post hanc vitam usque ad septem, et pios non ultra octo (ut de caloris et frigoris gradibus Philosophi loquuntur) felices futuros; vel Pios æque ac impios miseros fore, uno tantum gradu excepto; *Æternitatis* tamen ratio, nobis differentes horum status inter se comparantibus, facile præponderaret. Affirmat Apostolus, *nos, si in hac solum vita speramus in Xhristo, omnium hominum esse miserrimos.* 1 Cor. 15. non quod plus solidi gaudii aut solatii fruatur in hac vita vir impius, quam vir pius: verum nobis considerandum est, quod Apostolus, in eos, qui Corporis Resurrectionem oppugnabant, Argumentationem instituens, stylo utitur populari et Rhetorico; in quo vocabula interpretationem non omnino propriam, sed latiorem paulo et liberiorem admittunt: nec a consuetudine abhorret in Linguis variis rem magis ἐμφατικῶς per gradum superlativum efferre; quæsi dixisset, valde miseri sumus, si in hac solum vita speramus. Quin et *Pronomen* Emphaticum esse potest; q. d. *Nos*, qui, persecutionem procellis nunc immane furentibus, tanta subivimus pericula, et de mundanis possessionibus nostris decessimus, propter spem gloriosæ Resurrectionis, misere dolo decipimur, si Resurrectio nulla sit. De *Solomonis* aliorumque principum illustrium gloria sæpius audivimus, eaque majori quam qua secula nostra gloriari possunt, et tamen his omnibus longe majora cogitationibus nostris complectimur, animoque vagamur per terrarum orbem, ut ex quibus formetur felicitatis *Idea*, totius Mundi gloriam et splendorem undique colligamus. Cum autem *Utopiam* talem finxerimus, Deus (tum Major tum Melior quam qui Homines misellos et mortales spe vana ducat) apertissime nobis indicavit, ea, quæ paravit sanctis suis omnibus, multum antecellare. R.

THE ADVENTURES OF

MAHOMET,

THE WANDERING SULTAN;

OR,

A SKETCH OF

MEN, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Written in 1796.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(Continued from Vol. LVII. page 413.)

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Chapter XXIV.

IN our last Chapter we stated, that after the lovely *Cornelia de Mornay* had addressed the *Duke* and the *Lady*, in terms equally spirited, sensible, and energetic, she immediately left the apartment. Confused in her ideas, and at heart corroded, the *world* for an instant seemed before her: however, at length, she repaired to the mansion of her parents, and related to them the whole of her unfortunate story; at the same time informing them, that, in consequence of her consciousness of the *danger* of the situation from which she had retreated, and of the effects of the *whispers* which *envy* and *ill nature* had already circulated to her disadvantage, she ardently wished to retire from a scene, where she must expect, when her late conduct respecting the *Duke* was generally canvassed, that the finger of scorn would point to her, as to an object of universal detestation.

The grief of the *Marquis* in consequence of what had happened, although his fears had anticipated such a mournful catastrophe would attend the unbounded gaiety of his *daughter*, was in some degree alleviated by her penitent and prudent determination. He therefore waited upon the *Monarch*, and without reserve stated the case to him; asked, and soon obtained, his own and *Cornelia's* dismissal; and when he had performed this necessary part of his duty, made preparations for his journey, at once satiated with the splendor of the court and the bustle of the metropolis.

We are therefore now to contemplate the *Marquis de Mornay* in his elegant retirement, his paternal mansion, which was a castle, situated in the most beautiful part of the *Lyonoise*: here he resumed his former habits of study, and with redoubled avidity returned to his rural employments: while his *daughter*, whose beauty like her fame had been a *little sullied* in her dissipated round, in a short time recovered her pristine bloom, and, consoled by the prudent advice and example of her *mother*, viewed with ideal horror the impending ruin from which she had so timely effected a retreat.

The reflections which occurred upon this awful subject presented to her mind a lesson for the guidance of her future conduct: yet at some moments a mental gloom would arise, particularly when she reflected upon the futility of *Parisian pleasures*; of which she had formed such ardent expectations. It is natural to sanguine tempers, when disappointed in one pursuit, to fly to the contrary extreme. *Cornelia* therefore, impelled by disgust, had almost resolved to seek in the recesses of a convent that happiness which she now most sincerely believed was not to be found in the world.

While, in this frame of mind, she was endeavouring to overcome the reluctance of her parents to consent to a scheme which they knew she would repent, she had, one day, occasion to arrange her jewels, with a view to enclose them in a casket, in order to banish them from her sight for ever. In this research, she found the miniature picture of the *Count de Lauzun*, which he had presented to her on the day that he was promoted to the *lieutenant-colonelcy* of her father's regiment. It was of small intrinsic value, and had therefore been laid aside in favour of more brilliant ornaments. The sight of this accurate likeness revived in her mind all those ideas of tenderness and affection, all those endearments, those mental soul-enchanting enjoyments, that had from their early youth passed betwixt them. She sighed to think that those happy hours, those moments of sensibility and susceptibility, had long since receded; that they had flown before the contaminating influence of her own indiscretion. She held the picture to her lips, and burst into a flood of tears; then placed it in her bosom; resolved, while she abandoned all other ornaments, to cleave to this, to make it her companion in the convent, and the subject of her contemplation through the long lone hours of reflection and retirement, to which she had determined to devote her future existence.

What, alas! could operate to induce

the lovely *Cornelia de Mornay* to abandon a resolution thus considerately taken? Was it parental entreaties, tears, and remonstrances?—No! these had already been tried without effect. She had felt for the anxiety of the *Marquis* and *her mother*; she had listened to their anticipations of sorrow and distress when the dreadful period should arrive that the gate of the cloister should shut her for ever from the world, and in a *living tomb* immure the lovely repository of the hereditary honours of the two noble houses of *Du Plessis* and *Velasio.*

Although these parental representations had but little weight with her: although neither *feminine piety* nor *family pride* made much impression upon her mind; yet there appears to have been in the picture of the *Count* somewhat of a *talismanic property*; for, from the instant that she placed it next her heart, her resolution began to recede from the idea of seclusion. Every moment that she contemplated this elegant remembrance, it seemed to place the perspective view of the *convent* at a still greater distance: this mental contention betwixt the *cloister* and the *lover*, at length concluded, as might have been expected, in favour of the latter: she therefore confessed to her joyful mother, that her ideas of monastic profession were weakened, and that she had determined to remain for some time longer under her father's protection; although she was fearful, that in consequence of this resolution she should only lengthen her anxiety, by subjecting herself to new disappointments.

While *Cornelia de Mornay* was thus wavering betwixt the *nunnery*, and, perhaps, we might say, the *nursery*, she learned that the *Duke*, who was perfectly recovered, had again made his appearance at court.

The lady to whom he had been clandestinely married, had, it was stated, most powerful advocates, who had the good fortune to interest the king in her cause. *Louis*, struck with her beauty, was irritated at her degradation, and therefore made her public acknowledgment a point of his most particular attention. The *Duke de la Foix*, although a man of great gallantry and little principle, was also a man of understanding; or, to sum up all in one phrase, a *man of the world*: consequently, he wisely considered, that if, at the request of *his Sovereign*, he refused to acknowledge a lady who was really his wife, he banished himself from court; a place where he was so well calculated to make a figure equally brilliant and conspicuous, and in which, from his talents and his connexions, he might aspire to the highest honours. He therefore resolved to comply with a grace; and, stimulated by *ambition* and *interest*, give to his lady that rank which she could, indeed, *legally* claim, but which he had frequently denied to her *tears* and *entreaties.*

This prudent resolution he, through the medium of the minister, communicated to the *Monarch*: and as *Louis*, who was not without vanity upon all occasions, particularly those wherein the *ladies* were concerned, valued h[illegible] self upon the success of his interferen[illegible] orders were immediately issued, that [illegible] introduction of the *Duchess de la Fo*[illegible] and her reception at court, should [illegible] marked with all the *splendour* and *ga*[illegible]*lantry* which discriminated that extra[illegible]vagant age. In consequence of this d[illegible]termination, *balls*, *plays*, and all tho[illegible] kinds of *festivities* which indeed the mo[illegible] trifling circumstance frequently elicited, commenced: therefore to the enjoyment of this *brilliant vivacity* and *general hilarity* we shall leave a luxurious and dissipated people, while we follow the *Sultan* and the *Count de Lauzun* to England; where we doubt not but that a court of a very different complexion will soon present itself to our view.

* * * * * *

Mahomet, nursed in the lap of despotism, whose will was almost the only law in his extensive dominions, and whose word *was fate*, had yet, from the prevalence of a natural good understanding, notwithstanding the operation of a bad education, fortitude and judgment enough to avail himself of the sage and disinterested advice of his *Grand Vizier Achmet*, and therefore very early in his reign had begun to consider the instability of a government founded upon *tyrannic principles.* In a system where the *Monarch* acts like the *lion* in the forest, and keeps all the other *animals* in fear, he saw much to object to. Under former *Sultans* he knew subjects had rebelled, and, in most instances, could discern the causes that had excited those tumults which, although the temporary ebullitions of popular fury, had sometimes proved fatal to their *monarchs*, and, during the prevalence of *anarchy*, to themselves: the clouds had then dispersed, a *new sun*

had arisen in the horizon, and the sky had become clear. He, however, considered these commotions and transitions as fraught with the same danger to the *political*, as *terrene concussions* to the *physical* world; and dreaded the *storms* of *state*, no less than he did *elementary confusion*.

Young, generous, fond of pleasure, and averse to business, he had, in consequence, become in his government as much *too lenient* as his predecessors had been *too severe*. Discipline was in the *Turkish empire* relaxed; the laws slept; punishments, even for offences that deserved exemplary chastisement, were remitted; and therefore, of course, all the disorders that could arise from excessive indulgence prevailed.

The *Bassas* and *Beglerbegs*, those chiefs of armies and governors of provinces, no longer *coerced* with the *iron sceptre* which former *Sultans* had so frequently uplifted to repress their encroachments, paid little respect to the *firmans* of a monarch whose most rigorous decrees were scoffed at by even his *janizaries*, because they knew that he had too much indolence, and too much good nature, to carry their denunciations into execution. In this situation were *political affairs* in the dominions of the *Porte*, when *Achmet* the *Vizier* suggested the fiction which *Mahomet* the *Sultan* carried into effect.

The discovery of the fraud which had been practised with respect to the supposed death of the latter, had long been published; yet the former proceeded in his schemes of reformation, and from time to time transmitted to his *royal master* accounts of his success. The people, who had never known the value of the government of *Mahomet* till they mourned his loss, impatiently waited for his return; and as great part of the time during which he purposed to be absent had already elapsed, he was stimulated by the accounts which he received of their sincere affection, to a resolution to comply with their wishes as soon as possible; but as he was now in an *Island* respecting which the histories he had read had inflamed him with a desire to see, he determined, however it might impede the celerity with which he wished to carry his resolution into effect, to visit its capital.

The character of our first *Charles* had by fame been made known to him; he had frequently contemplated its amiable outlines, and it possessed a very high place in his esteem, probably because it was in some of its *prominent features* similar to his own. "Mild, learned, benevolent, generous, and affable, his errors," said *Mahomet*, "were the fruit of his *exquisite sensibility*; the *vices* of his government arose from the excess of his *virtues*. He had the misfortune to be born in an age which demanded a *sterner* character, which required greater *fortitude* with respect to *principle*, and *pertinacity* with regard to *practice*; he, alas! *only* possessed those *moral excellencies* that were formed to adorn a less *elevated station*: this period, therefore, ought to have *enthroned* a *hero*, because it was destined to behold *loyalty* chained to the car of *hypocrisy* and *democracy*; and *anarchy* triumphantly waving her *sanguine* standard over the *heads* of *religion* and *government*."

Heavens! what a time was this for the *Sultan* to arrive in this country: the king was a close prisoner, deposed by his subjects, who soon after *tinged* the *page of history* by the record of *his martyrdom*.

This event affected the mind of *Mahomet*, which might be termed the seat on which sensibility was enthroned, in a very peculiar manner, because it revived the recollection of the catastrophe of his predecessor *Ibrahim*, who, horrid to relate, was *murdered* by the very *janizaries* whom he had favoured: a circumstance which he considered as in some degree similar.

The *impression*, indeed *the shock*, that he had received from the dreadful transaction to which we have, perhaps, too slightly alluded, confirmed him in the resolution that he had before formed, to make but a short stay in a place where royalty had been treated with such irreverence and cruelty.

When he arrived in London, he could not help comparing this metropolis with that which he had just left. How altered was every circumstance, how different was every scene! In *Paris*, under the auspices of a *Monarch* in the prime of life, emblazoned with conquests, idolized by his subjects, and stimulated to excess by an unbounded passion for luxury and splendour, all was gaiety, magnificence, and profusion.

The nobility, following the example of *Louis XIV.* vied with each other in their encouragement of scientific exertions, in *architectural improvements*, in the elegance of their *carriages*, *dress*,

and *furniture*, in their *domestic* and *horticultural decorations*: protected by the *Monarch*, the liberal *arts* expanded, *literature* flourished, the *Academy* arose; *new palaces* and *new theatres* were erected; the *court* improved in *politeness* and *urbanity*, and the *drama* in *wit, humour*, and *sentiment*; *comedy* and *tragedy* displayed in their varied excellencies the mental emanations of a *learned*, an *ingenious*, and a *polished* people: an enthusiasm for *improvement* reigned through the *metropolis*; and, while the iron front of ferocity gradually receded, the protection and rewards offered by a munificent sovereign and generous noblesse attracted the *learned* and *ingenious* of other countries, who contributed to form an *intellectual emporium*, and to exhibit a *constellation of talents*, such as had not before been seen in the *modern world*. Different, alas! far different, as we have observed, was the picture of *London* at the same period. During the peaceful reign of the first *Stuart*, *learning*, though loaded with *pedantry*, and *refinement*, though almost frittered into *frivolity*, had made some advances. If taste and genius were to be found in the classic architecture of *Jones*, and the classic *dramas* of *Jonson*, there was also something in them that shewed those exercitations were not *mere* sacrifices to the shrine of antiquity, nor *mere* compliments to a monarch who perhaps *loved* works of *art* and *literary* productions better than he *understood* them. The character of the land was as much regarded in the buildings of *Jones*, as the characters of the people were developed in the plays of *Jonson*. If any deviations from these principles were to be observed, it was in those splendid pieces which were termed *masques*. In these, the *architect* and the *author* each thought, and justly thought, himself at liberty to wander in the flowery mazes of fancy, and to diverge into all the scenic eccentricities which occasional festivities elicited.

During the first years of the reign of the first *Charles*, both *taste* and *genius* still further expanded; and the pleasures of the court, under the direction of the *Monarch*, received all the aid which *poetry*, *painting*, *music*, and *architectural* embellishments, could bestow. MASQUES were exhibited which excited the envy, while they elicited the imitation, of the *French*; and encouragement afforded to *learning* and to the *arts* that certainly, in many instances, might be considered as an imitation of them.

Such *had* been the *English court* a few years before the arrival of *Mahomet*; but he, alas! was destined to view it "shorn of its brilliant rays," and enveloped in clouds and darkness. He was destined, as he had before seen in *Paris*, upon many occasions, a ridiculous affectation of *gaiety*, to behold in *London* a constant affectation of *gravity* still more ridiculous. The solemnity of appearance which the people, from the *Protector* to the *Porter*, assumed, struck him with amazement. The Turks are a grave nation; he was himself but little disposed to encourage flippancy, or, except some occasion *provokingly* humorous excited risibility, to relax his features; but the *solemnity* of the *Divan* gave him a very faint idea of the *solemnity* of *Whitehall*: the *mutes* were distanced in *professional taciturnity*: the household seemed in *silence* to adore *Harpocrates*; and the *council board*, whose meetings might well be termed *deliberations*, to beat the *Sublime Porte* at their *own weapons*.

The combination of *warrior* and *saint*, of *preacher* and *soldier*, so common in that age; the profanation of *churches*, and the perversion of *scriptural texts* and *scriptural tenets* to the most trivial and sometimes most wicked purposes, forming a strong feature in the manners of the people, could not pass unobserved by the travellers. The exaltation of men from the *lowest ranks* of society to the seats of legislation and government; the continual fluctuations and transitions of *religious opinions*, with the concomitant disorders, both in the *system* of *government* and the *state* of the *police*; while they shewed the *instability* of the *foundation* upon which the *superstructure* dedicated to *democracy* had been erected, also rendered the *metropolis* so unpleasant, and its inhabitants in their dispositions and behaviour so repulsive to foreigners, that, disappointed in every plan of enjoyment, and every idea of rational amusement, *Mahomet* and his companions, sickening at the daily repetition of sordid unmeaning *hypocrisy*, and vain, fantastic *ignorance*, which they had occasion to observe, resolved to leave *a city* from which the *elegancies*, the *blandishments*, all that could *adorn* or *exhilarate* existence, seemed to have receded before the *sentiments* and the *swords* of *self-created reformers*.

The *Count de Lauzun* had by this time received his pardon from *Louis XIV.*; for although the *Duke*, who was the aggressor, survived, a pardon had still been deemed necessary. He had also received, what he considered of far greater importance, an account of that change of opinion which her secession from court had produced in the mind of the lovely *Cornelia de Mornay*. The *Marchioness* her mother, surprised at the sudden transition in the temper of her daughter, to which we have before adverted, although pleased at the suspension of her resolution, was yet affected at the turn which her inclination had taken. Her gaiety, fostered by parental indulgence and public admiration, had formerly been carried to excess. Alas! no spark of that gaiety any longer appeared in her disposition; no longer was her countenance rendered still more fascinating by smiles, or her eyes animated with flashes of unconscious brilliancy, the playful emanations of innocent vivacity.

She now affected silence and reserve; shrunk from observation; and frequently retired to the seclusion of her own chamber, where her *mother* often found her weeping. Once she entered unannounced, and discovered her still lovely *Cornelia* in deep contemplation; her eyes fixed upon the miniature resemblance of the *Count*. This discovery developed the mystery which had so often taxed the disquisitive faculties of the fond matron; its result was instantly communicated to the *Marquis*, to whom the revival of his daughter's passion for a young nobleman whom he esteemed as a friend, and loved as a son, gave great pleasure; as its fruition promised to re-unite her to her own family, to elegant society, and to render her once more exemplary for the performance of her domestic and social duties. He therefore determined to employ the credit he had still at court to procure his pardon; and when this his ardent request was complied with, sent him an invitation to his seat.

When this letter arrived, the *Count de Lauzun*, who was, as has been observed, thoroughly disgusted with *England*, received it with rapture. *Love* and *joy* added wings to even his national celerity. He therefore took a hasty but affectionate leave of *Mahomet* and *Pedro*; and when he landed on the *Gallic* shore, considered himself as a fortunate being that had escaped from the horrors of the *City of Dis* and the gloom of *the Catacombs*.

When he arrived at the *Castle* of the *Marquis*, the family was absent: he was therefore introduced into a large parlour, the folding-doors of which opened into the garden: he here amused himself by contemplating the objects around, particularly the books, music, and drawings of *Cornelia*. Deeply engaged in considering the latter, an instantaneous shriek roused him from his reverie. He turned, and found that the lovely object upon whom his thoughts were employed had fainted in the arms of her mother.

The ladies had, according to custom, been set down at the garden gate; and walking through the *Vista*, had no opportunity to be informed of his arrival When they approached the glass doors, they perceived some person in the parlour. The sudden discovery that it was the *Count* produced in the young lady the effect that has been mentioned.

When she had a little recovered, and found that he was fondly regarding her, she turned from him to her *mother*, saying, "Madam, I must request your permission to retire, until I can look up with greater confidence than at present."

"Retire!" exclaimed the *Count*.

"Retire! my love!" said the *Marchioness*: "are you not supported by me?"

"I am indeed, *Madam*, strongly supported," returned *Cornelia*; "yet the sudden appearance of the *Count* has brought my inconsiderate, my unguarded, nay my unjust, conduct towards him so strongly to my recollection, that I am not yet able to endure his presence; for although it is probable that he may forgive me, I cannot soon forgive myself for endangering his life by my imprudence."

Struck with the penitence of the interesting *Cornelia*, both the *Count* and the *Marchioness* used every argument in their power to console her; which they at length effected, and she retired in a state of far greater composure than she had for many months experienced.

This young nobleman, it will be supposed, became a constant visitor at the *Chateau de Mornay*. He declared his passion in form; the lady, after some hesitation, acceded; and their nuptials were soon after celebrated.

As neither the bride nor bridegroom chose to appear again at court, where they had been the subject of so much *observation*, and, indeed, so much *envy*, they resolved to place their happiness in dometic life, and in a select and elegant society. They, therefore, continued in the castle some months.

The rude blasts of the trumpets of civil discord which resounded through the *Lyonoise*, drove them from this retreat; they attended the *Marquis*, who, at the pressing instance of *Wilhelmina*, the widow of *Don Garcia*, was preparing for a journey to Spain, which she informed him would afford her the last opportunity she should ever have of beholding her daughter.

The *Count* and *Countess de Lauzun* had arranged their affairs so as to be able to accompany their *father* and *mother*: they travelled together, and safely arrived at the seat of *Donna Wilhelmina de Valasco*, who, cheered by their presence, appeared to have acquired a new stock of health and spirits, which seemed still to promise her many years of happy existence.

(To be continued.)

A COLLECTION OF ANECDOTES AND *REMARKABLE CHARACTERS;*

INCLUDING HISTORICAL TRAITS, FROM AN EARLY PERIOD.

Elucidatory of (perhaps) ***obscure Passages in the*** ENGLISH, IRISH, ***and*** SCOTTISH ***Histories.***

With occasional Notes and References.

Labitur et labetur omne volubilis ævum.—HOR.

No. XII.

THOMAS BULLEN, EARL OF WILTSHIRE.

TEMP. HENRY VIII.

THIS nobleman was descended from *Sir Jeffery Bullen*, a wealthy mercer in LONDON,* and *mayor* of the *city* in the years 1457-8, 36-7 of Hen. VI. This *Thomas* was in arms, with his father and divers other persons of note, suppressing the insurrection of the Cornish men, 12 *Hen.* VII. and in 3 *Hen.* VIII. being one of the *knights* of the *king's body*, master of the *jewel-house*, and *treasurer* of the *king's household*: he seemed to bask in the sunshine of court favour. In the year 1512, he was one of the ambassadors to *Maximilian*, the emperor elect,† when he discovered an underhand treaty with *Louis*, and a design upon *Navarre*, and writ to his master to press the *ambiguous* man to a conclusion, and to send over money; for, says he, "*All the world is now to be sold,*" adding the necessity of making a *truce*, at least with *Scotland*. *Sir Thomas Howard* advis'd the King to go in person to the war in *France*; but *Sir Thomas Bullen* oppos'd it, *till the King had some more issue, or* Edmund de la Pool, *one of the house of* York, *was dispatch'd out of the way.*

Remarkable was *Sir Thomas Bullen* in the education of his children: his eldest son‡ being bred at the *Emperor's* court; his youngest son with the *Pope*;

* *Godfrey*, or *Jeffrey Bullen*, mayor of *London* 1457, by his testament, gave liberally to the hospitals, prisons, and lazar houses, besides 1000l. to poor householders in *London*, and 200l. to poor householders in *Norfolk*. He lieth buried in *St. Leonard's* church, in the *Jewry*: his wife was *Ann*, eldest daughter and coheir to *Thomas Lord Hoo* and *Hastings*, and his descent was out of the house of the *Bullens* in *Norfolk*."—*Stow*.

† Whether he was to the *Emperor* the *harbinger*, or the *stimulator*, it is impossible to say; but the *treaty*, which was, if we may use so vulgar an expression, speaking of such *sublime* matters, a piece of *jockeyship* betwixt the *Pope* (Leo X.), Maximilian, the *Emperor* elect, the *King of Spain*, and Henry VIII. was concluded at *London*, 29th October, 1516.(*a*) This was the age of *diplomatic finesse* and *artifice*; *politics*, we mean the general politics of *Europe*, were, we have somewhere heard or seen it remarked, managed like a game at *chess*. We do not understand *chess*, consequently are not able to judge of the correctness of the comparison; but we know that the *Italians*, and the *French*, framed such designs, and used so much *craft* (for we will not honour it with the term of *art*), were guilty of such *evasion* and *duplicity*, and practised so much *fraud* and *circumvention*, that they were more than a *match* for the *plain, honest, straight-forward* understandings of the *Germans* and the *English*. "*We can beat their troops in the field,*" said one of our ministers; "*but the devil himself is only a match for their ambassadors in the cabinet.*"

‡ *George Bullen, Lord Viscount Rochford*, is mentioned by *Baker*, in his Chronicles, among the men of note in the time of *Henry VIII.* as an author who wrote divers *songs* and *sonnets*.

(*a*) *Rymer's Fædera*, vol. vi. par. i. p. 121.

and his daughter *Anne* with *Queen Mary* in *France*.

In the year 1522, he was sent an ambassador into *Spain*, to advise with *King Charles* what was further to be done in order to a war with *France*. In the year 1525, out of the great affection the king bore to the *Lady Anne Bullen*, his daughter, a virtuous lady, *who was then his friend, but not his mistress; his delight, but not his sin; Sir Thomas* was created *Viscount Rochford*; and in the year 1528, being then *Knight* of the noble order of the *Garter*, was made Earl of *Wiltshire* and *Ormond*, viz. *Wiltshire* to the heirs male of his body, and *Ormond* to his heirs general. In the latter end of the same year he was constituted *Lord Privy Seal*; and departed this life in the year 1528, and 30 *Hen. VIII.*

He was a person of great *abilities* in all affairs of *state*, of equal *fidelity* to his sovereign, and had a principal share in his *confidence*; so that there was no *reconciliation* to make, no differences to be *regulated* in court, wherein he was not the umpire; nor any great affairs abroad, of great *importance*, but they were entrusted to his *management*: as witness his negociations in *Spain*, where he, with *Sir Robert Poynzs*, were made the great *arbitrators of* Europe, *and at whose disposal kings set their crowns, and kingdoms their peace: in whose breasts sate the fate of Christendom, and by whose voices it was to stand or fall.* His *fidelity* to the king at *home*, tho' to his own prejudice, was no less remarkable than his *services* abroad were to his honour; for when the people took the liberty to scandalize his daughter (who was now visibly in favour with the king), out of *compassion* to *Queen Catherine*, he advised his majesty to *forbid* his daughter the *court*, and declare that those proceedings against *Queen Catherine* were more to satisfy his *conscience*, and secure the *succession*, than to gratify any other more private inclinations; but this seeming *affront* of being forbid the court, so discontented his daughter, that she would not come near the king, until her father, not without *threats*, was commanded to bring her thither,* who representing the common *danger* to 'em both, obtained at length, with great difficulty, says my *Lord Herbert*, the consent of his unwilling daughter to *return*; where yet she kept at that distance, that the king might easily perceive how sensible she was of her late *dismission*. To prevent her *marriage* with the king, the *Earl* would have married her to the *Lord Percy*, but the king and cardinal forbid it, deterring old *Northumberland* from it, and he as severely his son; alledging *how dangerous it was to rival a king;* and *more especially such a king as* Henry VIII. *was, who never spared woman in his lust, or man in his wrath.*

This noble *Earl* was one that signed the articles against *Cardinal Wolsey*; saying, at the same time, "*that a favourite who was too big for himself was too dangerous for the kingdom.*" When the *King* and the *Pope* were contesting about the legality of the *divorce*, the *Earl* went in person to *Rome*, and *contrived* that a *declaration* of the whole kingdom in *Parliament* should follow him; and so amused his holiness with his *politics*, that *he lulled him asleep* until the state of ENGLAND *was quite metamorphozed.*† At the in-

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* *Anne*, it appears, was, by her *beauty*, so much the envy of the *ladies*, and by her *vivacity*, which became an *instrument* in the hands of her *enemies*, destined to be *unfortunate*. Her very education, which was finished in *France*, where she was engaged in attending upon the *secretly sorrowful Mary* (to whom she probably was confidante), whom she assisted in doing the honours while she enjoyed the pleasures of the *gayest court* in *Christendom*, laid the foundation of her misfortunes. Superior in person, in talents, and accomplishments, to most of her sex, she yet, in the pursuit of *ambition*, proved herself a *woman*. In the fate of this lovely *Queen*, young ladies will read a moral lesson, and probably, in the most important affair of life, learn to listen to parental admonition, which has been, alas! in every age too little regarded.

† This, however *true* in the *event*, is *incorrect* as to the *means*. The Pope, Leo X. it is believed, *slept* little during the time that the *divorce*, in the result of which he was too interested to take much repose, was in agitation; but he had to contend with a passion so much more violent (especially in the mind of *Henry VIII.*) than those of *ambition* or *politics*, that his knowledge of human nature, and his regard for his character with the rest of *Europe*, taught him, that it was better for him to appear to be *deceived*, though in fact he was not, than to shew his *weakness* by a perseverance in *unavailing opposition*. Of this sentiment, his appointment of *Lore*

terview betwixt *King Henry* and the *French* king *Francis*, where his daughter was privately married to the king, some of the *English* nobility giving him *joy* of the honour the king had done him in that marriage, he returned the compliment with a deep sigh, saying, "*I pray God this rise does not prove the ruin of our family: for violent proceedings are seldom permanent.*"

In short, he was an able and faithful minister; honoured by the king; beloved by the people; and his great services deserved a better requital than his posterity was treated with.—*Historical Remarks, &c.*

ROGER LORD NORTH.

TEMP. ELIZ.

This noble lord was a person of a *brisk* and *pleasant* humour, and of a very *vivacious* temper; of good *extempore judgment* and *discourse*, which made him esteemed *abroad* and beloved at *home*: he was so free from *passion*, that he scarce knew how to be *angry*;* of a good *natural* capacity; and, though not overstocked with *learning* and *politics*, yet he was one that always made the best use of the qualifications he had; seldom or never fell into such mistakes as *nicer wits* are incident to, by straining points too far. The queen once designed him for an embassy which he was unwilling to undertake, and therefore desired her *Majesty* to excuse him; because he did not understand the *language* of the country whither he was to be sent. The *Queen* told him, he should have a *learned* person to attend him, that was an excellent *linguist*: to which he modestly replied, I will obey your majesty's commands in every thing, and if I must go I will go; though I am very unwilling to *hazard* the loss of my own *head*, by *seeing* and *hearing* with another man's *eyes* and *ears*: upon which the *Queen smiled*, and excused him.—*Naunton.*

PEREGRINE BERTIE, LORD WILLOUGHBY OF ERESBY.

TEMP. ELIZ.

"A tough old *soldier* born midst war's alarms,
FIRST, in the glorious exercise of arms."
Anon.

This nobleman, remarkable for the *firmness*, indeed *sternness*, of his character, was the son of *Richard Bertie*,† Lord *Willoughby* of *Eresby*, and *Catherine*, Duchess of *Suffolk*; born near *Heidelburg*, in the *Palatinate*, where his father and mother were in exile, in consequence of the *Protestant persecution* in the time of *Queen Mary*.

Campeggio his legate to England,(*a*) and his subsequent proceedings, are proofs.

* Of this, to a *statesman* and a *senator*, most desirable quality, many instances might be adduced respecting those of the reign of *Elizabeth*: they bore *badgering*, as it is termed, in a manner that would have done no discredit to the *stoical sect*. *Words* made no more impression upon them than blows did upon *Epictetus*. To *bear* and to *forbear* was as much the maxim of *Burleigh* as of any philosopher that had preceded him; but then he had a talent for *observation*, and an *astuteness* of intellect which no ancient philosopher had ever possessed, at least which no one had ever before him practised. There was, to return to *Roger* Lord *North*, something in the equability of his disposition, and his constitutional *good humour*, that strongly reminds us of *Lord North* the minister, whom we knew, who, indeed to the admiration of even his *political*, for he had no other *enemies*, used to sit *unmoved* "amidst the storms of state," and suffer the *contending passions*, those "*elements of life*," to rage around him: a kind of forbearance which gave him all the advantage over the hot-headed statesmen of the day; among whom *Burke*, with all the *ardour*, the *enthusiasm* of genius, took the lead, that he could have desired.

The late *Lord* NORTH, with *talents* much superior to his predecessor in the reign of *Elizabeth*, was, like him, seldom roused to any greater asperity of observation than the following trait exhibits:

"The honourable gentleman has *sneeringly* termed the *minister* a *thing*. We all know that every *man* is a *thing*, and, as *Shakspeare* says, *woman* also: but still I must tell him, that it is not very decorous for him to have used the term *thing* in the manner he did, and then to have made a *personal* application of it."

(*a*) *Wolsey* was joined with *Campeggio* in this commission, without which measure LEO well knew there would be no chance of success. *Rapin*.—The bull from *Leo* to *Wolsey* is given in *Rymer's Fœdera*, vol. vi. p. 140. An original letter on this subject from the *Bishop of Worcester*, then ambassador at *Rome*, to *Wolsey*, which strongly marks the *earnestness* of the *Pope* on this occasion, is preserved in the *British Museum*, and inserted in the appendix to *Roscoe's* Life of *Leo X*. No. CLXXV.

† This name is by ancient historians written *Berty*.

He was one of *Queen Elizabeth's* first *swordsmen*,* and a great master of the *military* science: he gave such great proofs of his courage and conduct in *France* and the *Low Countries*, that she made him governor of *Berwick;* and had he not slighted the court, but assiduously applied himself to his *royal mistress*, he might have enjoyed as large a share of her favour as any other nobleman whatsoever. It was his usual saying, and it did him no good, "*that he was none of the* REPTILIA *that could cringe and crawl upon the ground, and that the* COURT *was not his* ELEMENT;" for indeed, as he was a great soldier, so he was of an agreeable *magnanimity*, and could not brook the *obsequiousness* and *assiduity* of the court, but thought a *camp* a more honourable employment, which he never declined at home or abroad, while there was occasion for his service. When one sent him a *challenge* in *Holland*, where he lay sick of the *gout*, he returned this answer, "*that he was lame of his hands and feet, yet he would meet him with a rapier in his teeth.*" While he was at *Spaw*, in *Lukeland*, for the recovery of his health, the *Queen* wrote a very kind letter to him, inviting him in the most gracious and obliging terms, *as one of her best and noblest subjects, to accept of some employment at home, tending to his own honour, her Majesty's interest and secu-*

* The science of defence, which, under the auspices of *Henry VIII.* flourished in England, was much encouraged by *Elizabeth*. Her warriors were all complete *swordsmen*. *Essex*, *Leicester*, and *Sidney*, who possessed their full share of the *romantic gallantry* of those times, were, as *fencers*, much distinguished. The passion of the court for arms is said frequently to have produced *quarrels* among the people. On the continent, duelling had been *systematized*, and was in the sixteenth century carried to such a height in France, that the "flower of the nobility" is said to have perished. The severity of restriction put upon combats of this nature, is one of the glories of the reign of Louis XIV. In *England*, *swordsmen* continued still longer the idols of the court. In the reigns of *Elizabeth* and *James*, these kind of *adventurers* (for when the *noble science* of *defence* descended to *common life*, many *old soldiers*, as they called themselves, became *quarrelling adventurers*, who professed to get their livelihood by destroying their fellow-subjects) were the pests of society. This public nuisance was, as we have observed, systematized, and, in consequence of a book written by *Vincetio Saviolo*, treating of *honour* and *honourable quarrels*, spread far and wide. *Caranza* on the *Duello* added fuel to the *popular flame;* which indeed rose to such a height, that the *dramatic authors* of those times thought it necessary to endeavour to smother it with the *extinguisher* of ridicule. *Shakspeare* took the lead: his *Mercutio* and *Touchstone* levelled their sarcasms; the first at the *practice*, and the second at the *works*, which we have noted. *Jonson*, in his *Bobadil*, attacked the professors; while *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their "*Little French Lawyer*," and "*Love's Pilgrimage*," have still more strongly displayed and stigmatized the vice of duelling, *e. g.*

——————" Do not cherish
That daring vice for which the whole age
suffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable action,
Or to defend, or to enlarge the kingdom,
For the honour of our country, and our
prince,
Pours out itself with prodigal expense
Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred
us,
For every trifle; and these private *duels*,
Which had their first original from the
French
(And for which to this day we're justly
censur'd),
Are banish'd from all civil governments."
Little French Lawyer, Act 1. Scene 1.

The first scene of the second act of this piece, in which *Clermont*, disappointed of his friend, though anxious to obtain a *second*, is refused by several, and at last meets with *La Writ* (the lawyer), whom he *forces* to engage on his side, who conquers *Beaupre*, and from that circumstance becomes a *tilter*, is most *inimitably humorous*.

The last scenes of "*Love's Pilgrimage*" are equally and *irresistibly* comic. *Sanchio*, although *lame*, is such a *duellist*, that he will fight upon every occasion. The idea of a combat *in chairs*, which *Alphonso* submits to in order to make himself *a match* for his imbecile antagonist; and then *the shock* that they both receive when they understand that the contention is to be decided with *pistols*, to which, though great *swordsmen*, they had the *strongest aversion*, and of which they had, indeed, the greatest dread and horror, shews a combination of *sense* and *wit*, that, while it charms, astonishes. These are *strokes* which immortalize the genius of the writers, and stamp the character of the *drama* of those ages. (*b*)

(*b*) Honest Don Sanchio is such an admirer of Caranza, that he asks a lady if she had read him; and understanding she was his relation, swears

" By the right noble writings of your kinsman."

rity, and the general peace of the kingdom, at that time threatened with a second *Spanish invasion*. To which he returned this answer, *That he was incapable of serving her Majesty as a courtier; but as a soldier, every drop of blood in his veins was at her service against all her enemies.—Historical Remarks, &c. Naunton's MS.*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE JEFFERIES.

This, to conclude, is the summary character of the Lord Chief Justice *Jefferies*, and needs no interpreter. And, since nothing historical is amiss in a design like this, I will subjoin what I have personally noted of that man; and some things of indubitable report concerning him. His friendship and conversation lay much among the good fellows and humourists; and his delights were, accordingly, drinking, laughing, singing, kissing, and all the extravagances of the bottle. He had a set of banterers, for the most part, near him; as, in old time, great men kept fools to make them merry. And these fellows, abusing one another and their betters, were a regale to him. And no friendship or dearness could be so great, in private, which he would not ill use, and to an extravagant degree, in public. No one, that had any expectations from him, was safe from his public contempt and derision, which some of his minions, at the bar, bitterly felt. Those above, or that could hurt, or benefit, him, and none else, might depend on fair quarter at his hands. When he was in temper, and matters indifferent came before him, he became his seat of justice better than any other I ever saw in his place. He took a pleasure in mortifying fraudulent attornies, and would deal forth his severities with a sort of majesty. He had extraordinary natural abilities, but little acquired, beyond what practice in affairs had supplied. He talked fluently, and with spirit; and his weakness was, that he could not reprehend without scolding; and in such *Billingsgate* language, as should not come out of the mouth of any man. He called it *giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue*. It was ordinary to hear him say, *Go, you are a filthy, lousy, knitty rascal*; with much more of the like elegance. Scarce a day past that he did not chide some one, or other, of the bar, when he sat in the Chancery: And it was commonly a lecture of a quarter of an hour long. And they used to say, *This is yours; my turn will be to-morrow*. He seem'd to lay nothing of his business to heart, nor care what he did, or left undone; and spent, in the Chancery court, what time he thought fit to spare. Many times, on days of causes at his house, the company have waited five hours in a morning, and after eleven he hath come out inflamed, and staring like one distracted. And that visage he put on when he animadverted on such as he took offence at, which made him a terror to real offenders; whom also he terrified, with his face and voice, as if the thunder of the day of judgment broke over their heads: and nothing ever made men tremble like his vocal inflictions. He loved to insult, and was bold without a check; but that only when his place was uppermost. To give an instance. A city attorney was petitioned against for some abuse; and affidavit was made that, when he was told of my Lord Chancellor, *My Lord Chancellor*, said he, *I made him*, meaning his being a means to bring him early into city business. When this affidavit was read, *Well*, said the Lord Chancellor, *then I will lay my maker by the heels*. And, with that conceit, one of his best old friends went to jail. One of these intemperances was fatal to him. There was a scrivener of *Wapping* brought to hearing for relief against a bummery bond; the contingency of losing all being shewed, the bill was going to be dismissed. But one of the plaintiff's counsel said, that he was a strange fellow, and sometimes went to church, sometimes to conventicles; and none could tell what to make of him; and *it was thought he was a trimmer*. At that the Chancellor fired; and, *A trimmer!* said he: *I have heard much of that monster, but never saw one. Come forth*, Mr. Trimmer; *turn you round, and let us see your shape*: And, at that rate, talk'd so long, that the poor fellow was ready to drop under him; but, at last, the bill was dismissed with costs, and he went his way. In the Hall, one of his friends asked him how he came off? *Came off!* said he; *I am escaped from the terrors of that man's face, which I would scarce undergo again to save my life; and I shall certainly have the frightful impression of it as long as I live.* Afterwards, when the Prince of *Orange* came, and all was in confusion, this Lord Chancellor, being

very obnoxious, disguised himself in order to go beyond sea. He was in a sailor's garb, and drinking a pot in a cellar. This scrivener came into the cellar after some of his clients; and his eye caught that face, which made him start; and the Chancellor seeing himself eyed, feigned a cough, and turn'd to the wall with his pot in his hand. But Mr. *Trimmer* went out, and gave notice that he was there; whereupon the mob flowed in, and he was in extreme hazard of his life; but the Lord Mayor saved him, and lost himself. For the Chancellor being hurried with such crowd and noise before him, and appearing so dismally, not only disguis'd but disorder'd, and there having been an amity betwixt them, as also a veneration on the Lord Mayor's part, he had not spirits to sustain the shock, but fell down in a swoon; and, in not many hours after, died. But this Lord *Jefferies* came to the seal without any concern at the weight of duty incumbent upon him; for, at the first, being merry over a bottle with some of his old friends, one of them told him, that he would find the business heavy; *No,* said he, *I'll make it light.* But, to conclude, with a strange inconsistency, he would drink and be merry, kiss and slaver, with these his bon companions over night, as the way of such is, and, the next day, fall upon them, ranting and scolding with a virulence unsufferable. —*North.*

Triumph *and* Ovation.

To the Editor of the European Magazine,

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I have not, in consequence of your *polite* reference, applied to any of the *juvenile cricketers,* who in their diurnal display of *strength* and *agility,* on the enchanting green in my neighbourhood, obtain both *air* and *exercise,* for an explanation of the difference betwixt a TRIUMPH and an OVATION, it was not from any diffidence of their abilities *to perform the task,* but because I happened to be perfectly acquainted with the subject myself; and so would you if you had deigned to peruse my letter with more attention than you seem to have bestowed upon it; but it has been said, and justly said, that *writers* are seldom *readers,** or you would, perhaps, have *comprehended,* that, in alluding to a TRIUMPH, I not only glanced at that noble and splendid procession which, as the meed of *real services* to *the state,* and emanating from public gratitude, *Plutarch*† has so well described; but also to that *mock cavalcade* that *Juvenal*‡ has so satyrically exhibited; and which might have furnished *Democritus,* who was prone to *giggle* at every thing, had he beheld it, with an annuity of laughter for life; for he says,

Quid si vidisset Prætorem in curribus altis
Exstantem et medio sublimem in pulvere Circi
In tunica Jovis, et pictæ Sarrana ferentem
Ex humeris aulæa togæ, magnæque coronæ,
Tantum orbem quanto cervix non sufficit ulla?
Quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus; et sibi consul
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
Da nunc et volucrem sceptro quæ surgit eburno;
Illinc cornicines, hinc præcedentia longi
Agminis officia et niveos ad fræna quirites
Defossa in loculis quos sportula fecit amicos.§

The OVATION, although you, Mr. Editor, chose to shew your *wit* at the expense of your *learning,* was a procession of an inferior kind. I hardly know to what to compare it. The HERO walked on foot: therefore, although we erst have about *Covent-garden* seen some pretty exhibitions of this nature, the *chairing* of a PATRIOT will not do: *Paul Whitehead's mock masonic* cavalcade was, from its *mystery,* nearly as wide of the mark; and the *ovation* of the *starved mice,* the *North Briton,* or the *friends* of *freedom,* and

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* It is difficult to have the *last word* of an ingenious correspondent: however, with respect to the present we must observe, that we certainly had no intention, in our *observations,* to offend *Mr. Tothil:* at the same time we must claim, and assert, the professional privilege of exercising our judgment, such as it is, upon all the matters which come under our inspection.—EDITOR.

† In Paul. Æmil. p. 271.

‡ X. Satyr.

§ "Respecting the *Aurum Coronarium* I shall say nothing, because these *golden crowns* were in *after ages changed* for *dark blue ribbons;* nor shall I mention the *Literæ Laureatæ,* which were sent to the *senate,* because these *laurelled missives* have been known to *dwindle* into *notices of actions;* also to *adorn* the *unlaurelled* pages of *diurnal newspapers;* and, by a common literary progression, *to descend still lower.*

many others, are, if possible, still more dissimilar. I shall, consequently, only broadly state, that, in my opinion, the difference betwixt a *triumph* and an *ovation* lies merely in the *object led* (*by the nose*, if you will) through the senseless and, of course, *admiring* crowd. In the former, the *butchers* used to *drag* AN OX;* and in the latter, a *sheep* was paraded through the streets; but, in both cases, these animals were, ultimately, *sacrificed.*†

I am, sir,
Yours, &c.
THOMAS TOTHIL.

Rochester-row, July 5, 1810.

COMMEMORATORY THOUGHTS *on the* GENIUS *of the late Right Hon.* WILLIAM WINDHAM.

FEW persons have, in the course of the last fifty years, deceased, whose deaths have been more generally lamented, than that of the late *Mr. Windham*: as he lived a *true patriot*, so he died a *real Christian*. He is said to have been a *statesman* of the *ancient stamp*, and an *orator* of the *old school*. We dislike both these appellations, although they are certainly designed to be discriminative and characteristical, because they are by no means expressive of the *virtues* and the *talents* of the person whom they are intended to commemorate. If by impressing the *ancient stamp* upon the memory of his public life, they mean to compare him to an *Athenian sage* or a *Roman patriot*, we think that the comparison fails in these essential points; namely, that those *classic characters*, in many instances, rather followed the *fashion* of the *times* in which they aspired to such celebrity, than the spontaneous impulse of their *own genius*. *Philosophy* was once the rage in *Greece*: the *seven sages* arose in consequence. *Patriotism* was, in the *best* ages of the commonwealth, the *passion* of the *Romans*; and, of course, *heroes* emanated, who sacrificed, or professed to sacrifice, every thing, even *life* itself, for their COUNTRY.

Honoured be their *manes*, and revered their *memory*! But while we pay this tribute at the *shrine* of *history*, let us, in an age when the *fervour* of *philosophy* and the *flame* of *patriotism* are, notwithstanding the attractions of *ambition* and *avarice*, still to be found, *warm* though *wandering*, *brilliant* but *unsteady*; let us, we repeat, endeavour to commemorate a man, whose *innate principles* of *honour*, *justice*, *liberality*, and *patriotism*, were MENTALLY FIXED; a man who, amidst all the *storms* of *state*, the *clash* of *interests*, and the *convulsions* of *party*, never for one instant relaxed, never, even in idea, deviated from his ardent and sedulous endeavours to promote what he believed to be the *real interest* of HIS COUNTRY.

Mr. WINDHAM possessed a considerable store of *classic learning*: he also possessed what *schools* and *colleges* could *not teach*, namely, *taste* and *genius*: to which was added, a knowledge of the world as displayed in the middle and lower classes of life. His active and energetic mind had pervaded the *counting-house* of the *merchant* and the *shop* of the *tradesman*: by a kind of intuitive perception, he could follow the *artizans* through the operations of their *manufactories*, with the same facility that he did the *sportsman* or the *husbandman* through the *pleasures* of the *chase*, or the *labours* of the *field*. His various scientific attainments were the result of constant *observation*, and of *application*; in many pursuits, arising to *enthusiasm*. If his *rhetoric* was not so splendid as that which frequently emanated from the *mental inspiration* of BURKE; if he did not so generally range from the *angels* of *heaven* to the *furies* of *hell*, from the wild orgies of *Thrace* to the savage processions of *Onadaga*, and catch in a *metaphorical net* every object, *celestial* or *terrestrial*, *sublime* or *grovelling*, that could elucidate his subject; if he did not, like that orator, the effect of whose declamations may be compared to those of the *song* and *lyre* of *Timotheus*, *harrow* the *soul*, *animate* or *depress* the *spirits*, and at his will command and control the passions; yet there was a mental energy in his speeches, which, although less *elevated*, *splendid*, and *sublime*, than those to which we allude, was still, perhaps, more *captivating*, and equally *convincing*.

Though the rhetoric of *Mr. Windham* did not seem the effort of deep political study, long reflection, and immense labour, like that of another *great statesman*, whose knowledge and whose

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* *A bull.*—ED.

† Butler's procession of the *Bear* and *Fiddle* was most unquestionably an *ovation*.

eloquence were the constant theme of admiration: though it did not *thunder* in the ear, *astonish* the faculties, and almost irresistibly *command conviction*, like the inborn elocution of PITT; yet it demanded, and obtained, as much *admiration* and *attention* as *rhetoric* could *demand* or *obtain*, because it was of that class which depended more on the *arrangement* and *concatenation* of ideas, upon the *expansion* of *science* under the *guidance* of *genius*, than upon the operation of *passion*, and sometimes of *pertinacity*.

Another circumstance which caused the speeches of *Mr. Windham* to be always heard with pleasure, listened to with attention, and contemplated with approbation, was, that he was the possessor of the *mental key*,

" The master of our tempers, and his own."

He knew, that the man who is *entertained* is more than *half convinced*: he therefore *enlivened* most of the subjects upon which he descanted with the *brilliant corruscations* of *wit*, or the vivid *darts* of *satyric humour*. He was generally happy in his *metaphors* and his comparative *elucidations*; and if in this respect, like his great *archetype Burke*, his *metaphysical* fancy

Far out of common mortals sight,
With outstretch'd wings, and gaudy plume,
Would sometimes wing its *daring* flight,

he knew much better than him how to *descend* to a *medium*, which was the general pitch of his voice.

In this range of *elocution*, he seemed to deliver without effort the *natural* flow of *innate ingenuity*; although, we must in conclusion observe, a greater *altitude* of *expression* could not have added to the *grace*, nor the most *laborious efforts* to the *solid sense* and *chastened elegance*, of his speeches.

J. M.

A LETTER *to a* YOUNG LADY *on* NOVELS *and* NOVEL READING.

DEAR MISS,

YOU would, doubtless, complain that you were too severely restricted, at a time when novels are so generally read, that many of our most fashionable people make them the only subjects of bookish conversation, if you were entirely debarred from perusing them. I am certain you have too much good sense, and know too well how to employ your time, to wish for an *indiscriminate* perusal of all the frivolous absurdities which issue from the press under the name of *novels*. The perusal of the best may do no harm, although I do not think it will do much good: this is my decided opinion, and I wish that my remarks may induce you to agree with me.

The following anecdote may suggest to you an excellent rule. I asked Miss B——, the other day, if she ever read novels. "*None*," said she, "*but those which my mother reads first, and* RECOMMENDS *to me*." Mrs. B—— is a woman of excellent judgment; her time is too much occupied by her domestic duties to be thrown away upon trifles; and she may safely be trusted to cater for her daughter: what she recommends is wholesome food, and will turn to nourishment.

Novels may be divided into four classes—the *sentimental*, such as Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa Harlowe, which may be read with some advantage, if you have patience to go through them—The *moral*, such as the Vicar of Wakefield, the Man of Feeling, Julia de Roubignè, Paul and Mary, Evelina, and Cecilia—The *romantic*, such as the Italian, the Mysteries of Udolpho, and the Old English Baron—and the *insipid*, or nonsensical, which in plots and incidents are very much alike, and differ little, but in the various modifications of the most improbable characters, and the most common observations.*

It is not easy to calculate the number of novels that are published in the course of a year. To judge of that number by the *reviews* is by no means a certain criterion; because so many fall still-born from the press, and are thought, as they undoubtedly deserve to be, below the notice of criticism. In the circulating libraries they are beyond all

* We are not, generally speaking, a much greater friend to *modern novels* than our ingenious Correspondent; but we think, with respect to those of a *former date*, he has left out a most *important class*, which may be termed THE HUMOROUS: we should, therefore, without presuming to advocate *the whole*, be glad to learn his opinion of those of *Cervantes*, *Le Sage*, *Fielding*, *Smollet*, and many others, who have pursued *nature* through all her varied forms, animated her with the flame of genius, and decorated her with the brilliancy of wit.—EDITOR.

proportion more numerous than any other class of books—nay, than several classes together:

Like leaves on trees this race of books is found,
Now warm in youth, now withering on the ground.
Spring after spring the varying race supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise.

This great number of *indigenous* novels has, no doubt, been increased by a reinforcement of *exotics* from *France* and *Germany*. What fruits they have contributed to produce in their native countries are visible in the Revolution of the one, and the profligate state of manners in the other. What baleful effects may we not anticipate, from the translations of these foreign novels! For it may be doubted, numerous as the books are which have been of late years written upon the subject of education, whether they are sufficiently engaging and captivating to counteract the influence of these foreigners, which, if they once fill the imagination, will not fail to operate upon the passions; and then, vain will be the application of sermons from grave divines, admonitions from well-meaning papas, and sage remonstrances from "hoary aunts and antiquated maids:" I doubt the effect of their united rhetoric to drive the *Sorrows of Werter* or the *New Eloise* out of a girl's head, if she has once read such romantic nonsense with pleasure.

There must undoubtedly be a very considerable demand for novels, or they would not continue to be published in such numbers; but I am confident that your good sense will incline you to pity the weakness, rather than to imitate the example, of those who are dupes to the artifices of the writers. When there are so many real objects of compassion in the world to call forth our attention, and excite our sympathy, would you not think that person extremely credulous, and easy to be imposed upon, who pores over a fictitious tale with unwearied attention, takes a lively interest in artificial distresses, shudders at dangers that never threatened, rejoices in escapes that never occurred, and weeps with delight or sorrow at the good or bad fortune of a pair of lovers, who never existed?

Great is the magical attraction of names; and the novel writers know this secret too well, not to make their fullest advantage of it. The common names of Mary, Anne, Susan, and Jane, would excite no interest; but who can resist the fascinations of ladies with such sounding and romantic appellations as *Emmelina*, *Isabinda*, *Honorina*, *Rosella*, *Julietta*, *Margaritta*, and *Celistina*? Then how desirous must we be to know all we can about fine gentlemen with such names as *Fitzormond*, *Somerville*, *Turretville*, and *Roseville*; when if they had been plain Smith, Browne, or Clarke, we should not have cared a pin about them. Then, if these ladies and gentlemen with their fine and fantastical names resided in such houses as other persons, we should not be so anxious to be informed of their actions, or what were the subjects of their conversations; but when we are told, that they reside in the *Castle of Probation*, the *Castle of Minerva*, the *Castle of Nevilla*, or the *Castle of Eridan*, it is amazing how much our anxiety is increased to learn every thing that can possibly relate to the health and happiness of the charming creatures.

Alliteration has a powerful effect over the sensibility of some readers; and it is therefore not without reason we hear of *Delicate Distress*, and the *Sorrows of Seduction*.

Great is the effect of duplicate heroes; for which reason, we have the *two Marillos*, the *two Pilgrims*, the *two Mentors*, and the *two Princes of Persia*: the two Kings of Brentford must hide their diminished heads before these dramatis personæ, thus astonishing us braces by brace.

But nothing is more calculated to reach the climax of excellence, and strike our weak minds with increasing force, than those novels "where more is meant than meets the ear," and the catastrophe of the story is concealed from our longing eyes by the veil of secrecy. It therefore shews the consummate skill of authors to adopt the word mysterious, as they have done in the following instances:—the *mysterious* Seal, the *mysterious* Father, the *mysterious* Wife, the *mysterious* Husband, the *mysterious* Visitor, the *mysterious* Penitent, the *mysterious* Count, *mysterious* Friendship, the *mysterious* Protector, not to dwell upon the tale of *mystery*.

Then again, as nothing is so delightful to sweet sensibility as to compassionate the continued distresses of others, we are indulged with the sorrows of unhappy sufferers. We have the *sorrows*

of Edith, the *sorrows* of Matilda, and the *sorrows* of Love, all springing from that sweet "and copious source of sympathetic tears," the *sorrows of Werter*.

Novel reading produces a fever in the imagination, and that fever is always attended with excessive thirst. The more you read of such a kind, the more is your desire increased, till you are eager to exhaust all the volumes of a circulating library. A novel reader is like one who accustoms himself to eat too many sweetmeats, it destroys his relish for plain and wholesome food: he grows disgusted with those books which can supply the best nutriment to his mind, and, by reading the most frivolous publications, deprives himself of the enjoyment of the best and most solid.

If they tended only to impose upon childish credulity, and cheat the imagination with this unreal mockery of names and nonsense, no great mischief would be done. But how are they to be considered in a moral and religious point of view? What is the reason that we hear of so many duels and elopements? Surely they do not proceed from the grave admonitions of parents, nor the pious lectures of divines: they arise in a great degree from the false notions of honour and of happiness that are inculcated by novels. By many of them we are taught, that a rash word is to be expiated only by blood; and that if a person behaves with friendship and kindness, the return proper for a man of gallantry to make is to run away with his wife, or ruin his daughter. Are such principles reconcilable to common sense or gratitude? or, rather, are they not decidedly opposite to the precepts of our holy religion?

But lest you should think I am growing too serious for the subject, I shall conclude this letter with a receipt to make a novel. You have heard of Mrs. Glasse; and I hope you will not think the worse of her skill, for giving you this specimen of the art of cookery.

A Receipt to make a Novel, by Mrs. Glasse.

This dish is of a miscellaneous kind, something between a Yorkshire *Pie* and *Salmagundi*. Take two young lovers, *tender* and *soft*, that have been bred in an old castle; let the one be a philosopher of the new school without morals, and the other a girl of infinite sensibility without a grain of discretion or common sense. *Stuff* them with the *minced meat* of stale sentiment, and *season* them with box lobby repartees, and bon mots from modern comedies and farces. Then you may put them in the *stewing-pan* of persecution, and keep them a long time in the *hot water* of distress. Instead of sour crout and elder vinegar, mix them up with a couple of crusty fathers and mothers, and a tough aunt or two: if you put a parson, or a justice of peace, into this olio, be sure to *pepper* them well. To improve the richness of the flavour, mix a good deal of French or German cabbage, and you may throw in a few mushrooms of poetry. When ready to be served up, put the whole, like *maintenon cutlets*, in hot-pressed wire-wove or *foolscap paper*. This dish will appear to most advantage upon the table if garnished like a twelfth cake, with devices, in paste, of a setting sun, a rising moon, a few cooing doves, a cascade, a troop of banditti, a grotto, and a ghost. Although the cook sometimes forgets to put in both the *sage* of sound observation, and the *salt* of genuine wit, this dish is the ton at Bath, Ramsgate, Margate, and all other watering-places. Like flummery or trifle, it will keep only a few days, though the cook may take great pains to set it off with the *puff paste* of advertisements.

N.B. This is the receipt, according to which many novels in the last fifty years have been cooked up; and it has been found to succeed much better than spinning jennies, or the famous mill to grind verses.

I am, dear Miss,

Yours, &c.

A. B.

The Fly *in* Turnips.

SIR J. W. JERVIS, of Ireland, has tried successfully to prevent this wide spreading mischief, by sowing flour of sulphur with the seed. This, it is found, destroys the *ova* of the insect by which the damage is occasioned.

To keep Cows *from* Corn.

TAKE a quart of train oil, as much turpentine, and bruised gunpowder; boil them together, and, when hot, dip pieces of rags in the mixture, and fix them on sticks in the field. About four are sufficient for an acre of corn.

Account of the Rise of Fairlop Fair.

Deep in the Forest's dreary tracks,
Where rang'd at large fierce *Waltham blacks*;*
Where passengers with wild affright
Shrunk from the terrors of the night;
While o'er the marsh false meteors beam,
And glow-worms in the bushes gleam:
There thro' the woods, o'er meadows dank,
Where *merry devils* frisk and prank,
Behold a maid still fearless rove,
Fair *Millisent*,† the child of love:
From *Cheston's* dome she wanders darkling,
Array'd in white, her eye-beams sparkling.
Astoun'd, the *Curate* and *Mine Host*
Exclaim, that "they have seen *a ghost*."
Yet *Mounchensey* doth soon discover
She's *mortal* to her *favour'd lover*.

THE English word *Fair*, and the French term *Fiere*, seem both to be derived from *Feriæ* (holy days); of course, they were first occasioned, we should rather, perhaps, say rendered necessary, by the vast concourse of people that used, in ancient times, to resort to the anniversary festivals of the *dedication* of their *churches*. These holy days, in which *pleasure mingled* itself with *devotion*, became, during the very early ages of *Christianity* in this kingdom, so powerfully attractive, that it was deemed necessary by our *monarchs*, under the sanction of the *Pope*, to make them, in some degree, a part of the *religious establishment*; at least, to connect them as strongly as possible with the *temporal rights* of the *clergy*. We therefore see in all the grants to *abbeys*, *churches*, and *conventual houses*, and in all the *corporative charters*, that the establishment of *fairs* and *markets* are their principal features. A very considerable share of learning has, at different periods, been drawn forth on this subject,‡ which it is not necessary to quote. These fairs, at the dissolution of the *abbeys*, *priories*, &c. fell with their lands, and became part of the *manerial rights* of the *grantees*; though there were others that derived their original tenure from royal donations for services in the field, council, &c. &c.

To these two species of possession, as their principle operated with respect to the establishment of *fairs*, which had an existence coeval with that of markets, and, in fact, were markets of a larger growth and more extensive traffic, we thought it necessary, in order to comprehend the whole of the subject, to allude, before we mentioned another kind of *fairs*, that have, in a manner spontaneously, arisen from some singu-

* This kind of *banditti*, or, as our ancient English writers term them, *outlaws* and *foresters*, had been the terror of the country from the time of *William the Conqueror*, who attempted to *forest* the land, until the reign of *George I.* At what period they, from *blacking their faces*, obtained the name of Waltham Blacks is uncertain; but it is certain, that their depredations were not confined to the *forest* of *Waltham*, but pervaded all the forests, parks, and warrens in the kingdom. Those that robbed near *London* had a commander, whom they styled *King John*; and, of course, the bowers in which he resided *King John's Palaces*; which, if the hypothesis may be allowed, may serve to account for the site of so many places in the country bearing this royal appellation, though it would have been impossible for the real monarch to have possessed a tenth part of the mansions that tradition supposes him to have occupied. *Robin Hood* was of the fraternity of outlaws, and has, in the same manner, left his name identified with a number of places, not only in his native county (*Nottinghamshire*), but even southward as far as the metropolis. The *Waltham Blacks* were, we think, totally suppressed by the statute 9 Geo. I. which declared them *felons*: that is, for blacking their faces and wearing disguises: their other crimes were *felony*, both by common law and statute, for centuries before.

† The idea that gave birth to this trifling effusion, arose from the perusal of *a drama*, once the delight of our ancestors, called "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," some of the scenes of which lie in the forest of *Waltham*, and indeed range from *Edmonton* to *Cheston*,(*a*) where there was formerly a *nunnery*, situated on the *River Lea*, and founded before the year 1183, in which the lovely *Millisent* was placed, and whence she escaped. It is not meant here to enter into a critique of the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*; yet we cannot help observing, that we do not wonder its local descriptions and correct delineation of ancient manners rendered it so great a favourite; but we do wonder that it should have elicited the notice, we will not say *the praise*, of *Ben Jonson*:(*b*)

——————"If you'll come
To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
And shew this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, The Devil of Edmonton."

‡ *Vide* statutes 17 Edw. IV. c. 2. and 1 Rich. III. c. 6. 2 Inst. 221. Blount. 2 Inst. Cro. Eliz. 559, &c. &c.

(*a*) Cheshunt.

(*b*) Prologue to *The Devil is an Ass*.

lar circumstance, which has occasioned a number of persons to resort to a particular spot, and has in a series of years established what was originally, perhaps, *accidental*.*

Of this nature is the Fair of Fairlop, which has been lately, and indeed is every year, if the weather permits, so much resorted to by the inhabitants of the *eastern* division of the *metropolis* in particular, that we have deemed its *origin* to be worthy of peculiar notice.

In ancient times, the *forest* of *Essex* comprehended almost the whole of the county. A record of the 12 *Henry III.* marks its bounds from *Stratford-bridge* to *Cattawad-bridge*, in length; and from the *Thames* to *Stane-street* in breadth.† This extensive and formerly uncultivated district has been more generally termed *Waltham Forest*; of which about 1500 acres, part of that division which obtained the name of *Hainault*, is in the parish of *Barking*; within the limits of which stands a remarkable tree, well known by the name of Fairlop Oak. The stem of this vegetable wonder, which is rough and fluted, measures at three feet from the ground about 36 *feet* in *girth*; the boughs extend about 300 *feet* in circumference;‡ and under their extensive shade is held *a fair* the first Friday in July. The founder of this fair was a Mr. Daniel Day, a block and pump maker in Wapping, commonly called *the good Day*. This gentleman was the possessor of a small estate in *Essex*, at no great distance from Fairlop Oak. To this venerable tree he used, on the first *Friday* in *July* annually, to repair; thither it was his custom to invite a party of his neighbours to accompany him; and, under the shade of its branches and leaves, to dine on *beans* and *bacon*. Events of importance frequently proceed from trifling causes. The idea of dining under a *large tree* in the midst of a forest, had, in the minds of the worthy inhabitants of the metropolis, something *wild*, and *romantic*. Whether they thought of the *turf-erected altars*, the *rustic cates*, or the *mysterious rites*, of the *Druids*; or, skilled in *classic lore*,

> ——————sought to invoke
> The hoary *dryad* of the *sacred oak*;

we do not know: but we are well informed, that in the course of a few years, the fame of *Mr. Day's* celebration spread, and other parties were formed to participate in the enjoyment of his anniversary. We shall wave the puns, which his name, unfortunately obnoxious to these kinds of *brilliancies*, produced: such as a *holi*DAY, a *merry*-DAY, a *pleasant*-DAY, and sometimes a *rainy*-DAY:§ and observe, that as the concourse of visitors to the Oak increased, *sutling-booths* were erected, various articles brought for sale; and, about the year 1725, the place began to exhibit the appearance of a *regular* Fair.

Mr. Day, who had good reason to be proud of having caused a very considerable *circulation* of *money*, and introduced that kind of *civilization* which is the concomitant of *commerce* in a part of the *country* which had for ages been dangerous, wild, and in some degree unexplored, used, during his life, annually to visit his favourite spot, and, in memory of its origin, never failed, on the day of the fair, to provide several *sacks* of *beans*, with a proportionate quantity of *bacon*, which he distributed from the trunk of the tree to the per-

* These *unchartered modern* fairs are in all parts of England so numerous, that it is as impossible as it would be unnecessary to enumerate them. They have in many instances arisen from *games*, from races, from maypoles, from church and feast ales.; an old castle, an old tree, nay the stump of an old tree, has produced them: and in *the country* they do not, as relaxations from labour and promoters of innocent hilarity, appear in any great degree reprehensible.

† It seems formerly to have reached from the Thames to *Hatfield Broad Oak*, and from the *Lea* to *Brentwood* and *Ongar*. Hainault forest, was probably so termed by the Saxons from the province of *Hainault* in the Netherlands, anciently called *Saltus Carbonarius*, on account of its abounding in *charcoal*.(*a*) *Ranier*, the Saxon Earl of *Hainault*, opposed the *Normans* A.D. 876; and from a wound he received was called *Wry Neck*.(*b*)

‡ The Hainault Foresters, one of the Toxopholite societies formed a few years ago, held their meetings under *Fairlop Oak*.

§ What would Shenstone have done, who used to thank heaven that his name was not liable to be punned upon, if *fortune*, or *misfortune*, had stamped upon him the appellation—*Day*.

(*a*) Before the use of coals was so general, *Hainault* forest used to supply London with charcoal.

(*b*) Hainault forest is also said to have derived its name from having been stocked with *deer* from that foreign country.

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sons there assembled. For several years before the death of the *benevolent*, although *humorous*, founder of this public *bean-feast*, the *pump* and *block makers* of *Wapping*, to the number of thirty or forty, went annually to the *fair* in a boat made, like that of *Robinson Crusoe* or an *Indian canoe*, of one entire piece of *fir*. This *amphibious* vehicle was covered with an awning, mounted on a coach carriage, and drawn by six horses; the whole adorned with ribbons, flags, and streamers. It was furnished with a band of musicians, and attended, as may be supposed,

> By *wifflers* and *staffiers* on foot;

or, as another poet expresses it, on the return,

> O'er *land* our vessel bent its course,
> Guarded by troops of *foot* and *horse*;
> Our *anchors* they were all *a peek*;
> Our crew were *baleing* from each *leak*.
> On *Stratford-bridge* it made me quiver,
> Lest they should *spill* us in the *river*.*

A few years before the decease of *Mr. Day*, his favourite *oak* lost a large limb, out of which he procured *a coffin* to be made for his own interment. His death happened on the 19th of October, 1767, being then 84 years of age.†

With respect to the modern *Fair* of *Fairlop Oak*,‡ we have only to state, that its distance from the metropolis is, by rendering the frequenters much more select and genteel, a circumstance peculiarly to its advantage. Indeed, we are, from observation founded *on experience*, of opinion, that *fairs* should [be s]eldom held nearer to *London* th[a]n ten m[iles]. It is not necessary to st[a]te the at[trac]tions they offer to the *profligate*, [the] *idle*, and the *dissolute*, when they are suffered in or near to crowded cities; nor the opportunities they afford for the practice of *depredation*, and the perpetration of *crimes* and *enormities* of every description. These things are so well known, that although, in a speculation of this kind, it would not have been proper to have passed them over in silence, it is useless *here* to dwel[l] longer upon their sad effects. To recur, therefore, to Fairlop, which is a *fair* of a much better character, being, we hope and trust, *more moral*, certainly *much pleasanter*, we conceive, as we have already stated, that it has, by attracting *inhabitants*, and consequently *commerce*, to the vicinity of the *great Oak*, been of use to the county in which it is situated. Its general effect, viewed as a landscape adorned with *animated* life, is singularly *picturesque*; and when we consider all circumstances, we think, as its numerous visitors have seldom, at least within our knowledge, transgressed the bounds of decency and order,§ that it may for *one day in a year* be properly enough tolerated as an *agreeable amusement* and *innocent relaxation*. M.

* The custom of drawing a boat over dry land still continues: indeed, we lately saw one much decorated on the road to *Bow fair*.

† His remains were, according to his own request (a request arising from having been thrown from a horse and overturned in a wheel carriage, from which he conceived the greatest antipathy to both), conveyed to Barking by water, accompanied by six journeymen block and pump makers, to each of whom he bequeathed a new leather apron and a guinea. There is a tomb-stone in the church-yard, Barking, to his memory; and also another to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Killick, who died 1782, in the 93d year of her age.

‡ A very beautiful view of Fairlop Fair was, about the years 1774 or 5, taken by Mr. Grim. It formed a large drawing in water-colours. The booths, machines, humorous groups, and large parties, assembled under the *venerable oak*, had a most pleasing and picturesque effect. It was afterwards engraved, and printed upon pocket handkerchiefs; hundreds of which were, of course, sold at the fair.

§ It is with great pleasure that we are enabled to state, that, although the visitors to *Fairlop Oak* on *Friday*, 6th of July instant, were as numerous as ever was known, they were, generally speaking, *respectable*. We have *ascertained*, that very few *pickpockets* resorted thereunto; and those, in consequence of the attention of some *police officers*, made a *bad speculation* of it. In fact, most if not all their efforts were unsuccessful; and they *soon* shrunk from *acquaintance* to whom they had no desire to become *tangible*.

ON ENVY.

AN ESSAY.

AT the Exhibition, the other day, a painter observed, that a Landscape, which in truth was an excellent production, was very badly executed: he maintained, that the drawing was incorrect, the figures were out of proportion, and the colouring was harsh and unnatural. The same afternoon, in

a party, Miss Minikin abused the dress of a very genteel girl, who was habited with more taste than herself; and Dr. Pomposo, a great *soi-disant* critic, who had lately published some wretched [illegible], would allow no merit whatever to the poems of Bowles, Rogers, or Walter Scot.

When I retired from company in the evening, I could not help reflecting on the harsh and uncandid manner in which these different persons had delivered their sentiments; and I fell into the following train of thought, on the *envy* which had manifestly dictated them. As this passion is so very prevalent, and is so pernicious in its effects on the welfare and happiness of society, my remarks upon it may be found useful to your readers in general; and I cannot give them a circulation by a more agreeable vehicle than your entertaining Miscellany.

There is no disorder of the mind more mean, and unbecoming the dignity of human nature, than that which derives pleasure from the misfortunes of others, and pain from their prosperity. Such is the nature of envy—but although this sensation has some affinity to the passion of anger, yet no one can hesitate to say, that envy is far more odious and inexcusable. There may be many strong and justifiable motives for anger, which may influence even a virtuous man; as, for instance, when he hears religion treated with disrespect; when he sees innocence oppressed, justice violated, his friends insulted, or modesty put to the blush. But envy can be founded upon no such fair and honourable grounds of resentment; for how should a person, merely because he is more fortunate, richer, or more distinguished by honours or titles, give the envious any reasonable cause for offence?

Man may justly boast of his superiority over the brute creation in many respects, but envy sinks him below every species of other animals. They are endued by nature with a kind of social principle, but they have no envy to embitter the participation of their social state. Elephants live in herds, sheep and birds in flocks, and bees in swarms, and they exercise a variety of good offices towards each other; but their occupations are not impeded, nor are their enjoyments diminished, by this base intruder. Man, then, who was made in the image of God, who is the lord of the creation, whose eyes can beam with undissembled joy, and whose heart can expand with philanthropy, is the only being who differs from the inferior orders of nature in this respect. Is not the influence of this malady of the mind very extensive, and does it not pervade all ranks and relations in society? The artist envies the artist, the neighbour the neighbour, and even the brother the brother. Between animals of different species there often subsists the greatest hostility; the hound chases the hare, and the hawk flies after the lark, and is eager to deprive it of life and to prey upon its flesh. Yet intercourse and domestication are known to overcome these antipathies, to such a degree, that animals sometimes appear almost to change their nature. Dogs and cats fed and brought up together become familiar and fond of each other; and there is a story recorded upon good authority, that a cat once suckled a litter of young rats. Yet the same domestication will not prevent the growth of envy; for many are so infected by its virulence, that no society, no accumulation of good and kind offices, will cure them of it.

And who are the persons whom Envy most delights to attack, and to prey upon? The virtuous, the wise, and the honourable. And what are the objects which it beholds with the greatest delight? Domestic broils, the discord of rival factions, the downfall of the great, the prosperous, and the ambitious: in short, it derives gratification from the survey of all those miseries of life which Benevolence laments and Piety deprecates. These are the objects most pleasing to its jaundiced eyes; these are the aliments it feeds upon with a voracious and unsated appetite.

But such examples as have exhibited its effects are sufficient to evince its enormity, and to discover to what a degree of guilt, of misery, and widely-extended discord and calamity, its indulgence may lead mankind. What cause incited Cain to embrue his hands in the blood of Abel, his unoffending brother? Nothing but his piety, and his superior zeal for the service of God. Why did Saul wish to destroy David, although he had performed such eminent services for him? Doubtless his noble actions, his victories, and his triumphs. Why did Alexander the Great cut off two of his most able generals, Perdiccas and Lysimachus? They had become odious to him, in

consequence of their warlike reputation. Why were Conon and Themistocles banished by their ungrateful countrymen? and why was the enlightened Socrates, who brought philosophy from the schools to reform mankind, condemned to drink the bowl of poison? What was the cause that Rome was convulsed by the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompey; or that Italy, in a later period of her history, was torn in pieces by the factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines? What ingredient has added to the flames of discord in our own country, and increased the animosities of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, the Whigs and the Tories, the Pittites and the Foxites? Envy has, alas! been found too often to assume the mask of patriotism; has formed a strict alliance with destructive ambition, and lent her powerful aid to foment, extend, and perpetuate the contests of such rival factions.

The man who unites magnanimity to talents, so far from making any undue concessions to envy, will treat it with contempt or indifference. Unawed by its threats, and disdainful of its power, he will not be induced to deviate from the path of honour, nor to act inconsistently with himself. He will make a due estimate of the utmost it can do to injure him, and he will endure from its assaults what he disdains to retaliate. The cur may snarl and bark at him, or the bully may threaten him; but he will think it no imputation on his courage not to avenge himself either on the one or the other. The envious man has no power over persons of this determined character—he may fret, complain, and calumniate; but he only exemplifies the old story of the viper gnawing the file.

Although Envy cannot extinguish genius, or annihilate virtue, yet it often obstructs the reputation of those who deserve to stand the highest in the public opinion. Men of talents have in all ages experienced its baleful effects; and, knowing how well it is adapted to gratify the malignity of mankind, they have always been compelled to look forward to some future period, for the full expansion of their glory. Thus Horace has well remarked, that the illustrious legislators of antiquity, and other benefactors of mankind, found, that this determined enemy could only be appeased by the death of its victims; and the great Milton, sinking under the combined depressions of old age, calumny, and blindness, looked forward with confidence to a just posterity for that reward of fame which was withheld from him by his contemporaries.

When Bion, one of the wise men of Greece, saw an envious person looking very dejected, he said to him, "*I am at a loss to tell, whether any good fortune has happened to another person, or any bad to yourself?*" Agis, King of Sparta, expressed the same sentiment, when he was informed, that certain countrymen of his, men of distinction, envied him. "*I am sorry for it,*" said he, "*for they will give themselves double uneasiness: they will be tormented both with their own misfortunes and with my prosperity.*"

The pleasure which is felt in rising superior to envy was enjoyed in the fullest extent by Pæderatus, a Spartan youth of high rank and great merit. He was candidate for admission into the noble band of the 300 Spartans, and was rejected. The magistrates, who had decided against him, supposing, that, as he retired with a smiling countenance, he meant to express contempt of their détermination, were agreeably surprised to hear him say, "*I congratulate the republic on having so many citizens more worthy of such an honour than myself.*" There are those in modern times who can bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne. The great Lord Nelson was actuated by no such an unheroic motive, but rather, like the noble Pæderatus, rejoiced that there were men as meritorious as himself. When the City of London voted him their thanks for some distinguished naval victory, he expressed his gratitude for the honour; but took the liberty to assure them, that the pleasure arising from it would have been more complete, if he had shared their compliment with his intimate friend and most able coadjutor, Sir Richard Bickerton.

Envy is the property of little minds: great souls are generally incapable of it. It discovers itself by various ways, more or less subversive of the peace of society: sometimes it expresses itself in the language of spleen, detraction, satire, and scandal; sometimes it mixes with emulation, and spares no methods in its power to supplant a rival; sometimes it stings with insidious malice, or breaks into open revenge. As flies always fix upon the finest fruit in the gar-

den, so it delights to attack the best characters. Like fire, after it has preyed upon every thing within its reach, it at last consumes itself. If virtue, in order to be the object of universal admiration, requires only to be seen, Envy [illegible] only [illegible] be partially viewed, in order to be an object of universal detestation. Its portrait has been so well drawn and coloured by the poet, as to exhibit its native deformity to the life.

Pale is her countenance; her hollow eyes
Glare with strange wildness; and her meagre form,
Wasted with pining misery, displays
The shadow of a mortal, not the substance.
Her face is never cheer'd with beaming smiles,
Save when the story of another's woe
Is sweetest music to her greedy ears.
While others sport amid the sun's gay beams,
Alive to sympathy and social joy,
Envy retires to some dark woven shade
Of yew, or nightshade; starting oft she wakes,
Rous'd by the scorpion-stings of jealousy;
And, sickening at the sight of others' bliss,
Frames the sharp rack of torture for herself.

If we wish to enjoy unruffled tranquillity of mind, we must guard every avenue of the heart against the approach of envy. He that looks with malignant eyes upon the prosperity of others, can never fully enjoy his own; and if he be not sufficiently generous to rejoice in another's joy, it is to be apprehended that what he dislikes he may endeavour to subvert, and that he will labour to produce the misery he wishes to happen. Thus envy may lead to the perpetration of the basest and greatest of crimes; and when once suffered to take possession of the heart, and to thrive by indulgence, who can say where its criminality will stop? It begins in baseness, and may terminate in destruction and bloodshed, as in the memorable examples to which we have referred.

But if the envious cannot be deterred from the indulgence of their darling propensity by the considerations of the evil which they wish, or may do to *others*, let them, at least, not be blind to the unhappy effects which may result to *themselves*. Let the same self-love, which, wrongly directed, produces and nourishes this pest of society, dispose them to guard against its dangers, considered in a *moral* and *religious* point of view. The exercise of envy is a direct violation of the revealed will of God: it is hostile to the very spirit of Christianity, inasmuch as it contradicts that charity which is *ever kind, and thinketh no evil*, and which teaches us *to love our neighbours as ourselves*. And if it thus acts in direct opposition to the noblest and most generous principle of our religion, its punishment will hereafter be severe in proportion to its enormity; and perhaps no suffering in a future state can be more acute, than the perpetuity of those tortures which it inflicts upon itself in this world.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

WHAT ARE THE ARTS, IN THE CULTIVATION OF WHICH THE MODERNS HAVE BEEN LESS SUCCESSFUL THAN THE ANCIENTS?

A PRIZE ESSAY,

Recited in the Theatre at Oxford, July 3, 1810.

——————Κείνοισι δ' ἂν οὔτις
Τῶν, οἳ νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι, μαχέοιτο.
Ιλ. Α.

THAT human society has a natural tendency to improvement, is a truth obvious in its own nature, and strikingly confirmed by experience. By the agency of this principle, the institutions and manners, the sciences and arts, of social life, seem to be progressively impelled towards perfection; and, though occasionally checked by accidental obstructions, they return invariably to their original course: as the shoots of a plant, though continually impeded, will uniformly resume their upright growth, when the obstacles that opposed it are removed.

If the existence of this principle of improvement should be disputed, in those points where moral excellence is concerned, it must at least be allowed, that it operates very powerfully in those which relate to invention or discovery. For here, the facility with which each succeeding improver avails himself of the labours of his predecessors, enables us, when once the foundations of an art or science have been laid, to enlarge and embellish the superstructure to an extent which knows no limits; while, by means of those contrivances, which so wonderfully facilitate the transmission of knowledge, we can derive nearly as much advantage from the labours of

our ancestors, as from those of our contemporaries.

Accordingly, in the numerous circle of arts which are employed about the conveniencies of life, our superiority to the ancients is generally admitted. Two inventions, which were originally the productions of accident,* have contributed to give us a decided superiority in the arts of navigation and war; while a new and superior method of investigation has proved of incalculable advantage, in all those which depend on the various branches of natural philosophy.†

But when we turn our attention to the fine arts, we cannot but observe, that the superiority of modern times is either wholly lost, or at least considerably lessened. The weight of ancient excellence seems to be augmented, while a proportionate diminution, on the opposite side, is no less observable. Amidst the trepidations of a balance, which now becomes so nearly adjusted, a discerning eye may perhaps perceive a preponderance on the side of antiquity. But even those who are of a contrary opinion, must at least admit, that our improvements in this class of pursuits have by no means kept pace with those which have been made in the useful arts. The specimens which have come down to us of their skill in sculpture and architecture, in poetry and oratory, specimens which are still acknowledged models for modern imitation, form a strong argument of their positive excellence, if not of their comparative superiority. In music and painting their progress cannot be estimated with any degree of certainty; but we may fairly imagine it to have been far from contemptible; since these arts were studiously cultivated by a people who displayed, in other points, the highest degree of taste and genius.

That the ancients then, if not actually superior to us in the elegant arts, approached us at least much nearer in them than in the useful arts, and much nearer than at first sight we could have expected, will perhaps be universally allowed. And as this disproportionate excellence opens a field for much curious speculation, an investigation of the causes which produced it may prove both interesting in itself, and useful in our subsequent inquiry into the actual state of comparison between the Ancients and Moderns.

Without recurring to the fanciful notions of Milton, with respect to the degeneracy of later times, or attempting to explain the influence which soil and climate may possess over the dispositions and intellects of men, we may safely determine, that, as nature has distributed to different countries the advantages of fertility in unequal proportions, so she has poured on some nations, with greater profusion than on others, the richer endowments of genius and imagination. The inhabitants of Greece were in this respect highly favoured. To the external advantages which they possessed, were added an extraordinary portion of natural acuteness and delicacy of taste; qualities which, it is said, are still to be found in their descendants, though repressed by the iron hand of despotism. The Romans were, perhaps, not so fortunate; and though they borrowed largely from the Greeks, they were seldom able to equal them. The facility, indeed, with which they availed themselves of the talents of a foreign nation, probably acted as a check upon domestic ingenuity; as importations are found unfavourable to the increase of manufactures.

As far, therefore, as the gifts of nature are concerned, no people had a

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* The mariner's *needle*, *horizontal* and *inclinatory*, and *gunpowder*.

† It has struck us as rather singular, that the learned and ingenious author of this very elaborate treatise did not, when addressing perhaps the most *erudite* assembly in the world, turn the attention of his auditors to the *source of science*, MATHEMATICS, which, although perhaps not so particularly studied at OXFORD as in her *sister university*, should, therefore, be the more strongly recommended. It is, we need not state, by the means of *mathematics* that the most celebrated artists of every age have made those noble and interesting discoveries, the operation of which is now so universally useful; and it is by them that the modern philosophers have produced every thing that is peculiarly excellent in *natural philosophy*. All the various *arts*, and all the *conveniences*, nay, the *enjoyments* of life, owe their existence to the study of this science; but it has been well observed, as there is a kind of *natural logic*, which gives to some men, merely under the guidance of genius, the power of ratiocination, so the same genius, guided only by a *natural light*, has, in others, impelled the *practice* of the *mathematics*, without the study; in consequence of which, they have become *logicians* and *geometricians*, or, in a word, *philosophers*, without knowing that they were so.

fairer chance than the Greeks, of becoming highly eminent for productions of genius; and various circumstances concurred to give full play to their ...riority ...f talent, and to advance ...rts amo...g them to a high degree ...perfection.

...f these, that which principally ar...s our attention is, the division of ...t country into a great number of ...all independent states, all enjoying ...erty, and mutually engaged in per...tual rivalship. This spirit of emu...tion must have been a powerful in...ntive to a people naturally ingenious: ...d the mass of talent roused into action ...y this minute division, must have been proportionally great. In larger states, a considerable number of highly-gifted individuals must be forced into the throng of undistinguished mediocrity.

But these circumstances, which contributed to promote the advancement of the fine arts, had not an equal tendency to encourage the useful arts. The number of independent neighbouring states necessarily produced continual wars, with their attendant, Poverty: but it is in the midst of wealth and of tranquillity, that commerce and manufactures, together with the most of the useful arts, are found to flourish and improve.

But not only will the same causes frequently produce different effects upon pursuits of different kinds; the pursuits themselves may occasionally be found to interfere. In those large and prosperous states, where the acquisition of wealth is pursued with the greatest earnestness, and the useful arts cultivated with the greatest attention, we shall generally find the separation of professions, and the division of labour, carried to the highest extent. Now that this concentration of the powers of each individual advances each art to the highest degree of perfection, and tends to the increase of private as well as of national wealth, is a maxim which will be admitted without dispute: but it is no less true, that both this division of labour, and the wealth which is produced by it, have, when increased beyond a certain point, a tendency unfavourable to liberality of mind, to liveliness of genius, and to elegance of taste. As the sphere of action in which an individual is employed becomes narrower, the greater skill will he acquire in the performance of his part; but his mind at the same time becomes proportionably contracted, and he is at length degraded to the condition of a mere machine. Whereas, in a smaller, or a less populous community, or in one which has made less progress in manufactures and in trade, the same person being obliged to perform several offices, not always very closely connected with each other, his mind becomes expanded by taking a wider range: his deficiency in that readiness which results from long practice and concentrated attention, must frequently be supplied by thought and contrivance: and it is precisely from this variety of pursuits, and this exertion of intellect, that we are to expect liberality of mind, and refinement of taste.

To this we may add, that a long and undivided attention to the pursuit of wealth, tends of itself to produce a sordid turn of thought, to divest the mind of all relish for works of genius, and to establish a habit of referring every thing to utility, and of measuring utility by gain.

If these remarks should be found conformable to reason and experience, our acknowledged superiority to the Ancients in commerce and national wealth, might prepare us to expect an inferiority in the elegant arts.

It is certain, that among the Ancients themselves, we are far from finding these arts inseparably connected with public prosperity. It was during the distresses of a protracted war against the Peloponnesians, that Athens produced many of those works of genius which we admire at this day; while, on the other hand, the Carthaginians, a people certainly not destitute of ingenuity, and in wealth and prosperity superior to all their contemporaries, seem to have made little or no progress in the polite arts.

The causes that have hitherto been assigned are such as relate principally to the parties concerned: there are others that may have contributed to produce the same effect, which arise out of the nature of the case itself.

The advantage, which men may derive from the labours of those who have gone before, has already been mentioned, as leading us to expect a superior degree of excellence in later times. It is obvious, that this advantage must principally arise from their being able with facility and readiness to avail themselves of those discoveries, and to apply those rules, which have

necessarily cost their predecessors much time and laborious investigation. But in those productions of genius and taste, of which we have been speaking, this advantage is wonderfully lessened. Those rules, by which the subtle emanations of fancy are directed and controlled, are of a nature too exquisitely fine to be marked out with the same accuracy, or transmitted to posterity with the same certainty, as in mechanical arts, and strict systems of science.

It is far from being insinuated, that in productions of the other descriptions, the artist works at random, and pleases only by chance; or that a diligent observation of the most admired models is not highly serviceable, in stimulating the genius and correcting the taste: but it must be admitted, that these refined and delicate rules cannot be adequately conveyed in writing, and consequently will not enable us in these, as in other points, systematically to improve upon our predecessors, or, in some cases, even to imitate them successfully.

Another consideration of importance to the present question is, that in the fine arts we find our scope for improvement confined and determinate; while discovery in the sciences, and contrivance in the useful arts, seem to be altogether boundless. In the former class of pursuits, the end proposed is to give pleasure, by affecting certain principles in the constitution of the human mind, which must be in all ages substantially the same: in each department of these, therefore, we may imagine to ourselves a perfect and unvarying model, and may measure different degrees of excellence, by the nearness of her approaches to it. On the other side, a boundless field is opened to us for improvement. Imagination itself can fix no limits to our researches into the secrets of nature: nor can any period be assigned to the progressive advancement of those inventions of human ingenuity, by which, while the labour of man is diminished, his comforts are multiplied, or his wants anticipated. In these pursuits, therefore, we are enabled, by the strict rules on which they proceed, and by their interminable nature, not only to derive the full benefit from the labours of our predecessors, but to continue our improvements to a boundless extent: and, accordingly, it is in these that we are to seek for the superiority of later times.

We have seen, then, that some of the causes which must tend most to promote the progressive improvement of the useful arts and the sciences, do not operate equally on the e[illegible]rts. But, in addition to this, there ar[illegible] pediments to the progress of the la[illegible] to which the former are not liable. [illegible] the fine arts, the mere passion for [illegible]riety tempts men to diversify the cha[illegible] models of their predecessors with nee[illegible]less alterations and additions; whi[illegible] soon become agreeable from the i[illegible]fluence of association; and, continuin[illegible] to multiply, gradually corrupt the pub[illegible]lic taste, and cause the productions [illegible] genius to degenerate from their ori[illegible]ginal simplicity. It is from the ope[illegible]ration of the same principle that an artist, or a writer, of brilliant talents, but incorrect taste, contributes so much to mislead the public judgment; his defects are consecrated by their union with his excellencies, and, from the force of association, continue to be admired in themselves, even when those excellencies are wanting. Hence it is, that there is always a fashion in works of genius; and that this fashion, being founded on circumstances entirely independent of the fixed principles of taste, tends not only to obstruct the progress of the fine arts, but even to promote their decline.

In science, on the contrary, and on the other class of arts, these causes cannot operate. The systems which are founded on demonstrable truth are incapable of being shaken by caprice; the arts which are essential to the well-being of society can never be affected by the vicissitudes of fashion. In these pursuits, therefore, the progress of improvement is unimpeded, and it is in these that the Moderns are decidedly superior to the Ancients.

In the fine arts, we have seen, on a general view of the subject, that this superiority, if it exists at all, is at least much less conspicuous. But, to determine the actual state of comparative excellence, we must have recourse to a separate examination of the arts, and consider the respective success of the Ancients and the Moderns in each.

In the prosecution of this design, it would be too long and too laborious a task, to enter deeply into the principles of any art; or to engage in any controversy that can only be decided by an induction of particulars. It will be sufficient to examine the commonly received opinions on each sub-

ject, and briefly to inquire into the grounds on which they rest.

There is, perhaps, no art in which the superiority of the Ancients is more generally allowed, than sculpture; in which the fine models that have come down to us, are still appealed to, as the standard of excellence. In painting, on the other hand, the advantage is generally supposed to be on the side of the Moderns. Now it appears natural that sculpture should in its origin have been prior to painting: it was a more obvious, and therefore probably an earlier attempt to shape one substance into the form of another, than to represent, on a flat surface, by means of light and shade, the appearance of a solid body. Of the former art some traces are to be found even among the most uncultivated savages. The inhabitants of New South Wales, though completely destitute of clothing, and frequently of habitations, are yet reported to have made some rude attempts at sculpture. That the art which was of earliest origin should also be the first to attain perfection, is no more than might reasonably be expected: but there is no doubt that its progress was much accelerated by the peculiar nature of their religious worship, which required that the objects of their adoration should be exhibited in sensible representations. And sculpture being, from whatever cause, preferred to painting for religious purposes, the frequency of demand for images of their gods and heroes, uniting with the dignity of the subject to call forth all the powers of the statuary, soon raised this art to transcendent excellence.

On the other hand, the many advantages which painting possesses, naturally established in time its just claim to superior attention. The art which represented the form only, without the colours of its objects, was gradually supplanted by that which could, with equal fidelity, imitate both. And thus those artists, who possessed the most aspiring genius, were led to cultivate painting, while sculpture was comparatively neglected.*

But, besides this cause, there is no doubt that the astonishing perfection of the ancient sculptors contributed also in a great degree to divert the genius of the Moderns into a different channel. For we must remember, that while, in the useful arts, the inventions of the Ancients only open a door to the Moderns for still further improvements; in the fine arts, the same cause is frequently found to have a contrary tendency; and in none of them has this been more fully exemplified than in sculpture. The excellence of the ancient models which have come down to us, is such as to preclude a modern artist from the hope of excelling, or even equalling them. That principle, therefore, which has given birth to the finest performances in every art, the principle of emulation, is, by this means, weakened or extinguished; and men betake themselves to some other pursuit, in which the highest posts are yet unoccupied.

This cause has probably contributed more than any other to produce a decline in sculpture, and subsequently in painting also. The unrivalled masters of Greece, in the former art, and those whom Italy afterwards produced in the latter, excite astonishment, but repress emulation. And this cause produces the more striking effects, because it operates chiefly upon exalted geniuses. For great and elevated minds are generally the most ready to admire excellence in others, and the most ambitious to attain to it themselves. The former, therefore, of these principles, when they have a very perfect model before them, makes them despair of surpassing it; and the latter prompts them to employ their talents in some other pursuit, where the hope of pre-eminence may stimulate them to exertion. For it is to be observed, that, in the fine arts, the desire of excellence is the principal, if not the only incentive, upon whose operation we can uniformly rely; while, in the useful arts, the demand for their productions being continual, necessity, and the desire of gain, will be a sufficient stimulus, even where emulation is extinguished. The loom and the forge will never be neglected, however inferior their productions to those of another age or country. But the sculptor or the painter, when contemplating a model, whose beauties he cannot hope to equal, will probably relinquish his attempt in despair.

The remarkable excellence of the Ancients in architecture, next arrests our attention; an art in which, as well as in the foregoing, their superiority is gene-

* For the causes of the superiority of the Greek artists, see Winkelmann's *L'Arte d'Antiquité*, tom. ii. p. i. &c.

rally admitted. Besides the causes which have already been assigned, as affecting the fine arts in general, the excellence of this, doubtless, owes much to the pomp of their worship, and to their democratic form of government. It is in a republic that each individual feels the most pride in the splendor of public edifices: these he considers as in a certain degree his own property; while the jealousy of the lower orders tends to repress the display of private and capricious magnificence. Hence the genius of the ancient architects, especially among the Greeks, was employed on sumptuous temples and theatres: at the same time, the necessity of gaining the approbation of the multitude, subjected each work to the collective judgment of all the citizens; and thus prevented the public money from being squandered on buildings of rude and tasteless splendour. Hence, too, a lively emulation, and even ambition, was inspired into the artist; the most eminent was selected by the concurrent voice of the people; and, however extensive his design, it was readily supported by the munificence of a whole community. Under these circumstances, we might naturally expect that so ingenious a people should readily fall into a beautiful and correct style of building. Nor is it to be wondered at that this style should afterwards have been debased by accidental corruptions, to which this art is even more liable than the others. For, in architecture, the end originally pursued must always have been utility; a principle not fixed, like that of beauty, but varying with all the accidental circumstances of climate and customs: and afterwards, when ornament began to be an object of attention, men's taste pursued, in a certain degree, the same track which utility had marked out. It is evident that this attention to a principle wholly independent of taste, must have subjected architecture to the influence of many accidental circumstances, which cannot affect those arts that are merely ornamental. But when to this, any other principle, independent of taste, is superadded, the liability to corruption becomes proportionably increased. Of this nature was that religious prejudice, which, in the middle ages, moulded a large class of buildings into the less elegant form of a cross; and, in the structure of the Escurial in Spain, suggested a model still more fanciful and grotesque.

Several new orders of architecture, indeed, arose about this period, some of which must be allowed to possess a high degree of merit, even by those who will not suffer them to rank with the Grecian: and the more correct judgment of later times has been employed to select their beauties, without preserving their defects.

But though the true principles of the art are now ascertained, so that the modern architect may imitate the works of the middle ages, without danger of being infected with the false taste which occasionally debases them; yet we still refer to the Ancients as our most correct models for grandeur, elegance, and simplicity.*

On turning our attention to polite literature, poetry first solicits our regard: an art, in which the productions of the Ancients enjoy a high share of public admiration, in those very countries where they have been the most powerfully rivalled by the Moderns. For it is not from a dearth of modern genius, that the poets of Greece and

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* Taking the whole of this chain of *philosophical investigation* together, there seems, on the part of the learned author, a very fair and candid admission with respect to the superiority of the Ancients to us in the elegant arts. We wave any remarks upon the passage regarding the pursuit of wealth giving a sordid turn to the thoughts, because the reverse of this proposition has been asserted. We are glad to observe, that he is ready to allow to *antique architecture* the same superiority over ours that he does to *Grecian sculpture*. This brings to our minds the very different conduct of *Mons. Perrault*,(*a*) who, with all his national vivacity and hypothetical ardour, exalts the *architecture* of *France* above that of *Athens* and *Rome*.

"Though," says he, "the Moderns have received the knowledge of the *five orders* from the Ancients; yet if they employ it to better purposes, if their buildings be more *useful* and more *beautiful*, they must be allowed to be *better* architects."

Certainly! if these things are so, the conclusion as naturally follows the premises as a *chaise* a *pair* of *coursers*: aye! but, says he, they are so; for

"The *French king's* palace at *Versailles*, and the frontispiece of the *Louvre*, discover more true skill in architecture of all sorts than any thing which the Ancients *ever* performed"——*ergo*—but it is so difficult to combat prejudices, which we think in some instances laudable, that we shall only observe, *men* very frequently mistake the *scaffold* for the *pile*.

(*a*) Parallel of the Ancients and Moderns.

of Rome are admired: on the contrary, these precious remains of antiquity are ever valued most highly by those nations which have produced the most excellent writers of their own. A strong proof how much the Ancients have contributed to kindle the genius, and to refine the taste, of succeeding ages: a proof, that even if we have outshone them with the lustre we have borrowed from themselves, yet we cannot boast of having eclipsed them. The deference, indeed, which we shew for the authority of the ancient poets, and the appeals we continually make to them, not perhaps as perfect models, but certainly as admirable examples, are a sufficient acknowledgment, on our part, if not of actual superiority, at least of extraordinary excellence.

But, whatever may be our decision as to the comparative success of the Ancients and Moderns in the cultivation of poetry, there is another art, in which we may, without hesitation, pronounce the Ancients decidedly superior; an art too, which has no small claim to our attention: for oratory, in whatever light it may be viewed with regard to its political utility, must indisputably rank high with the admirers of polite literature.

The powerful influence which eloquence possesses over the minds of the multitude, gave the orator so great an advantage in popular governments, that interest soon prompted men to cultivate the art in those states which adopted that constitution: for we do not find that it made much progress even in Greece, while monarchy and oligarchy prevailed. The unsuitableness of these governments to the cultivation of oratory is remarked by the author of the dialogue on the decline of eloquence at Rome:

"*Quod enim opus est longis in senatu sententiis, cum optimi cito consentiant? quid multis apud populum concionibus, cum de republica, non imperiti et multi deliberent, sed sapientissimus, et unus?*"

But besides the advantages arising from their form of government, that half-civilized state of society which prevailed among the Greeks and Romans at the period under consideration, was peculiarly calculated to favour the advancement of this art. A people altogether rude and barbarous are very powerfully affected, indeed, by eloquence, but their taste in it is likely to be faulty. On the other hand, a nation very highly refined, is less liable, perhaps, to be influenced by the arts of rhetoric. It is in the intermediate state that the encouragement is held out to good orators, while those of inferior merit are rejected.

The decline, therefore, of eloquence has not, perhaps, been erroneously attributed to the wider diffusion of knowledge, which enables a modern audience to distinguish energy of expression from solidity of argument. But the select nature of our deliberative assemblies, the limited number of which a jury is composed, and the multitude and precision of our laws, have probably had the greatest share in abridging the influence which the orator formerly possessed.

But, notwithstanding these circumstances, the cultivation of oratory may still be attended with most important advantages. And though the rhetorical artifices, which were formerly practised, may be thought unsuitable to the present customs of society, as the style of Demosthenes was found by Cicero to be, in some respects, ill adapted to a Roman audience; though, in many points, a deviation from our models, in some, perhaps, a more artful refinement, may be found necessary; still we must not conclude, that, because it requires alterations, this art has wholly lost its influence. Men still have passions to be excited, imaginations to be pleased, and hearts to be affected: and those who boast of the superior coolness of judgment in the Moderns, should remember that Cæsar, who was on one occasion diverted from his settled resolution by the eloquence of Cicero, was the furthest of all men from being deficient in clearness of judgment, and firmness of character.

But, supposing the minds of the more enlightened to be sufficiently fortified by cultivation against the arts of the orator, there will still remain a large and important portion of the community with whom they will be as powerful as ever. For on the middle and lower orders the charms of eloquence possess an influence which is truly important, and which has frequently been perverted to the worst of purposes. Whether so powerful an engine might not be brought to act with considerable force in the cause of truth; whether it be wise to leave it altogether in the hands of the weak or the designing? is a question well worthy of consideration. Whatever can render virtue more

engaging, or wise measures more popular, becomes a proper object of serious regard, even from the more cultivated part of mankind; and deserves to rank high, not only among the elegant arts, but among those that are conducive to the welfare of society. And, till it can be proved, that absurdity and falsehood are in themselves better suited to oratory than good sense and truth, we should admit no arguments against the use of the art, which are founded on the abuse of it.*

To the Ancients, then, we must resort as our best instructors; and among them we must seek for the most perfect models, if we would restore this art to its former splendour. And not only in this, but in the whole circle of the fine arts, and more especially in every branch of polite literature, we shall find our advantage in habitually consulting them. For besides the intrinsic merit of their performances, they afford us (what is of the highest value) a fixed standard, by which to regulate our judgment: a standard which time cannot alter, and which none of those accidental associations can affect, by which the passing opinions of the age are always liable to be corrupted. Thus, not only will the chaste simplicity of their productions contribute to improve and correct our taste, but the purity of that taste also will be best preserved against the capricious changes of fashion, by the established and permanent authority of our masters. Their authority we may surely respect, without paying implicit obedience to their laws: and some portion of their genius we may hope to imbibe, without falling into a servile imitation of their manner. And while these extremes are carefully avoided, he may justly be accounted the truest friend to modern art, who turns our attention to the study of the Ancients; who warns us against neglecting those whom all ages have allowed to be excellent, till we have the testimony of ages, equally strong, that they have been outdone.

RICHARD WHATELY, A.B.
Oriel College.

* This is an admirable definition of the power of *language*, and incentive to the cultivation of *rhetoric*. We would not have all men SPEAKERS, because there would then be *no hearers*: but we would, from a sensibility of the *force of elocution*, have all *public men* in some degree *orators*. The eloquence of Greece varied during the *five* remarkable æras which distinguish the history of that country, and was certainly at its height under a *democratic* form of *government*: but this has not established an unexceptionable rule. No one will praise the rhetoric of *Cromwell's Independents*: though we must, in contrast, observe, that we have now before us the speeches of some of the most distinguished members of the FRENCH ACADEMY in the reign of *Louis* XIV. which,

Allowing some *courtly* stains,

are equal to any orations, *ancient* or *modern*.

FRONTISPIECE.

WITH A VIEW OF

TAVISTOCK ABBEY.*

TAVISTOCK ABBEY, prior to the year 961, was the manor and principal residence of Orgar, Duke of De-

* "*Tavystoke* is the chief place upon Tavyes banke, where, in the dayes of Edgar, the first unresisted monarch of this lande, Orgarius, Duke of Devon, kept his court: the echo of whose faire daughter Elfleda's beauty sounded so loude in the king's ears, that it caused him to imploy Ethelwold, his minion, to woe her in his behalfe, to be dignified with the title of a Queene; but as sometyme it falleth out, there is falshoode in fellowshipp, this Earle sued unto her for himselfe, and that with good liking of her father, so as the King would consent; unto whom he returned this answer, that 'the lady came farr short of such perfection as fame gave out, and in noe wise for feature fit for a King:" whereupon Edgar, mistrusting no double dealing, soone consented, and Orgarius gave his daughter to Ethelwold in marriage; after which her beauty was more liberally spoken of than before; whereof King Edgar taking notice, came into Devonshire, under colour of hunting, to visit Duke Orgarius; which being apprehended by Ethelwold, he discovered the truth to his Lady, and earnestly besought her to save his life from the King's danger: but she, showing herself a woman, desired nothing more than the thing forbidden, dressing herself with costly ornaments to attend the coming of the King, whom, with an amiable grace, she entertained; which so inflamed his desires, that palliating his affection for the present, he went forth an hunting, where, at a place called Wilverley, since Warlewood, the Earle was found slaine with an arrow (as some will), others with a javelin; and shortly after King Edgar took fayre Elfleda for his Queene." *Risdon.*—On this story Mason founded his beautiful dramatic poem Elfrida, the scene of which he has placed in Cornwall, tradition having represented Harewood as the spot where Ethelwold was slain.

vonshire, who, according to the Monkish legends, being admonished by a vision, began a magnificent abbey here, which was completed in 981, by Ordulph, his son, and endowed, by him and his lady, with this and various other manors. King Ethelred increased the establishment of his nephew Ordulph, and invested the monks with many other privileges; but within thirty years after its foundation, the abbey was burnt to the ground by the Danes, who had sailed up the Tamar, and landed at a few miles distance. Soon afterwards the abbey was rebuilt, and the establishment became more flourishing, additional grants and immunities having been given by various persons. In the charter of confirmation made in the twenty-first of Edward the Third, a charter granted by Henry the First is recited by *Inspeximus*; from which it appears, that that monarch bestowed "the Jurisdiction, and the whole Hundred of Tavistock" upon the abbey, together with the privilege of a weekly market, and a three days fair. The riches of the abbots continuing to increase, their pride seems to have proportionably augmented; and Richard Barham, the thirty-fifth abbot, procured from Henry the Eighth the privilege of sitting in the House of Peers; or, in other words, was mitred; probably, says Browne Willis, *by purchase*, in order to be revenged on Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, with whom he had great disputes; and, at length, occasioned him to be excommunicated. The patent by which this abbot was honoured with a mitre, is dated the twenty-third of January, 1513; but the privilege continued only till the year 1539, when John Peryn, the thirty-sixth and last abbot, surrendered his monastery, and had an annual salary of 100l. settled on him for life. The yearly value of its revenues was then estimated at 902l. 5s. 7¾d. The same year the possessions of the abbey, with the borough and town of Tavistock, were given, by the King, to John, Lord Russel, whose descendant, the present Duke of Bedford, is now proprietor, having succeeded to the family estates on the demise of his lamented brother, in 1802.

Various fragments of the abbey still remain, but are, for the most part, incorporated with other buildings. The abbey-church is described, by Leland, as 126 yards in length; the cloisters as extensive; and the chapter-house, as a most magnificent structure: but all these have long been completely demolished. The ruins of the latter building were removed in the year 1736, and a neat house erected on its site, for the residence of the Duke of Bedford's steward. Several buildings, that seem to have belonged to the abbey, are now used for warehouses, and other purposes; and adjoining to the principal inn, is a large handsome arched gateway, ornamented with lofty pinnacles, apparently of the time of Henry the Sixth. Some portion of the stables also appears, from its architecture, to have been connected with the abbey.

Tavistock * derives its name from its situation on the banks of the Tavy, and the Saxon word *stock*, signifying a place. Its origin and growth seem to have arisen from the foundation and establishment of the abbey; and it is at present a large and populous town.† The river is here crossed by two bridges, and after storms of rain, by flowing over various ledges and masses of rock, presents a very tumultuous spectacle. The streets are narrow, and indifferently paved; and many of the houses have an appearance of age.‡ The church is a spacious building, dedicated to St. Eustachius: it consists of four aisles, a chancel, and a tower at the west end, raised on arches. Several of the monuments are deserving of notice; and within the church are also preserved

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* England's Gazetteer, vol. ii. ed. 1751. Camden's Brit. ed. 1637, by *Holland*, page 199. Spelt Teave in the old ed. and Teavistok.

† Of this town, William of Malmsbury gives the following description:—"Pleasant in regard of the groves standing so conveniently about it, & of the plenteus Fishing there; for the handsome & uniforme building also of the Church; for the Sewers from the river passing downe along by the houses of office, which runne with such a force of their owne, that they carry away with them all the superfluities they find. Saint Reimon is much spoken of, and lies as Bishop there. There is to be seene also in the same Abbey, the Sepelchre of that Ordgar before named, and the huge bignesse of his Sons Tomb, who was called Ordulph, is thought to be a rare thing, worth the sight; for he was a man of a mighty stature, Giant like, & of exceeding great strength, as who was able to burst in sunder the bars of Great Gates, & to stride over the rivulet there Ten Foote broad."

‡ Coal has lately been found in the neighbourhood of Tavistock; but it is a culm only fit for the smith, the lime-burner, &c.

some human bones of a gigantic size, which were found in a stone coffin, dug out of the ruins of the abbey, and are said, by tradition, to be those of Ordulph, whom William of Malmsbury represents as so immense in stature, that he could stride over rivers ten feet wide!

An institution for the study of Saxon literature existed in Tavistock at a very early period, and lectures were read in that language in a building purposely appropriated, and called the Saxon School. These lectures were discontinued about the period of the Reformation; and though they are reported to have been re-commenced in the reign of Charles the First, the evidence to the circumstance is by no means satisfactory. Several of the abbots were learned men; and the encouragement they gave to literature is evident, by the establishment of a printing-press in the abbey within a few years of the time when the art was brought into England. Among the books that issued from this press, was Walton's Translation of *Boetius de Consolatione*, "emprented in the exempte Monastery of Tavestoke in Denshyre, by me Dan Thomas Rychard, monke of the said monastery," 1525, quarto; and "The Confirmation of the Tynners Charter;" twenty-sixth of Henry the Eighth; sixteen leaves, quarto. Bishop Gibson also mentions a Saxon Grammar as having been printed here about the commencement of the Civil Wars; but this assertion is supposed by other antiquaries to be unfounded.*

Tavistock sent members to Parliament as early as the twenty-third of Edward the First; but does not appear to have been incorporated. The returning officer is the Portreve, who is elected annually at the lord's court, by twenty-four freeholders. The number of voters is about 110; many of whom hold their freeholds under a similar conveyance to the burgage-tenures at Bere-Alston. The population of the parish, according to the late returns, amounted to 4,390; of these, 1,905 were males, and 2,485 females: the number of houses was 655. Many of the inhabitants are employed in the manufacture of serges for the East India Company.

Among the most eminent natives of this town, and its vicinity, are enumerated Sir JOHN GLANVILLE, a Judge; Sir JOHN MAYNARD, Sergeant at Law;† Sir FRANCIS DRAKE; and the Poet, WILLIAM BROWNE.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, the first Englishman that circumnavigated the globe, and one of the most distinguished seamen that Britain ever produced, was born in the year 1545. His earliest years were devoted to maritime employments, and for some time he served under his kinsman, Sir John Hawkins, in the West Indies. Here some indignities being offered him by the Spaniards, he vowed revenge; and on his return to England, fitted out two ships against that people, with which he assailed their possessions in the Gulph of Mexico; and though wounded and repulsed in an attack on Nombre de Dios, obtained considerable booty in other places. The following year, 1571, he made a second expedition; and in 1572, a third; in which, by his daring enterprises, he acquired much wealth and reputation. Returning to England in 1573, he equipped three frigates at his own expense, and sailed with them to Ireland, where he served as a volunteer under Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, and obtained so much renown for his gallant actions, that he was soon afterwards introduced to Queen Elizabeth. He now projected his famous expedition round the globe; and the proposal receiving the approbation of his sove-

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* The anecdote of a Saxon Grammar being printed here at this period, rests on the single authority of Bishop Gibson or Dr. Musgrave,(*a*) who sent him many particulars relative to this county. Such a curious memorial of the typographic art, had it existed, might have descended to the present age, as well as *Walton's* translation, mentioned in the text.

(*a*) Mr. Bagford would have given any price for a grammar called "*The Long Grammar*," printed at Tavistock.—*Hearne's Appendix to Heming's Chartulary*, p. 662.

† When this celebrated advocate, who, it will be remembered, had defended the *Whigs* through most of the causes that arose in the latter part of the reign of *Charles II.* and the whole of the reign of *James II.* (*in England*), went, at the head of the *gentlemen of the bar*, to deliver a congratulatory address to *King William* and *Queen Mary* on their arrival, the king, perceiving that he was a very old man, received him most graciously, and said, "I think, sir, that you have survived all the *lawyers* of your time."—"I have, please your majesty," replied *Sergeant Maynard*; "and if you had not so fortunately arrived, I should have survived the LAWS also.

reign, he set sail on the thirteenth of December, 1577, and, after encountering many dangers, arrived safely in England, on the third of November, 1580, having performed his voyage in little more than two years and ten months. Shortly after his arrival, the Queen went to Deptford, and dined with him on board his ship; when, after dinner, she conferred on him the order of knighthood, and gave directions that the vessel, in which he had endured so many difficulties, and obtained for his country such immortal honour, should be preserved as a monument of his own and Britain's glory.* In 1585, he sailed with a fleet to the West Indies, where, though the Spaniards had intimation of his design, he captured St. Jago, St. Domingo, Carthagena, and St. Augustin. Two years afterwards, having received intelligence that many vessels, intended to form part of the armada, were collected at Cadiz, he entered that port, and burnt upwards of 10,000 tons of shipping. In 1588 he was made vice-admiral of the fleet assembled under the command of Charles, Lord Howard, of Effingham, to prevent the threatened invasion; and when the hostile armament approached our shores, he made prize of one of the largest galleons, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, the reported projector of the expedition. The following year he was sent to restore Don Antonio, King of Portugal; but the attempt proved abortive, through a quarrel between Sir Francis and Sir John Norris, the commander of the land forces. Another expedition, under the conduct of Drake and Sir John Hawkins, against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, proved equally unsuccessful; and the strong sense of disappointment experienced by the former, occasioned an illness which terminated in his death, on the twenty-eighth of January, 1595-6. He died on board his own ship, near the town of Nombre de Dios, and was much lamented by the English nation.

William Browne was born at Tavistock in the year 1590. He was a poet of considerable eminence in his day, as may be seen by the recommendatory verses prefixed to his poems, and addressed to him by Selden, Drayton, Brooke, Glanville, Ben Jonson, and others. The first part of his Britannia's Pastorals was printed at London, A.D. 1613, folio; and the second part in 1616. His Shepherd's Pipe, in seven eclogues, was published 1614. Other poems are ascribed to him. His versification is remarkably smooth and flowing for the age in which he wrote, when there was among many poets an affectation of harshness. In the poem styled Britannia's Pastorals, he has introduced several very pretty allusions, descriptive of scenery in this vicinity: and, perhaps, the best episode in his work, is the Love of *Tavy* for *Walla*, who was metamorphosed into a stream to avoid the pursuit of a satyr. The scenery which he has introduced corresponds, even at present, with that on the banks of the Walla-Brook, which flows through Juscombe into the Tavy. In this episode he has evidently taken Ovid as his model; and, indeed, in almost every page he shews his intimate acquaintance with the classics. He published this work when a member of the Inner Temple; and it appears, from a poem addressed to him, that he was doctor of divinity. Prince, in his Worthies of Devon, says, that he took his degree of master of arts in 1624.

* This celebrated ship was preserved at Deptford for many years; but at length decaying, it was broke up, and a chair made out of the planks was presented to the university at Oxford.

ORIENTAL OBSERVATIONS.

No. XII.

The following Extracts, and particularly the Correspondence from the *Bombay Courier* of Feb. 6th, affords a striking instance of the unanimity which prevails between the Military and Naval Services employed in the Expedition to the Persian Gulph; and therefore, as our Oriental connexions have become so exceedingly interesting, indeed we conceive so *radically important*, that it is impossible any transactions relating to that part of his Majesty's dominions, and consequently involving the best *interests* of this united kingdom, can be made too public; we are sure it will give the highest satisfaction to our countrymen in general to see those papers reprinted.

From Rhus-ul Khyma they proceeded to Linga, on the Persian coast, where they destroyed twenty dows and boats without sustaining any loss. From this place the expedition sailed to the port of Luft, situated on the north side of the Isle of Khisma, where they arrived

on the 26th of November. In the afternoon of that day, Moola Hussein, the chief of the place, sent on board his Majesty's ship Chiffonne, for the purpose of treating for the surrender of the dows and boats, which he agreed to do; but when the appointed time arrived, he refused to give them up.

Arrangements were accordingly made for the exercise of compulsory means. The dows and boats were ranged under cover of a small stone fort at the western extremity of the town.

In the afternoon of the 27th, three hundred men, consisting of the light company of the 47th, half a company of the 65th, with the royal marines belonging to the Chiffonne, under the command of Lieutenant Drury, and the detachment of the 2d native infantry, assisted by a party of seamen under Lieutenant Crichton, of the Chiffonne, who were employed in bringing up a howitzer, were landed, and having taken possession of the town, proceeded to the attack of the fort, and the destruction of the dows and boats, while the Fury, which drew little water, and the gunboats were employed in keeping up a smart fire on the fort.

The dows and boats, eleven in number, among which were three very large dows, were completely destroyed. The fort made an obstinate resistance; but was at last delivered up by Moola Hussein, together with all the property, which he had plundered from the Imaum.

It was taken possession of by a detachment of his Majesty's 47th regiment, and was the next day delivered up to Sheik Dervish, the head of a tribe of Benimain Arabs, attached to the Imaum of Muscat, in trust for the latter.

Moola Hussein was allowed to depart in safety.

The enemy had between seventy and eighty killed and wounded.

Our loss was not inconsiderable.

We have to regret the death of Lieutenant Weld, of the 47th, on the occasion.

Killed.—1 officer, and 3 rank and file, of the 47th.

1 serjeant, 1 rank and file, of the 65th.

2 sepoys of the 2d of the 2d.

2 seamen of H. M. ship Chiffonne.

Wounded.—1 serjeant, and 9 rank and file, of the 47th.

1 officer, 1 serjeant, 6 rank and file, of the 65th.

1 Jemadar and 12 seamen of 2d.

16 seamen of H. M. ship Chiffonne.

1 officer and 4 seamen of the H. C. cruiser Mornington.

1 officer H. C. cruiser Ternate.

1 man of the H. C. cruiser Nautilus.

2 ditto of the Fury.

Names of Officers killed and wounded.

Lieutenant S. Weld, of H. M. 47th, killed.

Lieut. S. R. Warren, of H. M. 65th, wounded.

Mr. Hay, midshipman, Mornington, ditto.

Mr. Grey, ditto, Ternate, ditto.

Total, 10 killed.—56 wounded.

While the armament was lying at Muscat, on its return from the expedition against the Pirates, the Imaum paid a visit to H. M. ship Chiffonne, and was entertained with fruits, sweetmeats, and sherbet; the juice of the grape being excluded in deference to his religious prejudices. The ship was dressed on the occasion with the colours of different nations, and delighted his highness by her beautiful appearance. Capt. Wainwright presented him with a picture of Lord Nelson, which he graciously accepted. After having been gratified with the attention shewn to him on board H. M. ship, he went on shore to a small bay, where Lieutenant-colonel Smith had prepared a mortar and howitzer, from which shells were thrown, that greatly excited his astonishment.

The band of the 65th attended his highness in a boat, and played a variety of English tunes.

We have more than ordinary pleasure in giving publicity to the following correspondence.

In conjunct operations of the Navy and Army, it must be the wish of every British heart that they should be animated with one spirit, feeling the force of the excellent maxim, "that they are branches of the same profession."

It is therefore peculiarly gratifying to witness such an example of honourable emulation between the gallant chiefs and their companions in arms, and to record a tribute so generous and so just to the virtues of an excellent officer.

From these proofs of harmony in the public cause, and from the complete success which has attended the execution of an enterprise of a novel and

difficult character, we entertain a proud confidence, that should their services be hereafter called to a more extended field, the commanders of the expedition to the Persian Gulph will rank high in the annals of their country.

(COPY.)

Muscat Roads, 21st December, 1809.

SIR,

A considerable part of the force lately serving in the Gulph of Persia, being about to return to Bombay, we embrace the only opportunity we may collectively have of expressing the just sense we entertain of the benefit the service has derived from the zealous and cordial co-operation of the naval force under your command with the military employed on this occasion.

The successful accomplishment of those objects of the expedition which have yet been undertaken, we ascribe, in a great measure, to the harmony and good understanding which has at all times subsisted among us.

The attainment of these desirable ends has been effectually and happily promoted by your own example, and by your judicious and conciliatory conduct on every occasion.

We request your acceptance of a piece of plate of the value of three hundred pounds, as a testimony of the high respect and consideration with which we have the honour to remain, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

(Signed) LIONEL SMITH, Lieut.-col. commanding the Force.

General Staff, N. WARREN, Brig.-major.
C. PAGE, Paymaster and Commissary to the Force.
HENLY W. SEALY, Commissary of Stores, and commanding the Artill.

For the Officers of the 47th Flank Companies,
R. KELLY, Capt.
R. G. ELLINGTON, Capt. and Major.

For the Officers of the Corps,
J. B. GARSTIN, Major commanding his Majesty's 65th Regiment.

For the Officers of the Detachment,
R. W. CORY, Lieut. 2-2 R. N. I.

For the Officers of the Detachment,
K. EGAN, Marine Battalion.

Captain John Wainwright, his Majesty's ship La Chiffonne, commanding the Squadron.

His Majesty's ship La Chiffonne, Muscat Roads, 22d Dec. 1809.

GENTLEMEN,

I cannot find words to express the gratification I have received from your very unexpected and flattering letter of yesterday, conveying to me the desire of all the officers of the army employed in the Gulph of Persia, that I should accept a most splendid present as a testimony of their esteem.

I do but anticipate the satisfaction which the officers of the naval force under my orders will receive, to find, that their desire to preserve the most harmonious understanding with the army has succeeded; for myself, accustomed from my earliest years to consider the army and navy only as different branches of the same profession, I have ever, from public motives as well as private inclination, endeavoured to preserve the most fraternal unanimity between the two corps. It is this happy union which forms the bulwark of our country.

The encomiums you have been pleased to pass on my individual conduct, I know I do not merit; but the deep-seated pleasure which this manifestation of your good will and good opinion has caused, will always stimulate my exertions to deserve the honour of their continuance.

I remain, with sentiments of the highest esteem and respect,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

(Signed) J. WAINWRIGHT, Capt.

To Lieut.-colonel Lionel Smith, commanding the Brigade, and the Whole of the Officers of the Staff and Officers commanding Corps and Detachment under his Orders.

On a former occasion, when we published the first operations of this force we inadvertently failed to mention Captain Wainwright in terms due to his rank and his merits; but we have the consolation of thinking, that our omission has been amply supplied by this noble testimony from that portion of the army under the command of Colonel Smith with which he has had the happiness of co-operating.

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL,
FOR JULY, 1810.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan, in Asia, Africa, and Europe, during the Years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, *and* 1803. *Written by Himself, in the Persian Language.—Translated by Charles Stewart, Esq. M.A.S. Professor of the Oriental Languages in the Hon. East India Company's College, Herts.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1810.

AS we have, upon the authority of a gentleman well acquainted with its author, every reason that can be adduced for believing this to be a genuine production, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it as curious as it is singular. The sentiments of a native of the EAST respecting the *manners, customs, arts, sciences, laws, persons, morals,* &c. of the inhabitants of the WEST, are certainly to be valued as the reflections of a *mental mirror, highly polished*, but at the same time *formed* in a manner totally different, and endued with powers of magnifying, reducing, refracting, *reflecting*, and *combining*, extremely dissimilar from those of *European manufacture*.

It has, for more than a century, been the practice of authors whose genius was far too expansive to be confined within the limits of this division of the *equinoctial line*, to seek for subjects, to frame adventures, to compose fables, to wander in the flowery mazes of fancy, and to indulge in all those wild eccentricities of invention, which they, perhaps correctly enough, supposed might glow in the vivid imaginations of the inhabitants of the *Eastern hemisphere*; for this hypothesis we will allow that they had some foundation. The *Asiatic tales* and *fables*, which, it is probable, were originally introduced to the *western world* by the *Crusaders*, had, at once, framed the ideal scheme of their *flights of fancy*, and in their *machinery* furnished the most *daring examples* of the various evolutions, revolutions, and circumvolutions of unrestrained and aspiring genius. Under the influence of the *genii*, the *magi*, and the *rosycrucians*, they peopled their scenes with a *new creation*, framed a *new system*, and to the *celestial* and *terrestrial* worlds gave new laws and ordinances. To say what authors of this description have *done*, would tax our ingenuity; to calculate how many of their admirers they have mentally *undone*, would be a still more difficult task. We shall, therefore, as the *table-deckers* have long since departed, leave our literary voluptuaries, male and female, to luxuriate in the *dainties* which they have placed before them; while we, very briefly, consider a *soberer* race of authors, who, though not less *ingenious*, have certainly been in their imaginations more restrained. These gentlemen *are*, or rather *were*, for we do not believe any of them exist at present, a class of writers that identified themselves with their subjects, or, in other words, assumed the characters that they depicted, for the purpose of producing *amusement*, conveying *instruction*, and sometimes of diffusing *satire*, through an *oriental medium*. Of this species of writing we could, in the letters from the *Ambassador of Bantam*; the *Indian King*: those from the *Chinese* in London to his Friends at *Peking*, &c. &c. produce many instances: but these are unnecessary, as we only mentioned the class to shew, that while fiction has been busy in exaggerated descriptions of this kingdom, we may deem ourselves fortunate that we have now an opportunity to trace the real, though in some instances not very vivid, impression which our various systems, avocations, &c. have made upon the mind of an *Asiatic*, who has, as well as he was capable,

expressed his sentiments in a manner of which it is our duty to give, as far as our powers will permit, a fair and impartial idea.

The father of MIRZA ABU TALEB KHAN was, as he states, by descent a Turk, but born at Abbassabad, Ispahan.

"Whilst a young man, dreading the tyranny of Nadir Shah, he fled from Persia; and, on his arrival in India, was admitted into the friendship of the *Nabob* Abul Munsur Khan Susder Jung."

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"I was," says he, "born at Lucknow in the year 1753; and although the Nabob Shujaa ad Dowleh was much displeased at my father's conduct" (he had flown to avoid being seized): "he nevertheless, recollecting the connexion between our families, supplied my mother with money for her expenses, and gave her strict injunctions to let me have the very best education."

Without entangling our readers in the mazes of Indian politics, we shall briefly state, that our author was, in process of time, disappointed in the hope and expectation of employment, in consequence of the departure of *Lord Cornwallis* and *Sir John Shore*.

"In this situation" (he states) "I was quite overcome with grief and despondency; when, one day, my friend Captain D—— R—n came to visit me. As this gentleman perfectly understands both the Persian and Hindoostany languages, we conversed on various subjects; and, at length, he informed me, that, as he found his health on the decline, he meant shortly to embark for Europe, in hopes that his native air might renovate his constitution; and that he should return to India in three years. He added, 'As you are without employment, and depressed in mind, let me request you to accompany me. The change of scene, and the curiosities you will meet with in Europe, will disperse the gloom that now hangs over you. I will undertake to teach you English during the voyage, and provide for all your wants.' After having considered his proposal for some time, I reflected, that as the journey was long, and replete with danger, some accident might *cause my death*, by which I should be delivered from the anxieties of this world, and the ingratitude of mankind. I therefore accepted his friendly offer, and resolved to undertake the journey."

As we deemed it necessary to state the reasons which set our author *afloat*, we shall now follow him with greater celerity than he practised, or, in other words, only take notice of the prominent features of his voyage, and the principal events of his local residences. Leaving the whole of the circumstances of the second and third chapters, which, though extremely useful as a commencement and continuation, are not very important in a *critique*, we shall observe, that, in the fourth, the author, having arrived at the *Cape of Good Hope*, disembarks, and hires lodgings in *False Bay*; but, in consequence of the improper conduct of his landlord, he shortly after proceeds to *Cape Town*; respecting which he states, that

"Two sides of it are surrounded by mountains; and some of the houses are so near the Table Land, that a stranger is in dread of its falling on them. These mountains are covered with a variety of flowers and sweet herbs, and afford an excellent pasture for cattle: they also abound in springs of delicious water, which not only supply the inhabitants with that indispensable element, but also serve to turn mills, and to irrigate the lands when requisite."

The description of the Cape, and account of the manners of its inhabitants, even since its conquest by the English, has been often before the public. Dancing and fascinating girls are to be found in every place under the British domination; and, as we shall frequently have occasion to remark, our *friend* MIRZA ABU TALEB KHAN does not seem inclined to suffer the latter to pass without observation.

In the fifth chapter, the voyage is continued, and a short description of the island of *St. Helena* given: in conclusion, the author arrives at the *Cove of Cork*.

The course of the journey of *Mirza* from *Cork* to *Dublin*, affords us an opportunity to exhibit a specimen of his talents for picturesque description.

"The second day we breakfasted at Kilkenny: this city is celebrated throughout Ireland for the purity of its air, the fineness of its water, the healthiness of its situation, and the beauty and urbanity of its inhabitants. I was so delighted with the transient view I had of it, that I would not set down to breakfast; but having taken a piece of bread in my hand, walked down to the river: this I found came rolling down a verdant hill at some distance, but was in its progress interrupted by a fall, which added much to the beauty of the scenery. On the opposite side of the river, the ground was laid out in orchards and gardens, resembling a terrestrial paradise: in short, I am at a loss for words to express the delight I felt on beholding this charming place."

As an architectural and civic delineation, we shall give a few extracts from his views of the city of *Dublin.*

"It is," he observes, "situated within a few miles of the sea, and is about twelve miles in circumference. Many of the houses are built of hewn stone, and do not appear as if any mortar was used in their construction, the stones fitting so exactly to each other. The generality of the houses are, however, built of brick and mortar neatly laid together: the bricks are of a large size, and the mortar appears as a white border round their edges. All the houses in a street are of the same height: which gives an uniformity of appearance that is very pleasing: in the inside, they are generally painted white, or of different colours, and have all glazed windows. Most of them consist of four stories, one of which is underground: in this they have apartments fitted up for cooking, washing, and keeping coals, wine, &c.

The reader will observe, that this is a kind of information better calculated for a native of *Hindoostan* than of *England*; though we can hardly think, that the descriptions, passing through the *mental medium* of an *Indian*, are sufficiently *oriental.* This observation will be elucidated by the next quotation, which diverges more into *translinear* comparison.

"At night, both sides of the street are lighted *up* by lamps suspended in glass vases, at the height of ten or twelve feet from the ground; which, with the addition of the numerous candles burning in the shop windows, render it as light as day. One of these streets thus lighted *up*, in which were several chemists shops, containing glass vases filled with different coloured liquids, put me in mind of the *Siam Bâreh* (Mausoleum) at Lucknow, when illuminated during the reign of the late Nabob Assuf ad Dowleh. This being the first town I had seen well lighted at night, it impressed me with a great idea of its grandeur; nor did it afterwards suffer in my estimation by a comparison with London."

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"In this country, and through all Europe, but especially in France and in Italy, statues of stone and marble are held in high estimation, approaching to idolatry. Once in my presence in London, a figure which had lost its head, arms, and thighs," (legs) "and of which, in short, nothing but the trunk remained, was sold for 40,000 rupees (5000l.) It is really astonishing, that people possessing so much knowledge and good sense, and who reproach the nobility of Hindoostan with wearing gold and silver ornaments like women, should be thus tempted by *Satan* to throw away their money upon useless blocks. There is a great variety of those figures; and they seem to have appropriate statues for every situation. Thus at the doors, or gates, they have huge *janiters*; in the interior, they have figures of women dancing with tambourines, and other musical instruments; over the chimney-pieces they place some of the heathen deities of Greece; in the burying-grounds they have statues of the deceased; and in the gardens they put up devils, tigers, or wolves in pursuit of a fox, in hopes that animals, on *beholding these figures, will be frightened*, and not come into the garden."

This is exalting *animals* pretty high in the scale of rationality. The *Samian sage*, who is said to have picked up his doctrine of the *Metempsychosis* in *India*, has not ventured to assert so much; neither has *Confucius*, the *Chinese* philosopher, nor the adherents to the heresy of Fo, nay nor even the *Persian fabulists.* It shews, however, that our author thought the animals of *Ireland*, where, by-the-bye, we believe there are *no foxes*, except they are carried thither, were endued with the powers of reason and reflection; that they had their *intuitive fears* of the sculptured forms of *tigers* and *wolves*, and at the same time *judgment* to blend these ideas with the *reality* of representations, which reality they had never seen.

Our author, whose description is generally accurate, in his admiration of *Dublin* displays his taste. If he had left religion out of the question, of which he seems to know as little, as we do of the *first Menu*, the *Holy Reyshees*, or the *Avatars*, it would have been as well. To his description of the *Irish* we have no particular objection: they have many virtues, of which, perhaps, *liberality* and *hospitality* are the most prominent: but if we had *Mirza* here, we should tell him, that comparisons are odious, and that when he had drawn the character of the *Scotch* and *English*, he should have left the relative estimation of each to the other to the ingenuity of his readers. For this reason, though upon this subject he may be a tolerable judge, we could have excused him if he had omitted the following passage:

"The Irish *women* have not such elegance of manners, nor the handsome eyes and hair of the English; neither are they so tall, nor so good figures as the Scotch; but they have much finer complexions, are warm in their affections, lively, and agreeable."

On the 16th of January, 1800, our author, who had resided two months in *Ireland*, where he had experienced

both individual politeness and general hospitality, set out from *Dublin* for *London*. Respecting this journey, barren of events, and diverging but little into local description, we shall be silent.

The first interview that he had in the metropolis was with the president of the *Board of Controul*. He was then introduced at court, and received by their majesties in the most condescending manner, honoured with their conversation, and commanded to attend frequently.

"After this introduction," he continues, "I received invitations from all the princes, and the nobility vied with each other in their attention to me. Hospitality is one of the most esteemed virtues of the English; and I experienced it to such a degree, that I was seldom disengaged. In these parties I enjoyed every luxury my heart could desire. Their viands were delicious, and wines exquisite. The beauty of the women, and their grace in dancing, delighted my imagination; while the variety and melody of their music charmed all my senses.

"I may, perhaps, be accused of personal vanity, by saying, that my society was courted, and that my wit and repartees, with some *impromptu* applications of Oriental poetry, were the subject of conversation in the politest circles. I freely confess, that during my residence in England, I was so exhilarated by the coolness of the climate, and so devoid of all care, that I followed the advice of our divine Hafiz, and gave myself up to love and gaiety."

"Our divine *Hafiz*," as Mirza calls him, was, we fear, a better *poet* than a *moralist*: his pupil, our author, was certainly *a bit of a wag*; and as this is, generally speaking, so opposite to the *gravity* of the *Asiatic* character, he was considered as an extraordinary person, and valued accordingly.

The reason of his coming to England was, we find, with a view to superintend a public academy, to be erected under the auspices of government, for the cultivation of the *Oriental languages*: but his offer, it appears, was coolly received; though he subsequently observes,

"A short time before I left England, the ministers having become sensible of the advantages likely to arise from such an institution, made me an offer of 6000 rupees (750l.) annually, with liberty to reside either in Oxford or London to superintend it; but as I had then resolved to return to India, and was disgusted with their former apathy on the subject, I politely excused myself."

We do not find any ideas *peculiarly novel* arising from circumstances that occurred during the visits of our author to *Windsor*, *Oxford*, and *Blenheim*. Our readers will probably recollect the effusions of *English genius* which have been so frequently elicited in the minds of our *Eastern travellers*, as they are displayed in their glowing descriptions and picturesque delineations of *Hindostan* in particular. For a man who did not journey on like a *London rider*, but who had "banished care," and devoted himself to the service of the *muses* and "the *ladies*," that is to say, to the *fair sex*, both *celestial* and *terrestrial*, he does not seem generally to possess those enthusiastic ideas, that animating, vivifying talent, which, while it describes, paints to the mind, and in a manner *embodies* and *realizes*, the evanescent objects of transient examination, which we should have expected from his *climacterical warmth*, and the variety and novelty of his subjects.

These observations, it will be understood, apply entirely to the *prose* of our author. We have now an opportunity to introduce him as a *poet*, by quoting the following ode in imitation of *Hafiz*, which he composed soon after his arrival in London. *Hafiz*, we need hardly observe, is the *Oriental* Ovid.

"ODE TO LONDON.

"Henceforward we will devote our lives to
London, and its heart-alluring damsels,
Our hearts are satiated with viewing fields,
gardens, rivers, and palaces.

"We have no longing for the Toba, Sudreh,
or other trees of Paradise.
We are content to rest under the shade of
those terrestrial cypresses.

"If the Shaikh of Mecca is displeas'd at
our conversation, who cares?
May the Temple which has conferred such
blessings on us and its priests flourish.

"Fill the goblet with wine! If by this I
am prevented from returning
To my old religion, I care not: nay, I am
the better pleased.

"If the prime of my life has been spent in
the service of an Indian Cupid,
It matters not: I am now rewarded by the
smiles of the British fair.

"Adorable creatures! whose flowing tresses,
whether of flaxen, or of jetty hue,
Or auburn gay, delight my soul, and ravish
all my senses;

"Whose ruby lips would animate the torpid
clay, or a marble statue.
Had I a renewal of life, I would with rapture
devote it to your service!

"These wounds of Cupid, on your heart,
Taleba, are not accidental,
They were engendered by nature, like streaks
on the leaf of a tulip."

The reader will observe, that although, with respect to *still life*, our author has occasionally seemed *cold* and *prosaic*, yet to the *beauties* of *animated nature* he was *tremblingly alive*: his passions range on the side of his sentiments; and therefore we have no doubt but the effusion we have quoted flowed from his heart, and that, such is the fervour of Asiatic admiration, our *ladies* seem likely to conquer the *Eastern*, as they already have the *Western* world.

However, to descend from *poetical flights* to the common sense of the subject more immediately before us, we must observe, that our author, in continuation, gives an account of his mode of passing his time, a large portion of which was devoted to his friends, and, through their media, to the inspection of places in the vicinity of the metropolis.

The next, indeed all the remaining chapters in this volume, is, and are, dedicated to a *General Description of England*; which includes *Description of London—Squares—Coffee-houses and Taverns—Clubs—Literary and other Societies—Opera and Playhouses—Orrery—Masquerades—Routes—Public Buildings—Charities—Bank of England—Royal Exchange—Bridges—Canals. State of the Arts and Sciences—Utility of the Art of Printing Newspapers—Facility of Travelling—Price of Provisions—Hot-houses*, &c. &c.

We might, with respect to titular hints, make large additions to the above particulars; but the subjects which must, in a *View* of *London*, come into contact with the observation of a stranger, are so obvious, that to produce them is unnecessary: the great, perhaps the only, objection that we have to them is that which we have before mentioned: they do not, to us, considering that the writer is a *Hindoo*, seem to be treated in a manner sufficiently *oriental*. Whether this is owing to the *author*, or to the *translator*, may, we understand, be ascertained by a reference to the original work: but be this as it will, we shall, in our further progress, a little more analytically contemplate the contents of the second volume.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Tales of Romance, with other Poems; including Selections from Propertius. By Charles A. Elton, Author of a Translation of Hesiod.

"These tales," it is stated in a prefatory advertisement, "are grounded on the *Gesta Romanorum*, a famous old history book, which, in the guise of *Roman story*, presents us with the manners of chivalry, with monkish legends, and Arabian apologues. The title has, in fact, little or no connexion with the narratives themselves, which are mostly fictitious, even to the names of the kings and emperors whose adventures they profess to record."

It is little to be doubted but that the popular tales which enlivened the *firesides* of the natives of *Europe* antecedent to the age of *Chaucer*, were derived from the traditionary legends that floated in the *Oriental hemisphere*, and had for ages *delighted* the *Arabian hordes*, to whom they, perhaps, descended from the *Persians* and the *Egyptians*. In fact, it is impossible to conceive any limits, however extensive, sufficient to include the origin and operation of these *excursive eccentricities* of *fancy*: but it is very extraordinary that they should have been transmitted from age to age, and from nation to nation; that the inhabitants of the *Alps* should be *enchanted* with the same *stories*, should *enjoy* the same *jests*, and *sigh* at the same *sorrows*, as the inhabitants of *Caucasus*: that tales abounding with the *marvellous* or the *humorous* should wander from *pole* to *pole*, and in their turns *astonish* or *exhilarate* the whole population of the Globe.

Strange as this may be, it is, as many of the *romantic tales* in this book evinces, certainly true: we find, in this small volume, *stories* (the *substance* of which has descended from *father* to *son*, as *heir-looms*, through the *dark ages*) that were, by *the art* of *printing*, *embodied*, and, assuming forms as various as the genius and talents of the authors who have *adopted* them, have spoken to the people in every *Asiatic* and every *European* language.

Had we as large a portion of time as we have of inclination, we should certainly endeavour to trace many of the ideas of these effusions to their *classic sources*; but as this is, from the nature of our other avocations, impossible, we shall only observe, that *Mr. Elton* has, in many instances, entered into the true *romantic spirit* of

his subjects, and given us at once a poetical exemplification of *chivalric manners*, and a striking resemblance of the animation of *Asiatic genius*. "The Tales of Romance are twelve in number, viz. "*The Trumpet of Death*"—"*Robert, King of Sicily*"—"*The Enigmas*"—"*Theodosius, the blind Emperor*"—"*The Knight and the Lion*"—"*The Devils who catch Men*"—"*Giron the Hunter*"—"*The Pit of Temptation*"—"*The Hound and the Falcon*"—"*The Legitimate Son*"—"*The Brazen Image*"—and "*The Duke's Feast*."

Of these tales we shall, in order to give an idea of the manner of our author, quote one; in the choice of which we are not guided by any superior predilection, but insert it because it is one of the *shortest* of the twelve.

"THE ENIGMAS.

"Fair Aglae languish'd, fair Aglae sigh'd,
For the next morning sun must behold her a bride:
Yet *he* tarried still in the far holy land,
To whom she in secret had plighted her hand.

"With proud cavalcade, in a bridegroom's array,
The monarch of Hungary rode on his way;
When a knight in black armour came spurring from far,
Whose helm and whose corslet were hewn in the war.

"Together they rode, and with converse beguil'd
The forest's dark track and the heath's dreary wild,
When the sky was o'ercast, and the torrents of rain
Dash'd the hoofs of the steeds as they trampled the plain.

"From the king's silken vest fell the heavy drops fast,
And he shrunk from the rush of the winterly blast.
'The wind thro' the sky drives the rain and the rack:
Why brought you not, monarch! your house on your back.'

"The king mus'd in wonder; a flood cross'd the way,
And his high plume was wet with the dash of the spray.
'When you next cross the flood, oh improvident king!
Forget not the bridge of your safety to bring.'

"The monarch amaz'd, on his road swiftly sped;
But long was the way, and he hunger'd for bread.
The knight the contents of his wallet resign'd—
'Your father and mother why left you behind?'

"Now the emperor's palace rose stately to view,
From the high-beaten track, when the stranger withdrew.
'A net I have spread, which if rent I forsake;
But if it be whole, on my journey I take.'

"The monarch smil'd pondering—then urg'd his best speed;
O'er the clattering drawbridge he pranc'd on his steed.
Now plac'd *in* a chair by the emperor's throne,
He made the strange words of the warrior known.

"Polentius mus'd long with considerate eyes.
'My son, the mysterious companion was wise:
The house is a cloak which the rain had defied;
The bridge is a forder to fathom the tide.

"'Thy father and mother, the bread and the wine,
The props of existence whereon we recline;
For the net"—— when he paus'd, and upstarting aghast,
To the chamber of Aglae hastily pass'd.

But the chamber was void; and the king in dismay
At the tidings ungrateful turn'd back on his way:
The fugitive damsel had yielded her hand
To the knight who return'd from the far holy land."

The Musings are elegant and correct specimens of the author's talents as an original composer. With respect to his translations of *Propertius*, a writer who, although in some instances an imitator of *Tibullus*, had genius sufficient to render his works admired even in the *Augustan age*: these, though not, correctly speaking, *elegiac*, have certainly, in the *elegance* and *equability* of their diction, some properties of the *elegy*.

Woman: a Poem. By Eaton Stannard Barrett, Esq. Student of the Middle Temple. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 85.

Where our author learned that many works of inferior writers are preferred to Pope's "Essay on Man," and that the subject is *unpopular*, it is impossible for us to say. The defence of a book which has not only been *generally* read at home, but has been *translated* into

most of the *languages* of *Europe*, would be as presumptuous as the assertion is dogmatical. However, waving all further observation on this point, Mr. B. properly enough states, that in the work now before us, he "treats of woman as she stands with regard to man, and appears in the daily walks of life. It is," he continues, "addressed not to the freethinker and the philosopher, but to the libertine, the pedant, and the clown. In short, it is a practical instead of a theoretical essay, and, in order to be comprehended, requires of us an acquaintance, perhaps, with the common forms and relations of society, but dispenses with the perusal of Bolingbroke, Leibnitz, and Spinoza."

We have as little anxiety to defend the "fluent *Shakspeare*" as we have to whitewash *Pope*, or we could reduce the *metaphorical* confusion which *he supposes* to the standard of *common sense*: but we would advise him as "a young author" to avoid *flinging stones* at the *literary monuments* of the *dead* (which he will perhaps say is *a bull*), lest he should encounter the critical *slings* and *arrows* of the living.

Having made these remarks, which our duty rather than our inclination elicited, we will fairly state, that, observing the *Horatian* rule,

Ubi plura nitent in Carmine non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura;

we may, with great safety, aver, that there is in this poem a very considerable portion of genius. The subject (Woman) is most *happily*, perhaps most *fortunately*, chosen, because it is the most *pleasing* one that nature could have offered at the shrine of *enthusiasm*. It is managed with great art, *displayed* with great *ability*, *exemplified* and *elucidated* with industry and learning, and adorned with numbers *neat*, and frequently *elegant*. It is not in our power more minutely to analyze this poem; but we shall, in confirmation of our opinions, produce two short specimens of its versification.

"To solace toiling man, and tame his mind,
Benignant heav'n created womankind;
Yet, when we contemplate her lot, we learn
How few her native character discern;
How seldom men their proper province know;
How seldom merited esteem bestow.
In ancient ages, infidel and rude,
Ev'n empires else with social arts endu'd
Mistook the station that the sex beseem'd,
Despis'd it, or ador'd, but ne'er esteem'd.
From deities ideal, fabled good,
Her erring moral woman understood.
A slaughter'd son unwept became her boast;
Fame to preserve Lucretia virtue lost.
Immur'd were wives, while wantons unrestrain'd
Sat arbitrant, and social life maintain'd.
Now too barbaric Africa commands
Her matrons, unesteem'd, to till her lands;
Now mooned Turks a hundred wives admire,
And Indian widows on the pile expire."

An instance of maternal affection during the devastating shocks of an earthquake, is given in the following episode:—

"'Twas then a tender matron, while she smil'd
In placid transport o'er her slumb'ring child,
Felt the portentous shock, and with a cry
Her infant lifted, and essay'd to fly:
In vain—heap'd ruins round her interpose,
Obstruct the casement, and the door inclose.
Nor aught avails her mercy to demand,
Or seek escape with impotence of hand.
Two tedious suns, untasting food, she pines;
No succour comes; her milky fount declines;
Till her dear baby, with imploring sounds,
Complains, and presses unreplenish'd rounds.
What wilt thou now, poor mother! Ah! what art
Can save its little life, about to part?
'Oh! my lost babe!' she cries, at every moan,
And hugs its heart yet harder to her own.
Now running round, 'Help! help!' with shrill alarms,
'Help! help!' exclaims, and writhes her frantic arms:
Now with percussive palm the door assails;
Now scrapes the gritty walls with bleeding nails:
Then fainting, gasping, by her infant lies,
And with parch'd kisses prints its lips and eyes.
'O live, my joy, my solace!' sobs she wild:
Why do you gaze on me, my heavenly child?
She sees not, hears not! Speak! in mercy move!
Here, here is milk—awake, my love, my love!"
That moment rapid thro' the shatter'd walls
The shock returns; a rifted fragment falls;
Swift thro' the chasm rushes, soon restores
Her starving infant, and her God adores."

Essay on Sepulchres; or, A Proposal for erecting some Memorial of the illustrious Dead in all Ages, on the Spot where their Remains have been interred. By William Godwin. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 116. 1809.

In the *speculations*, nay even in the *aberrations* of *genius*, there is always

something either *amusing*, *instructive*, or *astonishing*, something of a SOUL; a *principle* which leaves an impression on the mind, and turns it to reflection either *serious* or *jocular*, according to the tint of the work that has been contemplated.

The present effusion, without being *tragic*, is of the *gravest* cast. It is founded upon a basis the most *solemn* of any that can engage the attention of the intellectual faculties, and produce in the imagination that kind of disposition which, although not positively *gloomy*, is deeply *contemplative*.

The *unpolitical* works of Mr. G. are all marked with the strong character of intense application; they all denote considerable reading and accurate research; and although we are not at *all times* among the admirers of the *strength* of his *sombre* pencil, or the depth of his shades, very frequently unrelieved by any very brilliant touches of light; though we do not like an author the better for dealing in the *doleful*, or, in effect, indicating that,

> "Whether first nature, or long want of peace,
> Hath wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
> But horrors now are not displeasing to me."
> *Revenge*, Act 1. Scene 1.

Yet there are so many readers who can *luxuriate* in *terror*, who can *enjoy tragic machinery*, that our approbation may well be spared.*

This work, we must re-observe, is of a different cast: it consists of

"A PROPOSAL FOR ERECTING SOME MEMORIAL OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD IN ALL AGES, ON THE SPOT WHERE THEIR REMAINS HAVE BEEN INTERRED:"† and of answers to all the objections that might be raised against it; which answers, or rather reflections, emanating from the hypothesis, are moulded into almost every form that *ingenuity* could devise, or *study* and *observation* conjecture. In considering these observations, we can, for want of space, have but a very few words to say: however, few as they are, it will be necessary first to state the proposal that gave rise to them.

"*This*" (the erecting some memorial) "*might be effected by an extensive private subscription.*

"*A charter should then be obtained for the purpose of giving permanence to the institution; and the funds, if considerable, might be appropriated to other purposes analogous to the original object.*

"*A very slight and cheap memorial,* A WHITE CROSS OF WOOD, *with a wooden slab at the foot of it (where the body had been interred in the open air) would be sufficient, if means were taken to secure its being renewed as fast as the materials decayed.*"

With respect to the *cheap memorial*, A WHITE CROSS; a commemoratory monument, which, though not in the same form, is of the same nature, has been, and is to be, seen in every country church-yard,

> "Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap;"

which is so much better described by the poet than it is in our power to describe it, that we shall quote his lines:

> "Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
> Some *frail memorial* still erected nigh,
> With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
> Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

In fact, these memorials, in different forms, *viz.* in *Italy*, those of *crosses*; in *Turkey*, *rude* or polished columns, surmounted by turbans; in the *North*, and formerly in *Britain*, heaps or piles of *stones*: among the *savage nations*, blocks of wood indicating some rude attempts at *sculpture*: in *Egypt* and the *East Indies*, a variety of *idols* of *terra cotta*, or clay baked in the sun; are to be found in every country in the world. The second of these *symbols* (crosses) are, as *memorials*, to be seen even upon *the Alps*, and indeed in all places where the *Roman Catholic religion* prevails. All these instances of the piety of relatives, or the gratitude of states, are, generally speaking, if not formed of *wood*, composed of materials quite as *cheap*, and much more durable: but it must still be observed, that these remembrances did not, nor do not, add any thing to the *arts* or *literature* of a country; they were, and are, too common to stand as the examples of *talents* and of *virtue*, and too rude, in most

* A Westminster scholar, not merely reading, but devouring "*The Mysteries of Udolpho*," exclaimed, "*Delightful! I love to be frightened to death.*"

† "If a man," says Shakspeare, "do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

"And how long is that, think you?

"Question?—Why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum."—*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act 5. Scene 2.

instances, to be adopted, except by the lowest classes of society. *Monarchs, legislators, prelates, heroes,* men famed for the accomplishment of glorious actions and the practice of professional duties, *statesmen, philosophers, divines,* &c. demanded something more. The sense and liberality of the people dictated, that their monuments should impress posterity with awe and veneration. Then *architecture* arose to form the *pile,* and *sculpture* combined to decorate the *tomb* or *cenotaph.* If the *classic* vestiges of the former art are to this hour *revered,* the graceful models of the latter are still *adored.* To funeral commemoration, therefore, we owe the most perfect architectural designs, and the most beautiful sculptured groupes, which not only distinguish those they commemorate, but the nations of Europe: yet this is not all: we owe to these effusions of taste and genius, in conjunction with coins and medals, those kinds of *historic proofs* that corroborate *literary details,* and *speak* to *all ages* and to *all countries.* Had the illustrious dead been only commemorated by *wooden* crosses, numbers of persons, whose names, preserved in elegantly sculptured brass and marble, will be recorded to the latest time, would have become, with the monuments on which they were engraved, a prey to dust and worms, and mouldering have sunk into IRRETRIEVABLE OBLIVION.

Hints to the Bearers of Walking-sticks and Umbrellas. Illustrated by Six Engravings. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 32.

ALTHOUGH this pamphlet has been published some time, it cannot be said to be *out* of *date,* because the bearers of *walking-sticks* and *umbrellas* are as numerous as ever. We therefore think, that an author deserves the same praise who endeavours to regulate those kinds of *instruments,* as he who erst proposed to teach the *exercise* of the *fan.*

Walking-sticks are, in our opinion, very *serious subjects* of contemplation, because they are too frequently applied to *uses* for which *nature* never intended them. A man has sometimes been *well thrashed* by a *walking-stick;* he has been *knocked down* by a *walking-stick:* a lady has been *tripped up* by a *walking-stick:* but the many misfortunes that have arisen from *walking-sticks* are, we fear, *too serious* for the pen of our author, who has treated them with that kind of *dry humour,* not exactly such as once characterized the countenance of WESTON, who, with eyes turned inward and mouth half open, would unconscious stand like the statue of *stultified stupidity,* while all around laughter operated even to convulsions. The *humour* of this work, though *dry,* is not exactly like what we have described, and which we shall ever remember; but still it is *humour.* Yet we really think, that this abounds more in the *engraving* than in the *text.* With respect to the latter, our author has pursued his subject *per saltum,* from the time of ADAM to the present hour, through many nations and languages. *Learning* has been said, and indeed *felt,* to emanate from *a cane*—and he has *returned* it, to *a walking-stick.* We have no doubt but that PHARAOH'S *magicians* used *their rods* as *walking-sticks;* and we have some recollection that *A. Gellius,* and the *Scholiast* upon *Aristophanes,* in his *Aves,* mention a method which those *shrewd* people the *Lacedæmonians* had to convey intelligence by means of a *general's staff,* i. e. a walking-stick. The *Viator* of the Romans had a *beadle's staff,* which he used as a *walking-stick,* when he marched before the *tribunes* of the people.

SATAN, as described by *Milton,* uses his spear as a *walking-stick,* e. g.

> "His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great admiral were but a wand,
> He *walk'd with,* to support uneasy steps
> Over the burning marl."
>
> *Paradise Lost,* b. i.

In short, the subject of *walking-sticks* is so copious, includes such a range of *scriptural,* classical, and *modern* learning, that although our author deserves great praise for the *good beginning* he has made, we hope to see it displayed in a much more *elaborate treatise.*

The use of *umbrellas,* we conceive, first arose from the custom of the soldiers (the *Carthaginians,* for instance) putting their shields over their heads sometimes. These shields were made of *oziers* woven together, according to that of Virgil,

> ———————*flectuntque salignas*
> *Umbonum crates.*

The *basket-women* to this hour defend their heads *from weather* by thrusting them into their *empty baskets.*

However, these are matters which require the most *recondite* consideration. *Umbrellas* are now used as *walking-sticks;* so that our author has properly classed them together; and although he has not, as we have observed, been sufficiently *expansive*, has, as far as he has gone, composed a very entertaining treatise.

INGRATITUDE;

OR,

THE ADULTERESS.

A TRAGIC DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

Taken from the Play of THOMAS HEYWOOD, *intitled*, "*A Woman killed with Kindness.*"

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

Dramatis Personæ.

LORD FRANKFORD.
SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD.
WENDOLL, *a Town Gentleman.*
CRANWELL, MALTBY, } *Country Gentlemen.*
DOCTOR LENITIVE.
FIRST FALCONER.
SECOND FALCONER.
JENKIN.
NICHOLAS.
ROGER.
BUTLER.
COOK, *and other Serving-men.*
SCRAPE, *a Fidler.*
FARMER RYE.
HUNTSMEN, &c.

LADY FRANKFORD.
SOPHIA.
LAURA, *Attendant on Lady Frankford.*
SUSAN, *Attendant on Sophia.*
NURSE.
SISLEY, MARIAN, LUCY, BRIDGET, } *and other Female Servants to Lord Frankford.*

SCENES—*The Castle of Lord* FRANKFORD *in a distant province—a Cottage—a Manor-house, &c. in its vicinity.*

Act I. Scene I.

The Servants' Hall in an ancient Country Mansion; a long table in the back ground: near which is seated NICHOLAS, JENKIN, BUTLER, COOK, ROGER, *and other Serving-men: the table furnished with cups and cans.*

Cook.

I SAY, that a good dinner is the most valuable part of the ancient English constitution.

Butler. So it is! I'll allow that a good dinner is perfectly agreeable to *the subject;* and I wish no true and loyal subject may ever be without one; but then we have an old saying.

Nicholas. Aye, I love old sayings, what is it?

Butler. Why—"*Wet as you go;*" which means——

All. Health to our noble *lord* on this the fourth return of his wedding-day. [*All drink.*

Butler. So it does! I see you are all experienced in the meaning of old sayings, and can instantly reduce words to practice.

Jenkin. And "*Practice makes perfect:*" so we'll have my lady's health.

All. Our lady's health. [*Drink.*

Roger. This is excellent.

Butler. The October!—So it is—his lordship ordered the wedding-day cask, the *groaning cask*, and the *christening cask*, to be *supernaculum.*

Jenkin. Christening cask! adso! "*Good trees produce good fruit!*" therefore I propose the healths of the two lovely children.

All. The health of the two lovely children. [*Drink.*

Butler. And now, *Roger*, a song.

Roger. Aye, if I had but *Sam Scrape* here: his notes would help to mend a bad voice.

Cook. Yes, as a tinker mends a *bad kettle*, stops one crack, and makes two.

Roger. The sound of running water, whether from a kettle or a rock, is musical: however, as he's not here, I must shift for myself.

Sings.

In ancient times, traditions say,
That *Frankford*'s noble line
Did oft in battle's dread array
In radiant armour shine.
Their fame was borne by every gale,
While their expansive bounty,
At home the theme of grateful tale,
Was spread thro' all the county.
No *Frankford* ever was disgrac'd,
The *lords* were brave, their *ladies* chaste.

CHORUS.

No *Frankford* ever was disgrac'd,
The *lords* were brave, their *ladies* chaste.

Descending now to modern time,
Our present *noble lord*
Up fame's rough steep has dar'd to climb,
And ting'd his maiden sword.
While happy peasants crowd the dome,
With fervent thanks and praise,
To bless the hour that brought him home,
And hail their ancient race.
The *Frankfords* never were disgrac'd,
The *lords* were brave, their *ladies* chaste.

CHORUS.

No *Frankfords* ever were disgrac'd;
The *lords* were brave, their *ladies* chaste.

Omnes. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Nicholas. Now this is exactly as it should be: we begin in mirth, proceed to melody, and conclude in uproar.

Enter SISLEY.

Sisley. Uproar indeed! You drown the music in the great parlour; the young ladies sung so sweetly.

Roger. What, just like I?

Sisley. O dear! not the least!—the maids have all been in the hall gallery to listen to their delightful voices.

Butler. And where are they now?

Sisley. My lady says, dancing makes less noise than hallooing; so she has sent us here.

Jenkin. Where's Scrape?

Sisley. At hand: he's always after the girls: he knows there's no mirth without us.

Omnes. A dance! a dance!

Enter SCRAPE, MARIAN, LUCY, BRIDGET, *and other Female Servants.*

A DANCE.

At the end of which the scene closes.

Scene II.

A large hall hung round with armour, interspersed with trophies of hunting implements, family pictures, &c.; over the chimney a stag's head, with horns; in the pannels, ensigns and escutcheons.

Enter WENDOLL *and* CRANWELL, *meeting.*

Cranwell. Good morrow, Master Wendoll! I am happy to see that the pleasures of the evening have been no impediment to your rising in the morning.

Wendoll. So far from it, that I got the start of the sun by more than an hour.

Cranwell. It must have been urgent business that caused a gentleman of your time of life and town education so soon to bid good morrow to his pillow. Why you must have risen at the hour that you usually retire to rest in London.

Wendoll. That is certain.

Cranwell. And how have you employed your time?

Wendoll. Delightfully! In a contemplative walk. I have surveyed with pleasure this august castle, its beautiful garden, and its romantic and picturesque vicinity.

Cranwell. So much for what you have seen. What have you heard?

Wendoll. Scarce any sounds that issued from the cots
Where happy peasants hail'd the morning's dawn,
But breath'd the accents of *Lord Frankford's* praise,
The patron, friend, and father of the poor.
The nut-brown nymphs, repairing to the field,
Caroll'd the virtues of the noble *Frankford.*
The labourer, speeding to his daily toil,
In strains untutor'd, drawn from Nature's source,
Spoke of his bounty, call'd him the protector
Of all his family from wintry want.
Nay, even the cottage infants, crawling forth,
And slowly creeping toward the village school,
Were taught to lisp the name of noble *Frankford.*

Cranwell. And, I hope, his lady;
For, as the foundress, she deserves all praise.

Wendoll. Her goodness, like her beauty, soars beyond
The meed of praise. Oh! she is all perfection.

Cranwell. She bears the stamp of an illustrious race,
And well supports her present situation.
If virtue were personified on earth,
I think she would assume fair *Frankford's* form.

Wendoll. Happy, thrice happy, must that man be deem'd,
Whose arms encircle such a perfect jewel,
Who wears a *star* so brilliant near his heart.

Cranwell. He feels his happiness, which still increases
Thro' every year of their connected lives.
I've mark'd their perfect matrimonial union,

A union form'd of sentiment and soul,
And still more strengthen'd by their lovely children.

Wendoll. In whose angelic looks their mother's beauty
Beams with a softness sweetly infantile.
Happy, again I say, is *Frankford's* lot.

Cranwell. At which we rather should rejoice than envy.
The sun that gilds the country, also shines
On all that seek protection in this dome,
And need his fostering beams.
[*Bell rings.*
But hark! the turret bell to breakfast summons.
We then shall ride to see the falcons flight;
With sport we'll crown the day, with mirth the night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Enter Jenkin *and* Nicholas.

Jenkin. I say, I knew Master *Wendoll* in London.

Nicholas. Good!

Jenkin. That's as it may happen—but how did I know him?

Nicholas. How the deuce should I know?

Jenkin. Then learn—I knew him for a young rioter, a spendthrift, assuming the port of a man of quality without the means, an eternal borrower.

Nicholas. And, according to the old saying, a tardy paymaster.

Jenkin. No, here the old saying will not apply, for I never knew him a paymaster at all. I have known him in debt and in durance.

Nicholas. How did he obtain his liberty?

Jenkin. By the bounty of our noble *lord*, who, I fear, upon this occasion, suffered his liberality to get the better of his discrimination.

Nicholas. What induced him to interfere?

Jenkin. He knew the family of *Wendoll*, and therefore deemed him his friend.

Nicholas. His friend!

Jenkin. Yes: Our lord is the friend to every one that is unfortunate, and so *Wendoll* represented himself to be. He consequently relieved him from the deepest distress, and offered him a retreat in this mansion.

Nicholas. Which he was wise enough to avail himself of.

Jenkin. Yes! and I hope will have the gratitude to endeavour to deserve.

Nicholas. I hope he will: yet there is an old saying——

Jenkin. O, for heaven's sake, friend *Nicholas!* do not launch any more old sayings in this case.

Nicholas. Why?

Jenkin. For two reasons: the one that they oppose the *wisdom* of former ages to the *folly* of the present; and the other——

Nicholas. Aye, I should like to hear this.

Jenkin. Because

That servant will ensure much more applause
Who minds his business, than who grinds *old saws.* [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The garden view of Lord Frankford's Mansion, which appears castellated in the Gothic style of the middle ages. Ivy crowned towers, and at the corners the terrace and part of the battlements are seen; as is also the moat and draw-bridge in the distance. Trees ascend the activity in the back ground, till their tops mingle with the aerial perspective. In the front a gravel walk leads up to the house; the side wings represent trees and flowering shrubs intermingled, and forming an elegant vista. Bugle horn sounds.

Enter two Falconers, *poles in their hands, and game of different sorts hanging to their girdles.*

First Falconer sings.

Bright *Phœbus* shoots his burning ray,
And dries the dew of morn;
Our *Merlins* can no longer play,
Or see a *heron* from a *jay*,
So wind the *bugle horn.*

CHORUS.

Or see a *heron* from a *jay*,
So wind the *bugle horn*,
So wind the *bugle horn.*
As the noon outrides the morn,
Wind, wind aloud the *bugle horn.*
[*Horns and clarions without.*

Second Falconer.

Hark! hark! how shrill the *clarions* sound,
They stop the *falcon's* flight;
Descending, see they whirl around,
O'erpower'd by radiant light.
Check not the birds, they well have flown,
And bring their struggling quarry down.

CHORUS.

Check not the birds, they well have flown,
And bring their struggling quarry down;

So wind the bugle horn:
As the noon outrides the morn,
Wind, wind aloud the bugle horn.
[*Horns and clarions again. Hawks bells ring.*

First Falconer.

We now can hear their *milan* bells,
And view their plumed pride,
My *falcon* all the rest excels;
She's almost *eagle-eyed.*
Behold aloft she reigns supreme,
And seems to dare the solar beam.

CHORUS.

Behold aloft she reigns supreme,
And seems to dare the solar beam,
So wind the bugle horn:
As the noon outrides the morn,
Wind, wind aloud the bugle horn.
[*Horns, &c. again.*

Second Falconer. Yes, your bird has dared, and seems to have suffered for her daring; for she, like the rest, descends faster than she rose. But the sport is at an end; and it is time for us to claim our share of the game.

First Falconer. Aye! and to take care of our own birds; mine are as dear to me as my children.

Second Falconer. Aye, Jarvis; and thanks to the benignity of Lord *Frankford,* the latter cost you as little as the former.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Enter, from hawking, LORD FRANKFORD, SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, MALTBY; HUNTSMEN *and* SERVANTS. FALCONERS *with their hawks clothed, nets, game, &c. pass over the stage.*

Lord Frankford. Sure, my dear brother, this is royal sport.

Sir Charles. And more, if possible; our towering falcons,
On daring wings, borne to the highest acme,
Appeared to reign imperial o'er the sky,
And emulate the bird of *Jove* himself.

Lord Frankford. Such is ambition; whose excursive range
Ascends from earth to heaven, and preys on all;
Till at the last, soaring too near the sun,
Giddy from height, and scorched by radiant heat,
It falls to rise no more.

Sir Charles. Then was my hawk the most ambitious bird.
Saw you the ardour of her tow'ring flight;
How she out-soared the rest, and seized her prey,
And how she fell?

Wendoll. I did, Sir Charles; like a swift thunderbolt,
She dropped to earth.

Sir Charles. She did, alas! and, as his lordship says,
Displayed the quick transitions of the world.

Wendoll. Aye, but our *merlin* first had plumed the fowl;
Marked you her talons, and her shingles too;
The *terrials* of her legs were stained with blood.

Lord Frankford. So oft, my friend, are the rapacious hands
Of an ambitious man.

Wendoll. I'll grant they are; but still aspiring thoughts—

Lord Frankford. Should be repressed, except they tend to virtue,
And fix their base on blameless emulation.

Wendoll. Your lordship justly morals on your sport;
I hate, like you, a plumed tyrant,
Except for recreation.

Lord Frankford. And example too.

Sir Charles. Enough, my lord; or moral by yourselves.
I have a whisper for my sister's ear.

Enter LADY FRANKFORD, *attended by* LAURA.

You have prevented me, my lovely *Anna,*
I was about to seek you.

Lady Frankford. And I to claim acquaintance with my lord.
What, four hours absent! sure those birds have charms
Which I unhappily do not possess;
You have not yet to-day embraced your children.
Oh! had you heard the eldest lisp inquiries
After her father!

Lord Frankford. No more, my *Anna*; to demands of friends,
To exercise, and health, some time is due:
'Tis fully paid, and therefore lead the way:
We cheerfully attend you to the Castle.

Cranwell. Our appetites have pointed there this hour.

Wendoll. I've wish'd to hear the turret bell's loud summons;
But rather to behold the lovely band

That grace the table, where you shine superior,
Than to enjoy the pleasures of a feast,
Where Elegance and Order, hand in hand,
Support Magnificence.

Lady Frankford. Oh, Sir! you breathe the accents of a court.
Our rustic nymphs, adorned with native charms,
And unembellished with the works of art,
Will think your flattery soars a pitch too high;
Remember, I must have no falcon flights.

Lord Frankford. We talk too long; in sooth fair lady hostess,
You must be told, delay wrongs hospitality.

Lady Frankford. Lead on, my Lord, this instant I'll attend you.

[*Exeunt* LORD FRANKFORD, WENDOLL, CRANWELL, *and* MALTBY.

Sir Charles. One moment, sister, I arrest your flight,
And like a *tassel gentle*, lure you back.

Lady Frankford. I am no hawk, good sir; tho' to your lure
I freely stoop. Yet, still remember that my guests assemble;
The calls of hunger, and the call of duty,
Therefore, both equally demand my presence.

Sir Charles. Our guests assemble: on this point I speak:
Among our neighbouring friends that crowd this dome,
I have, of late, observed a stranger.

Lady Frankford. *Wendoll!*

Sir Charles. Of courtly manners,

Lady Frankford. And of noble birth.

Sir Charles. Granted. But what could recommend him to your Lord?

Lady Frankford. His merit and misfortunes.

Sir Charles. Misfortunes! From what source derived?

Lady Frankford. Perhaps his own; but still benignant minds—

Sir Charles. Will sometimes take a flatterer for a friend.

Lady Frankford. How!

Sir Charles. Plainly! I like him not.

Lady Frankford. He's not your guest.

Sir Charles. But, he is *Frankford's* friend; whose honest heart,
Above disguise itself, is pity's throne;
And freely follows where compassion leads.
Name but distress, his feelings take th' alarm,
And all his passions glow to interfere.
Yet, *Anna*, mark me, now the brother speaks:
The age demands a sterner conduct from him;
And very oft *suspicion* is a virtue.

Lady Frankford. Suspicion! *Charles.*

Sir Charles. Aye, lovely Anna; I, for one, distrust
The gallants of the times, domestic pests,
Who've sunk in riotous expense their means;
Who've lived at large, thrid every vice and folly;
And when they have created self-distress,
And even their lewd companions have disowned them,
Fly from their debts and duns, and fix themselves
Where they can best disturb domestic peace.

Lady Frankford. Is *Wendoll* such a man?

Sir Charles. I fear he is: therefore beware of him!
I know your fame, white as unsullied snow,
And as immaculate, might dare suspicion.
I know *Lord Frankford* is the soul of honour,
And that your bliss is scarcely paralleled;
But still, I say, beware insidious *Wendoll!*

Lady Frankford. What act of mine, sir, renders caution necessary?

Sir Charles. None, my dear Anna! yet my anxious mind
Forebodes a hundred ills that may attend you;
Therefore, once more I say beware of Wendoll.

Lady Frankford. You top, Sir Charles, the jealous husband's part.
But sure my life——Ah! see your theme approaches.

Enter WENDOLL.

Wendoll. The guests impatient claim their lovely hostess.
My lord requests your presence at the table.

Lady Frankford. I come: support me, *Charles*: for sure your words
Were most ill-tim'd: however, I forgive them,
Because, tho' harsh the means, the end was good.

[*Exeunt* LADY FRANKFORD *and* SIR CHARLES.

Manet Wendoll.

Wendoll. The brother's brow was clouded. What of that?
Aye, but he scowl'd on me with searching eyes;
While tears bedew'd the lovely *Frankford's* cheeks,
As pearly drops hang on the morning rose.
Perhaps they spoke of me—He knew me once—
I wish not to recall remembrance, but
His knowledge I could spare—and more his presence,
Because he seems to say, "I know you now."
Nay, that "I will oppose, as erst I did
Insidious art, and vile hypocrisy."
Am I a hypocrite? In faith too little
In town, the mask has long since fallen off:
Retirement, therefore, was imperative.
So far I'm right—*Lord Frankford* is my friend:
But then his lovely wife ——
I am a villain if I apprehend but such a thought.
To attempt the deed—would sink me to perdition.
Therefore, says Prudence, reflect.—
Reflect! aye, so I will!
But ardour conquers reason—Fly her charms?
Where shall I fly? Has earth another spot
That would receive me? No! Let me then
Within her eye-shot stay, that brilliant source
That stimulates impetuous passion's force. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

A Cottage-house in the vicinity of a small Village embosomed in trees: before the rustic door a grass plat; a pale enclosed garden on the left; and a pond o'er-hung with weeping willows on the right.

Enter, from the Cottage, Nurse *and* Nicholas.

Nurse. So, as I was saying, nephew *Nicholas*—What was I saying?

Nicholas. Why, my good aunt, you was repeating what you have said every time I have lately seen you, nay and formerly too, that it is near forty years since you first came to live in the family of *Lord Frankford.*

Nurse. Good now! So it is! Near, did I say? It is quite forty years, and a bit to spare, since the old *lord* and *lady*, who were angels upon earth—(I was a clever girl then myself) told my father, of whom my *lord* used to say, he did not know which he loved best, his *old huntsman*, or his *old horse:* poor Steady—was dead before you were born—

Nicholas. Yes! and the *old Huntsman* too; I never saw my grandfather.

Nurse. Lack-a-day—no!—but my *lord* said to him—"*Tom Thicket*," says he.—"My *Lord!*" said my father.—"*Deborah's* a smart lass," said he. "My *lady* is determined to take care of her—So if she is but as good as she looks—she's settled for life."

Nicholas. So!

Nurse. So! Yes and also—*Mother* shed abundance of tears when we parted.

Nicholas. Parted! Why your father's lodge was but at the further park-gate.

Nurse. Well, that's two miles off—It was a heart-breaking thing, as I had never been in the world before—However, to the *Castle* I went—there I married *the Butler*—a little in years—my lord used to joke him about his young wife—Ah! but he was a blessed man—I shall never have such another.

Nicholas. I dare say not.

Nurse. He died just as my young *lord* was born—made the finest end——My *Sally* also died, the sweetest baby—so I became the *nurse* to the heir of *Frankford.*

Nicholas. This I have heard a hundred times. To what purpose is it repeated?

Nurse. To what purpose? Good now! a very good purpose, I think; to shew that I have such obligations to the family of *Frankford*, which has made me comfortable for life, that I would not do any thing to offend either my *lord* or *lady*.

Nicholas. Who the deuce supposes that you would?

Nurse. Yet I fear——

Nicholas. What?

Nurse. That I have done wrong.

Nicholas. How so?

Nurse. You know what a bad night that of last Thursday week was.

Nicholas. I do.

Nurse. That it thundered, lightened, and rained, as if the world was at an end.

Nicholas. Good!

Nurse. Yes! every thing's good; for rain was much wanted, *Farmer Rye* told me.

Nicholas. Mercy on us!—Ne'er mind

Farmer Rye, but tell me why you fear you have offended my *lord*.

Nurse. O dear! I had forgot. Why, as I was sitting in my cottage that dreadful night, I heard the trampling of horses; so I thought, as this is a very unfrequented part——

Nicholas. Never mind what you thought: tell me what really happened?

Nurse. Presently came a great rap at the door.

Nicholas. So!

Nurse. And then twenty more——

Nicholas. What?

Nurse. Raps! So I ran in all haste, and there I saw three persons on horseback; though two of them, a man and woman, seemed supporting the third.

Nicholas. Proceed—your tale now becomes interesting.

Nurse. They got her off as fast as they could.

Nicholas. Her! Whom?

Nurse. Why the young *lady* that is now in my cottage.——Such a beauty—except *Lady Frankford*—I had never seen they brought her in—drenched through and through—She had fainted—However, I soon recovered her;—nothing but over fatigue—my drops had a wonderful effect, a shower of tears relieved her—and then the guide, and a bad guide he was—for I found he had galloped the horses down *Quagmire-lane*. How they got out——

Nicholas. Never trouble your head how they got out. What became of the *lady*?

Nurse. Why, did I not tell you I have had her ever since—the guide and his horses immediately left us—So I did what I could to make the young *lady* happy—— a lovely creature, but in a power of grief.

Nicholas. Well, and who is she?

Nurse. That I have not been able to learn. Her maid, a pretty young woman too: I think she favors me when I first came into my old *lady's* service.

Nicholas. Mercy on me!—What of her maid?

Nurse. She pays her the greatest respect; indeed, they mourn and sing together——Hark! that's the young *lady's* voice.

A Song from the Cottage.

Sophia.

Where shall grief a med'cine find?
What balm can heal a wounded mind,
Or heartfelt pangs assuage?
Must I for ever pain endure,
Or court pale death, its only cure!
Alas! I this presage!
This, let my sad example prove;
For honour's forfeited to love.

Susan.

Ah, lady! rather pain endure,
Than fly to death, a painful cure.

Sophia.

This, let my sad example prove;
For honour's forfeited to love.

Nurse. Aye, poor soul! She has met with some false-hearted youth. What do you think now?

Nicholas. Think! I can hardly say, I am so affected—I declare I never heard strains at once so angelic and sorrowful — Was the sheltering this young *lady* the reason why you feared you should incur the displeasure of my *lord* and *lady*.

Nurse. For certain.

Nicholas. One would think, instead of forty years, you had not lived forty days in the family of the *Frankfords*. I do not know what might have happened if you had *not* protected her; but having done so, I am sure you will receive both thanks and praise. Does she want any thing?

Nurse. Yes! She wants a person that she can trust to ride with her servant to the market-town to purchase some necessaries.

Nicholas. I'll be that person.

Nurse. I can get *Farmer Rye's* horse.

Nicholas. There's no occasion. I am sure his *lordship* will suffer me to take one of our own, if her *ladyship's* liberality does not prevent the journey.

Nurse. You will speak to him then?

Nicholas. Certainly!

Nurse. But above all things be secret to every one else.

Nicholas. To be sure!

Nurse. For my part, I never talk myself.

Nicholas. Of that I am convinced.

Nurse. Your finger on your lips—there is nothing that I love like *silence*.

Nicholas. I believe you, dear aunt! in one sense: therefore, the only way to prove it is, for me to wish you a good day. [*Exit* NICHOLAS.

Nurse. *Silence* and *secresy*, my mother used to say, were the two greatest virtues a woman could possess. This and other matters I will now go and explain to the young person that attends upon the stranger, who seems a pretty sort of a body, and therefore ought to be instructed.

[*Exit.*

Scene VI.

A magnificent Apartment in the Castle of LORD FRANKFORD.

Enter LORD *and* LADY FRANKFORD, CRANWELL, *and* MALTBY; LAURA *attending*.

Lord Frankford. I am truly sorry for our brother's haste.

Lady Frankford. And more, because, tho' still the reason's secret,
He seem'd to leave us with small ceremony.

Cranwell. The reason is no secret, noble *lady*.
He met at table young *Sir Francis Acton*,
With whom he lately jarr'd.

Lord Frankford. On what account?

Maltby. About which *falcon* soar'd the highest pitch,
And surest struck her quarry.

Lord Frankford. How ended this?

Cranwell. A wager the result: a quarrel follow'd.

Maltby. We both were present.

Lady Frankford. A quarrel! Heaven protect my brother's life!

Lord Frankford. How was that decided?

Cranwell. 'Twas undecided till they met to day.
They cloth'd their faces with deceitful smiles,
But still I know revenge lurk'd in their hearts.

Lady Frankford. Then they retir'd together?

Maltby. Not exactly; but very near each other.

Cranwell. They took their horses at the castle gate,
And parted different ways; but much I fear
They only pac'd around its ample walls,
And met within the park.

Lord Frankford. Where are my servants? Ring the turret bell!
Alarm the district!

Lady Frankford. Who waits there! (*Servants appear.*) Fly,
And stop their bloody progress.
[*Turret bell rings.*

Maltby. I doubt it is too late; Vengeance has wings,
Tho' *Wendoll*, probably, may ride her down.

Lady Frankford. *Wendoll!*

Cranwell. Suspecting what, alas! was too apparent,
He order'd straight the swiftest of your coursers,
And flew to part the combatants.

Lady Frankford. Sure Heaven inspir'd him!

Lord Frankford. His conduct is above all praise.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nicholas. My lord, excuse the haste of my intrusion.

Lord Frankford. What now?

Nicholas. Why—*Mr. Wendoll* is return'd.

Lady Frankford. Return'd!

Nicholas. But how return'd! His very horse is booted
Up to the flank in mire; himself all spotted,
And stain'd with splashing: sure he rode in dread,
Or for a wager.

Lord Frankford. Instant let him appear. [*Exit* NICHOLAS.
Frequent I've noted him; his courtly carriage
Hath pleas'd me much; and I have oft observ'd
Many deserts in him. He's affable,
And learn'd in various things;
Discourses well, whate'er the subject be;
A good companion, and a valiant man;
And tho' of small means, of an ancient house:
While press'd by want, his spirit seems to soar
Above his fortune. He has my esteem.
I have preferr'd him to the second place
In my opinion, and my best regard.

Lady Frankford. He comes!

Enter WENDOLL.

Wendoll. Pardon, my lord! I rush into your presence
Thus unprepar'd! My theme may well excuse
This seeming disrespect.

Lord Frankford. No more! What theme?

Lady Frankford. Lives my brother?

Wendoll. He does!

Lord Frankford. And *Sir Francis Acton*?

Wendoll. Both!

Lady Frankford. Then Heaven be thank'd and prais'd!

Lord Frankford. What then has happen'd?

Wendoll. A dire rencontre from a trifling cause!

Lord Frankford. The cause we know, so tell us the event.

Wendoll. Suspecting from their looks their fell intent,
I bath'd my horse's sides in gore to speed,
Or to prevent or share the fate of *Mountford*;
But ere I could arrive, the parties fir'd.

Lady Frankford. Oh heavens!
Lord Frankford. I hope no mischief follow'd!
Wendoll. Reluctant I must say, *Sir Charles* escap'd,
Tho' the aggressor; but *Sir Francis*,
Whose heat destroy'd his aim——
Lord Frankford. Ah! What of him?
Wendoll. Was wounded.
Lady Frankford. Wounded!—Support me, *Laura!*
Wendoll. But not mortally!
I bore him from the field, sent for assistance,
And safely lodg'd him in your manor-house.
Lady Frankford. Are there then hopes?
Wendoll. Great hopes, my lady! for I left him not
'Till I was well assur'd his wound was slight.
Lady Frankford. Oh, sir! what thanks, what praises shall I pay!
Wendoll. None, lady! Your approbation is too great an honour
For zeal, to which my duty to my lord
And to your lovely self most strongly urg'd me.
Lord Frankford. Yet, *Wendoll*, let me thank you for your service:
The zeal of friendship ought to be rewarded.
I long have wish'd to plant you near my heart.
I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things but your fortune.
Please you to use my table, house, and purse;
They're yours.
Wendoll. My *lord*, I never shall deserve this bounty.
Lord Frankford. Oh, sir! disparage not your worth too much.
Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
And he is yours: your man, your horses, and your table,
Are at my charge.
Wendoll. Lord Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
For many gifts, but this exceeds them all.
I fear I ne'er shall merit your least favour.
But when this last remembrance I forget,
Heaven on my soul exact the weighty debt.
Lord Frankford. There needs no protestations; for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful. Prithee, Anna,
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy.
Lady Frankford. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.
Lord Frankford. To supper come, sir; from this present hour
Welcome to every thing within my power. [*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

HAYMARKET, *June* 25.—A Mr. ABBOT, from the Bath Theatre, made his first bow to a London audience, as *Frederic*, in *Lovers' Vows.* His performance was marked with taste and feeling, and he was favourably received.

July 3. A new Play, called THE DOUBTFUL SON; or, *Secrets of a Palace*, was presented for the first time at this Theatre. The principal characters were—

The Marquis of Lerida....Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Malvogli...............Mr. SOWERBY.
Leon.....................Mr. ABBOTT.
Fabuletto...............Mr. BANNISTER.
Borrachio...............Mr. FARLEY.

The Marchioness of Lerida Mrs. GLOVER.
Rosaviva...............Miss H. KELLY.
Floribel..................Mrs. GIBBS.

The Marquis of Lerida had married, at an early period of life, the heiress of an ancient wealthy Spanish Grandee; and a few months after his marriage, being appointed Governor of Mexico, proceeded to South America, leaving the Marchioness pregnant. This lady, it appears in the sequel, had been previously and secretly married to a dependant of her father, who was killed in a battle with the Moors. The birth of a son discloses to her father the secret of her marriage. He takes the child from her; by exciting her apprehensions for its safety, compels her to marry the Marquis of Lerida, and to conceal from him the story of her former marriage. On the departure of the Marquis to South America, she sets out to visit her son, who was nursed in a hut in the Pyrenees. The fatigue of her journey brings on a premature labour, which the infant does not survive. Her attendant Floribel then suggests the idea of substituting Leon, her child by her former husband, for that of the Marquis of Lerida,

and she adopts that plan, travels until time had rendered the difference of age in Leon imperceptible; and he is presented to the Marquis on his return from America as his son. Between Rosaviva (who passes for the ward of the Marquis, but who is really his daughter by a Mexican lady) and Leon a strong attachment has taken place. At the period when the piece commences, the Marquis has began to entertain suspicions of his wife's virtue, which are heightened by the successful villany of his Portuguese secretary, Malvogli, who, sprung from the lowest station in life, but possessing uncommon subtlety in masking every bad passion, worms himself into the confidence of his protector, the Marquis, and even obtains sufficient influence over the Marchioness to learn from her the secret of her former marriage, and the birth of Leon. Malvogli takes care to intimate to Leon that Rosaviva is his sister; and, by the influence he has over the Marquis, prevails on him to consent to his marriage with his daughter. Contracts are signed, by which the castle of Lerida, and all the estates of the Marquis, are conveyed to Malvogli, and Leon is disinherited. In the mean time, however, a stranger appears, who exercises a mysterious authority over Malvogli. He had been his associate in former guilt; and by a train of circumstances his villany is unmasked, his marriage with Rosaviva prevented; the Marchioness, after a disclosure, restored to the confidence of her husband, and Leon made happy.

Mr. Dimond is the author of this piece; and it is, in our opinion, the most successful of his dramatic productions. It possesses considerable interest, just sentiments happily expressed, and incidents, which, if not very new, are well arranged. There is not much novelty in *Malvogli*, upon whose deep hypocrisy, and the means he uses to carry his designs into execution, the plot (which is Spanish) chiefly turns, nearly the same points having been before dramatised; but a new face is given to the incidents, and they are worked up in a manner well calculated to keep alive the expectations of the audience.—The author is greatly indebted to the performers, for there never was a piece better supported on the first night. Mrs. Glover's acting in a difficult and arduous character, was judicious and appropriate throughout. Mr. C. Kemble also displayed judgment and knowledge of his art, in the performance of the character allotted to him. Mr. Bannister had a part beneath his talents, but he did ample justice to it: Mr. Sowerby, from Bath, who made his appearance for the first time on a London stage, supported his character well; but we must see him in other parts before we can form an opinion of his real merits as an actor.

Covent-Garden, *July* 6. The season concluded at this theatre, with *Hamlet* and *The Waterman*. On the curtain's falling at the end of the tragedy, Mr. Kemble came forward, and addressed the audience nearly as follows:

" *Ladies and Gentlemen*,

" The proprietors cannot permit the curtain to fall for the last time this season, without attempting to express the gratitude which they feel for your munificent patronage. The performers, on their part, beg leave to say, that the sense which they have of your kindness will not suffer them at any future period to relax in their efforts to serve and amuse the public. And here, Ladies and Gentlemen, I might stop, so far as the feelings of those for whom I speak are concerned. But I am anxious to occupy your attention for a moment on another point extremely interesting to us; and for your attention I rely on the kindness and justice which are the characteristics of a British audience. (*Applause.*)

" It is known to you, that in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances which occurred at the opening of the season, and to secure tranquillity, the proprietors entered into a treaty with the public, relative to the number of private boxes which it might be proper to maintain after the present season. I was on that occasion the agent for the proprietors; I made the treaty; and I here declare myself and them, if such be your pleasure, willing to execute it to the last point; notwithstanding the heavy loss which it must bring upon us. But since that period, an Act of Parliament has been obtained for rebuilding a theatre which had met with the same misfortune as our own. The Act of Parliament has given to the proprietors of that theatre an unlimited power of setting apart their boxes for private admission. And here, Ladies and Gentlemen, we rest our hopes. We once sustained a fair and honourable rivalry with that theatre; and I say it with sincerity, that to have one good theatre in London, you must have another to keep it in order. (*Applauses.*) But here, there is no chance of an equal struggle;—that theatre has received

as a right, by law, what we are only anxious to entreat, and shall be most proud to receive, as a boon from your indulgence." (*Loud applause, mingled with some tokens of disapprobation.*)

Mr. Kemble here paused for a moment; and then, apparently in considerable agitation, said; "We will not resist the full demand which may be made for the observance of our agreement; but will you put us at once below the rival theatre? (*cries of No, no; and, Wait till the other theatre is built.*) "Ladies and Gentlemen, we wish to press nothing new upon your indulgence; we only wish to stand, with respect to private boxes, in the same situation in which we were before the fire. (*Hear! Hear!*) And now we unequivocally state, that if such be your permission, the whole front of the circle of the private boxes, with the two corridors, and the splendid saloon, will be open for the public from the commencement of next season. A stone staircase shall be substituted for the present one of wood. The ceiling of the middle gallery shall be raised; and every thing which has been observed by ourselves, or required by the audience for their amusement or convenience, shall be done as fast as it is in the power of our zeal or our means to execute them. Ladies and Gentlemen, I now take my leave, thanking you with the most unfeigned humility and gratitude for the indulgent attention with which you have honoured me."

Mr. Kemble then bowed respectfully, and retired.

The address was received with great and general applause.

Lyceum, (*English Opera*), *July* 9. A new opera, from the pen of Sir James Bland Burgess, called "Tricks upon Travellers," made its appearance, with the following characters, thus represented:

Don Guzman de Pacheco, a nobleman of Seville	Mr. Penson.
Don Carlos de Guzman, a nobleman from Madrid	Mr. J. Smith.
Don Ramirez de Fonseca, a Toledan Gentleman	Mr. Philips.
Don Alonzo, his kinsman	Mr. Horn.
Bertran, Donna Clara's Steward	Mr. Smith.
Cuchillo, a Lawyer	Mr. Wewitzer.
Pedrillo, Don Carlos' Servant	Mr. Dowton.
Diego, Don Ramirez's Servant	Mr. Oxberry.
Balthazar, Don Guzman's Servant	Mr. Maddocks.
Donna Clara de Mendoza, a Lady from Elvas	Miss Poole.
Donna Laura de Pacheco, Don Guzman's Daughter	Mrs. Orger.
Beatrice, Donna Clara's Waiting Woman	Miss Kelly.
Hostess	Mrs. Henley.

Scene—Seville.

FABLE.

Donna Ramirez de Fonseca, a Toledan gentleman, having, under the assumed name of Juan Valasco, engaged the affection of Donna Clara de Mendoza, is suddenly called to Seville, by a letter from his friend Don Alonzo, who had negotiated a marriage between him and Donna Laura, only daughter of a rich grandee, Don Guzman de Pacheco. Unable to resist such a temptation, he departs privately. From Alonzo's letter, which he had accidentally left in his room, Donna Clara discovers his treacherous conduct, and, determining to follow him, sets out with her maid Beatrice, and Steward Bertran, and arrives at Seville before Don Ramirez arrives there. At this period the opera commences. Don Ramirez comes to an inn, where, in a conversation with his man Diego, the foregoing circumstances are developed, and Diego is despatched to give notice of his master's arrival to Alonzo and Don Guzman, and to bring home his new suit made for the marriage. Mean time Bertran having discovered that Don Guzman was looking out for a duenna to attend on his daughter, waits on him in the character of a country school-master, to recommend Donna Clara, in that capacity, as his daughter, and widow of Vincent Nunez, a farmer. Succeeding in his attempt, Donna Clara and her two attendants prepare to wait on Don Guzman in their assumed characters. While the negotiation for Donna Laura's marriage was going forward, she had bestowed her affections on a young nobleman, Don Carlos, whose servant, Pedrillo, undertakes to delay the nuptials. The contrivances adopted by him, first separately, and afterwards in conjunction with the feigned duenna, form the business of the piece; and as they ultimately prove successful, the drama concludes with the unions of Carlos and Laura, and of Clara and Ramirez.

It is a light vehicle for music, but not unamusing. For the incidents, however, the author appears to have been somewhat indebted to different pieces well known to the stage, as *The Lyar*, *She Would and She Would Not*, *The*

Bold Stroke for a Wife, &c. It was given out for repetition, amidst mingled applause and disapprobation, but has since had a run of eleven nights.

21. Was produced a melo-dramatic entertainment, in two acts, called, "TWENTY YEARS AGO!" The following are the characters, and, as well as we could understand it, the fable of the piece:

Count D'Essars	Mr. PENSON.
Henri	Mr. J. SMITH.
Fripon	Mr. FISHER.
Geraldo	Mr. RAYMOND.
Carlo	Mr. DOWTON.
Jaques	Mr. KNIGHT.
Julia	Miss E. BOLTON.
Brunette	Miss KELLY.

Geraldo, a nobleman, had been condemned at Paris, upon the suspicion of having assassinated a Count de Montgomery; in consequence of which he escapes into a lonely retreat, between Briançon, and Modena, in the Alps. His daughter, Julia, remained with Count D'Essars (though no invitation was manifested), who was lieutenant of police, and whose son, Fripon, becomes enamoured of Julia; but as the Count D'Essars is indignant at this attachment, Julia elopes with Carlo, a saucy pedlar) who is rather an odd sort of a squire for a lady of her condition), and arrives before day-break at the cottage of Geraldo, whose house Carlo ascertains in the dark; and with whose disposition he seems perfectly acquainted, although there is no evidence to prove that they ever saw each other before.

Fripon pursues his mistress, and his father pursues them both over hedge and ditch, hill and stile, accompanied by a non-descript kind of valet, called Jaques. They arrive at the hut of Geraldo, who has sheltered Julia; and after a few pantomimic tricks, in which the parties play at bo-peep with each other, and run in and out of closets and chambers, like so many scared rabbits in a warren, Geraldo discovers that Julia is his daughter; and, by a happy manœuvre, in which our modern dramatic bardlings are very adroit, a despatch arrives, most opportunely from Paris, to signify that Count D'Essars is removed from his inquisitorial office, which paves the way to a removal of all difficulties; and the piece ends with the union of the young couple.

The music is composed by Mr. T. Walsh, and was well received.

The piece was announced for repetition without a dissentient voice.

The following song will remind our play going readers of a similar ditty some time ago, about an Essex spark, called Mr. Clark.

Mr. Bourne and his wife
Had at breakfast a strife,
He wanted bread and butter with his tea.
Quoth she, "I'll rule the roast,
I will have a plate of toast!"
So to loggerheads with him went she.

There was one Mr. More
Lodg'd in the first floor,
A man very strong in the wrist—
He overheard the clutter
About toast, and bread and butter,
So he knock'd down Mr. Bourne with his fist.

Says More, "Ods my life,
You shall not beat you wife;
It is both a sin and disgrace."
"You fool," says Mrs. Bourne,
"'Tis no business of your'n,"
And smack'd a cup of tea in his face.

Cried poor Mr. More,
As he sneak'd to the door,
"I'm surely a man without brains,
When two married folks are flouting,
If a stranger pokes his snout in,
He's sure to get it tweak'd for his pains."

LIBERALITY AND GRATITUDE.

[With pleasure we copy the following from a Morning Paper:]

MR. DIBDIN'S COMMITTEE.

City of London Tavern,
27th June, 1810.

PRESENT,

Mr. BENJ. OAKLEY in the Chair.

Mr. Perry	Mr. T. Dodgson
Mr. W. Boville	Mr. Windus
Mr. L. Birch	Mr. C. Holland
Mr. Asperne	Mr. A. Hammond.

It was represented by Mr. Dibdin that he was more solicitous of making some provision for his wife and daughter, than for himself—and that, though the sum to be invested would purchase an annuity of 76l. on his own life, he would prefer that it should be laid out in the purchase of 30l. Long Annuities, in the names of trustees, for the use of himself, his wife, and daughter; so that the principal should survive for the benefit of his family.

RESOLVED,

That the sum of 30l. per annum be purchased in the Long Annuities, in the names of Charles Dibdin, of Arlington-street, Camden Town, Gent. Anne Dibdin, of the same place, spinster; Lucas Birch, of Cornhill, Esq. and James Asperne, of Cornhill, bookseller; and that the surplus of the subscription be paid over to Mr. Dibdin, for his own use.

Amount of Subscriptions advertised	£640	4	0
D. a Friend of Mr. Asperne	1	1	0
The Honourable William Maule, M.P.	5	0	0
John Wharton, Esq. M.P.	1	0	0
John Barnes, Esq.	1	0	0
George Tod, Esq.	1	0	0
Humphrey Donaldson, Esq.	1	0	0
Interest on Exchequer Bills	3	5	2
	653	10	2

To 30l. per ann. Long Annuities (purchased this day, and invested in the Trust as stated above) at 18⅜	551	5	0	653 10 2
To Advertisements	19	2	6	
To Balance paid to Mr. Dibdin	83	2	8	

June 28, 1810. B. Oakley, Treas.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

Though a public acknowledgment from me is, I know, neither expected nor desired by those gentlemen, who, when I was nearly subdued by the humiliation and distress, which I am not conscious I exactly merited; yet, it would appear the height of ingratitude in me if I neglected to attempt a description of my present feelings. These, if words were not borne out by facts, it would be impossible to explain. I was sunk in mental and bodily health and circumstances: the generosity of benevolent and liberal Englishmen has retrieved my affairs, renovated my mind, and given me a very flattering prospect that my life will be prolonged. These are the facts—this liberality, this kindness, this manly generosity, I have to acknowledge, and these I feel, gratefully feel; but how are such feelings to be expressed? Let the world supply the language—it is not in my power. My general thanks are due to every individual who has assisted me; they amount to a large association, of whom I select the gentlemen with whom I had the honour of dining, on Wednesday, at the City of London Tavern, as the organ. I forbear to mention particular names; though I must confess, it would be highly gratifying to me; and I hope it will not be considered as improper, if I mention that the subscription was suggested and set in motion by the Right Honourable the Earl of Dartmouth.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient and most humble servant,

C. Dibdin.

No. 17, *Arlington-street, Camden Town,*
June 29, 1810.

POETRY.

INSTALLATION AT OXFORD.

THE following verses were written by the Rev. William Crowe, Public Orator, and admirably delivered by his son, a Commoner of Wadham College:

STILL through the realms of Europe, far around
Echoes the martial trump, the battle's sound;
There many a nation, now subdued and broke,
In sullen silence wears the tyrant's yoke;
There the fierce victor waves his sword, and there
Stalks amid ruin and the waste of war,
And, where he bids the din of arms to cease,
He calls the silent desolation peace.
Yet what his prize of glory? what the gain
Of his wide conquest, of his thousands slain?
His guilty seat on thrones subverted stands;
His trophies are the spoil of injur'd lands;
For his dark brow no comely wreath is twin'd,
But iron crowns and blood-stain'd laurels bind.
Far other objects here around us rise,
The monuments of nobler victories.
This splendid dome, yon goodly piles behold,
This favoured ground adorning, which of old
Our first great Chief, a patriot hero, chose
For "learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes;"
These are her honourable trophies; here
No spoils of plunder'd provinces appear;
Our hallow'd fanes, our lofty spires, were built
By pure and bounteous hands, unsoiled with guilt;
Pure also was the source; the bounty springs
From holy Prelates, from religious Kings,
Who in the peaceful walks of life pursued
Their godlike occupation—doing good;
And taught us, careless of a transient fame,
Like them, to seek a worthier meed, and claim
Th' immortal recompence that Heaven decrees
For charitable toils, and generous works of peace.
Is there, who, nurtur'd in this happy seat,
Loves yet the mansion, learning's choice retreat;
Who yet these groves will honour, where his youth
Was early train'd to virtue and to truth;
Who liberal art and useful science wooes,
And, by the Muse belov'd, protects the Muse;
Whose patient labour, whose unwearied zeal,
Pursues that noblest end—his country's weal;
Watchful and resolute in her defence,
With counsel sage, and manly eloquence;
For him fair Fame her clearest voice shall raise,
Till her high trumpet labours in his praise;
He, 'bove the Conqueror's name, shall be renown'd,
Him Glory still shall follow, and around

Laurels unstain'd, unfading palms shall spread,
Such as he now prepares for Grenville's honour'd head.

VERSES

Recited in the Theatre, on Thursday, July the 5th, by Mr. Rawnsley, *of Exeter College, and written by* J. G. Lemaistre, *Esq. M. A. of Queen's College.*

IN ancient Greece, the candidate for fame
First tried his prowess in th' Olympic Game,
And, as he proudly claim'd the well-earn'd bays,
His bosom heav'd a sigh for nobler praise;
Then soon, at Freedom's call, he rais'd his hand,
And shone the champion of his native land.
Oxford 'tis thine, like Elis, to impart
The spark of glory to the Patriot heart.
O'er cloud-capt rocks the Eaglet learns to soar,
While her fond mother proudly sails before;
So led by thee, and taught to feel their weight,
Thy sons become the guardians of the State.
Thus memory tells, that he thou honourest most,
England's best hope, and Learning's proudest boast,
Here first acquir'd the sacred thirst of fame,
While every voice re-echoed Grenville's name.
Fair was the presage of the auspicious hour,
When laurel'd Genius sang the Electric * power;
And while these walls with loud applauses rung,
Rank, virtue, talent, on each accent hung;
Then Hope exulting, said (or seemed to say)
'Tis but the dawning of a brighter day:
And now that promis'd day, which rose so bright,
Bursts with meridian glory on the sight.
Exulting Science, as she pleas'd beholds
The scene of high desert, thy life unfolds,
And smiling views the lustre thou hast shed
O'er parent Oxford's venerable head,
To crown thy honours, and increase her own;
Invites thee, Grenville, to her classic throne.
When Rome was menac'd by unnumber'd foes,
Some great undaunted citizen arose
Who broke the shafts barbarian fury hurl'd,
And sav'd unhurt the mistress of the world.
Thus Isis' sons thy guardian aid implore
For philosophic truth and ancient lore.
If sophistry usurp the throne of thought,
And dare to ridicule what wisdom taught;
If critics; worthy of a Vandal age,
Deny the magic of the classic page;
With wonted ardour to the combat haste,
And vindicate the injured cause of Taste!
Tell them, these studies made thee what thou art,
These rais'd thy intellect, and form'd thy heart.
Then when thy bright example they commend,
And both Britannias hail thee as their friend,
Let Oxford share the splendor of thy name,
And with her Grenville live in deathless fame.

* Alluding to a prize gained by Lord Grenville, when an Undergraduate, and recited in the same Theatre. The subject of which was "*Vis Electrica.*"

The following is a copy of Mr. Chinnery's Prize Poem:—

THE STATUE OF THE DYING GLADIATOR.

WILL then no pitying sword its succour lend
The Gladiator's mortal throes to end,
To free the unconquer'd mind, whose generous pow'r
Triumphs o'er nature in her saddest hour?
Bow'd low, and full of death, his head declines,
Yet o'er his brow indignant valour shines,
Still glares his closing eye with angry light,
Now glares, now darkens with approaching night.
Think not with terror heaves that sinewy breast,—
'Tis vengeance visible, and pain supprest.
Calm in despair, in agony sedate,
His proud soul wrestles with o'ermastering fate;
That pang the conflict ends—he falls not yet,
Seems every nerve for one last effort set,
At once, by death, death's lingering power to brave—
He will not sink, but plunge into the grave,
Exhaust his mighty heart in one last sigh,
And rally life's whole energy—to die!
Unfear'd is now that cord, which oft ensnar'd
The baffled rival whom his falchion spar'd;
Those clarions mute, which, on the murd'rous stage,
Rous'd him to deeds of more than martial rage;
Once poised by peerless might, once dear to fame,
The shield which could not guard supports his frame;
His fix'd eye dwells upon the faithless blade,
As if in silent agony he pray'd,
"Oh might I yet, by one avenging blow,
"Not shun my fate, but share it with my foe!"
Vain hope! the streams of life blood fast descend;
That giant arm's upbearing strength must bend;
Yet shall he scorn, procumbent, to betray
One dastard sign of anguish or dismay,
With one weak plaint to shame his parting breath,
In pangs sublime, magnificent in death!
But his were deeds unchronicled: his tomb
No patriot wreaths adorn; to cheer his doom,
No soothing thoughts arise of duties done,
Of trophied conquest for his country won;

And he, whose sculptur'd form gave deathless fame
To Cresilas—he dies without a name!
Haply to grace some Cæsar's pageant pride
The hero slave or hireling champion died,
When Rome, degenerate Rome, for barbarous shows,
Barter'd her virtue, glory, and repose,
Sold all that Freemen prize as great and good,
For pomps of death and theatres of blood!

GEORGE ROBERT CHINNERY,
Christ Church.

VERSES

Spoken in the Theatre at Oxford, by Mr. RANDALL, *of Trinity College, on the Installation of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, July*, 5, 1810.

Written by the Rev. W. L. BOWLES.

ERE pure religion pour'd her heav'nly ray,
The painted Briton on his wolf-skin lay—
Then with dark lore, beneath the hallow'd oak,
Of fate and death the hoary Druid spoke.
'Mid sacred forests, that, with mazy sweep,
Stretch'd their broad umbrage to the distant deep;
Or where the victim sunk, with dying moans,
'Mid the gay circle of gigantic stones,
Rude as the woods and wilds around her spread,
First early Science feebly raised her head:
There, as the moonlight mark'd the mystic rite,
With eye uprais'd, she read the stars of night;
Or caught the sounds, where, the deep cliffs among,
The raptur'd Bard wak'd his prophetic song.
Slow the benighted ages roll'd away,
Ere Faith exulting hail'd the Christian day:
But clouded was the dawn till Alfred rose
To rouse slow reason from her dark repose,
And, wak'ning Science from her Gothic tomb,
Burst like a God, the intellectual gloom.
"And lo!" he cried, "in Isis' beauteous vale,
"Their future Athens shall the Muses hail!
"Here be their sojourn, till around them rise
"Deep groves and turrets clustring to the skies."
Nor vain the voice: the wisest and the best
Of Albion's sons the patriot plan attest:
Poets, * who, warm with emulative fire,
Caught the rich cadence of the Roman lyre;
Sages, + who, scorning the vain schoolman's lore,
Dar'd error's deepest labyrinths explore;
Or they, whom here, first British Themis saw,
With lucid order trace the maze of Law; ‡
And Statesmen || skill'd and zealous to unite
A Sovereign's splendour with a Nation's right.
Ev'n now, methinks, in visionary band,
On this auspicious day, I see them stand;
Whilst he, at once the patriot and the sage,
Who stemm'd the tide of a tumultuous age,
And like a firm and stately bulwark stood,
Amid contending factions restless flood,
Great Somers seems, complacent, from on high,
Grenville, on thee to bend his partial eye.
"Proceed, (he cries) while abject Europe groans,
"And gaunt Ambition strides o'er prostrate thrones;
"While tyranny her iron sceptre waves
"O'er couching legions of uncounted slaves;
"While loud contention and the sounds of woe
"Pierce the still air from Tagus to the Po;
"Fearless proceed—in injur'd freedom's cause'
"To mark her limits, to define her laws;
"To guard her rights alike from each extreme,
"Power's despot rule, and theory's baseless dream."
And lo! beneath thy penetrating eye,
The scatter'd clouds of low'ring faction fly;
Whilst free from letters, on her native sands,
Afric, with blessing, lifts her bleeding hands.
Meantime, the Muses' chosen friend, be thine
To bid these domes with fairer lustre shine;
To foster, in no sterile soil supprest,
The seeds of learning in the ingenuous breast,
Nor thine alone with vernal warmth to cheer
The opening germ of native talent here:
Lo! from those shores, where mighty cities rose,
That now, magnificent in dust, repose,
Bury'd with all their pomp, (while time's slow way
Age after age has roll'd unheard away;)
To thee, with anxious eye, upon the scroll
Antiquity submits her mould'ring roll; §
Whilst Homer seems, in dignity serene,
To bend his brow amid the festive scene,
Well pleas'd thy filial homage to repay,
And close the pæans of this classic day. ¶

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* Musæ Anglicanæ, Addison &c.
+ Locke, Chillingworth, &c.

‡ Blackstone.
|| Lord Somers.
§ Rolls of Papyri found in the ruins of Herculaneum, presented through Lord Grenville to the University.
¶ Alluding to Lord Grenville's splendid edition of Homer.

K

ANECDOTES IN FAMILIAR VERSE.

No. XXXI.

The Evergreen.

ONE of those dames who, from their teens
To sixty, pass for ever-greens;
Who, as they canvas years full grown,
Forget how plain appear their own;
Who can remember, and display,
What female friends have had their day,
And can, with charity engage,
That they look lovely, *for their age.*
One of those dames we've here described,
This sort of folly had imbibed:
Kind pitying praises could produce
More cutting than downright abuse;
And thought the world would give her credit
For candid praise, because she said it.
A wag, when he had ta'en a sup,
Said, his own words, "He'd cut her up."
And one day, when she had gone on
Enough to make her hearers yawn,
Called one acquaintance an old fool,
Whose grand-daughter was then at school;
And blamed another, who, one day
Dress'd naked, though her hairs were gray;
She said, "'Twas shocking, odious, bold,
To ape the infant when we're old;"
Cried she, "I can't bear women flirty;
I am myself, I *own*, near thirty;
And I confess 'twould give me pain,
If I were thought a thing so vain."
The wag cried, "Ma'am, in every thing
There's comfort; years will honour bring;
You, who're *near* thirty, *as you say,*
GET FURTHER FROM IT EVERY DAY!"

BADINE.

No. XXXII.

The Curate.

A curate, much too fond of sups,
Got very often in his cups;
And with his clerk took many a spell,
Till they could scarcely hear the bell.
One afternoon, in jovial glee,
He'd drank till he could scarcely see:
And bumper had on bumper pil'd,
When call'd on to baptize a child.
He left the topers in the lurch,
And stagger'd out to reach the church;
And, as he saw the people stare,
With zig-zag movement he got there.
The ceremony had begun,
When one cried, "He's been in the sun."
He recompos'd himself, look'd big,
When presently down fell his wig;
And, as he pains to find it took,
He stumbled, and let fall the book;
To catch at that, the muzzy elf
His balance lost, and fell himself;
While he was struggling on the ground,
A titter general went round.
"I beg your pardon," cried out he,
"But in my life, ne'er did I see
A child so—'tis a burning shame,"
The people laugh'd, and thought the same,
"A child so—" they were all surpris'd,
"So—*very loath*—TO BE BAPTIZ'D."

BADINE.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, JUNE 19, 1810.

VICE ADMIRAL Sir J. Saumarez has transmitted to J. W. Croker, Esq. three Letters which he had received from Capt. Mason, commanding his Majesty's ship the Fisgard, giving an account of the capture and destruction of the undermentioned privateers by the boats of that ship, viz. Juliana Danish privateer, of six guns and 23 men, captured on the 29th of April, off Wismar.—Ziskar Danish privateer, of six guns and 40 men, destroyed on the 30th of April, off Trindelen.—A small schooner privateer, of one gun, captured at the same time and place.—And a privateer of two guns, name unknown under French colours, captured on the 5th of June, at Warnemuynde.

DOWNING-STREET, JUNE 21.

Despatches have been received at the Office of the Earl of Liverpool, from Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Stuart, dated Messina, 24th April, 1810, transmitting the Copy of a Despatch and Inclosure from Brig.-gen. Oswald, of which the following are Copies.

Head Quarters, Camp, before St Maura,
SIR, *March, 24, 1810.*

I have the honour to report to your Excellency, that the troops, with the naval forces under the orders of Capt. Eyre, of his Majesty's ship Magnificent, as per margin,* sailed from Zante on the morning of the 21st, and reached the island of St. Maura the same evening. Early the next day, the army disembarked to the southward of the town. The enemy retiring from the batteries, on the approach of his Majesty's ship Imogene and gun-boats, the troops immediately moved forward. Lieut.-Col. Lowe, commanding the advance, a portion of which (Greek Light Infantry), under Major Church, was kept upon the flank, and drove a party of Albanians from the adjacent heights. The town was found to be evacuated; Gen Camus having with his whole forces (amounting to above 1,000 men) retired into the fortress and strong field-works contingent thereto; at the same time acquainting the Civil Administration with his inability any longer to protect them.

The fortress of St. Maura is situated on a narrow sandy isthmus, of three miles in length, which joins it to the island, and it has, besides, a direct communication with the town by a singularly narrow causeway, nearly a mile in length. The neck of land is defended by two strong redoubts, and an intrenchment regularly constructed, and ca-

* Magnificent, Belle Poule, and Imogene.

pable of such a resistance as led the enemy to declare they would arrest our progress for a month at least. Lieutenant.-Colonel Lowe being left to watch the enemy's movements from the town, supported by Colonel Wilder, and two battalions, I proceeded with a portion of light infantry to reconnoitre the isthmus. Major Church, I found, had already, with four companies of the Greek light infantry, carried the first redoubt; the enemy retiring upon his next intrenchments, where he remained in force, assiduously employed in completing its defence. It was obvious that no time ought to be lost in carrying this work; accordingly the battalion of detachments under Major Clarke. 35th regiment, was called from the town to support the attack, which previous success and the best apparent disposition induced me to confide to the Greek light infantry. Capt. Eyre, who did me the honour to land with the troops, directed his Majesty's ship Leonidas to be placed so as to favour the assault. Captain Brisbane, R. N. who was also on shore, conveyed this order and our intentions to Capt. Griffiths.

The line to be attacked extended from sea to sea, mounted with four pieces of cannon, well flanked; had a wet ditch and abbatis in front; manned by about 500 infantry; and was so defiled from the sea as to render it almost secure from the fire of the shipping. His Majesty's ship Leonidas came to anchor as close as the water would admit of; meanwhile the troops formed in columns approached, and were to a certain distance covered by the ground. On opening the front of the work, they became exposed to a heavy and well-directed fire of grape and musquetry. The Greeks resorted to their accustomed and in many situations appropriate mode of fighting; nor could the most gallant efforts of Major Church, Captain Tuffin (Inspectors), and others of their Officers, make them advance with that celerity which, on similar occasions, usually commands both safety and success. I am unequal to do justice to the exertions of my Staff, to the Officers of the Royal Artillery, and Royal Engineers who accompanied me upon this trying occasion. Captains Eyre and Stephens, of the Royal Navy, were amongst the most animated in the combat, and were both wounded in the display of professional characteristic valour. Upon finding the head of the column could not be brought to the assault, I immediately directed Major Clarke to bring up the battalion of detachments, consisting of two companies of Royal Marines, under Captains Snow and Stuart, two companies of de Roll's under Major de Bosset, and two companies Calabrian Free Corps, under Major Oswald. The Royal Marines, led by Major Clarke, and headed by their officers, broke through the abbatis and charged into the intrenchments; they were nobly supported by the Roll's under Major Bosset; and no delicacy can prevent me from noticing the gallant exertion of Major Oswald, in bringing forward his corps. The contest was not of long duration; the enemy fled at all points, pursued with the bayonet from work to work; and such was his precipitation that he not only abandoned the camp and cannon of the attacked line, but left his remaining strong position followed by Major Clarke's command even to the gates of the fortress. His flight was accelerated by a previously concerted and extremely well executed movement of Lieut.-colonel Lowe, with the rifles of his corps, supported by a company of the 35th and two companies of the Royal Corsican Rangers. The party, headed by the Lieutenant-Colonel, pushed along the narrow and perfectly exposed causeway which connects the town with the fortress. This unexpected advance led upon the enemy's rear, and contributed to his so quickly abandoning the strong redoubts, which a front attack alone could with difficulty effect. The Lieutenant-colonel in his report speaks highly of the good conduct of the officers and men, and states that Lieutenant Boccheciampe singularly distinguished himself by remaining, after receiving a severe wound, to cover the retreat of a part of the riflemen, whom the enemy's fire compelled to retire; some of whom, driven from the dike into the water, were missing.

[Brig.-gen. Oswald then praises the gallantry and conduct of Capt. Wynyard, Assist.-Adj.-gen.: Major Church, Assist. Quart. Mast.-gen. superintendant of the Greek light infantry; Major Oswald of the Calabrese divisions; Capt. Vicenzo, of the same corps; and Capt. Parker, of the royal engineers, all of whom were slightly wounded.—The zeal of Mr. Gunning, surgeon to the forces; Lieut. Hatzenbuhler, of the Corsican Rangers, an old deserving officer, is also mentioned in warm terms, as well as the services of Mr. Foresti. The despatch concludes by stating that the enemy was pent up within walls; and that though one of the posts was favourably placed for commencing approaches, the narrowness of the ground rendered it difficult and laborious.] *

(Signed) J. Oswald, Brig.-gen. Commanding the troops in the Ionian Isles.

To Sir J. Stewart, &c.

A second despatch from Brig.-general Oswald follows, dated April, 17, announcing the surrender of the fortress of St. Maura on the 16th, nine days after the batteries had been opened. The garrison surrendered prisoners of war. Alluding to the enterprise and valour displayed by the troops on this occasion, the Brig.-General says—

" During the operations, one or two night attacks upon the enemy's out-posts afforded a display of that high degree of discipline and gallantry which such efforts demand,

Upon the evening of the 15th, Captain Thackery desiring to reconnoitre the approach and ground for the breaching battery, then in agitation, it became necessary to drive the enemy from an intrenchment he held within 300 paces of his rampart. The Service was entrusted to Lieut.-Colonel Moore, of the 35th regiment, who led the grenadiers of that regiment, light company of Roll's, and subalterns' detachments of the Corsican Rifles and Royal Marines. This corps pushing undauntingly through a heavy fire of grape and musquetry, carried the enemy's line at the point of the bayonet. Upon the Lieut.-col. and Capt. Thackeray reporting to me, that it was practicable to establish our troops there, the detachment was directed to stand fast, and by incessant and judicious labour during the night, the intrenchment was converted into a second parallel, from whence the fire of the enemy, however severe, could not dislodge it.—Our sharpshooters and infantry from thence greatly distressed the opposing artillery; and I am convinced hastened the enemy's decision to surrender."

A chance cannon shot deprived the army of Major Clarke. To the naval part of the Expedition, high praise is given by the Brigadier-general, who says—"The squadron has given the most powerful aid: it furnished ammunition and cannon for the batteries, with intelligent officers and brave seamen to fight them; their fire was most destructive. Captains Eyre, Mowbray, Brisbane, and Griffiths, of the Royal Navy, were zealous in their co-operation; the two latter officers resumed their station off Corfu, while Capt. Mowbray, by his unceasing exertions, facilitated our operation, and supplied our wants."

Great praise is also bestowed upon Col. Wilder, Lieut.-Col. Lowe, Capt. Williamson of the artillery, Capt. Thackeray of the engineers. Assistant Commissary Forbes, Brigade-major Oust, Capt. A'Court, who volunteered from Sicily, and Lieutenant Charters, commanding the marines of the Belle Poule.

The French garrison consisted of 800 men. The loss sustained in storming three of the enemy's intrenched batteries on the 22d was —1 staff, 12 rank and file, killed; 2 field-officers, 7 captains, 6 subalterns, 1 staff, 4 serjeants, 74 rank and file wounded; 17 rank and file missing.

Names of the Officers wounded:—STAFF: Capt. Wynyard, 1st Foot Guards, severely; Mr. Gunning, surgeon, slightly.—Royal engineers: Capt Parker, severely.—Royal Marines: Capt. Snow, of the Montague, and Lieut. Morrison, of the Belle Poule, both slightly.—Calabrian Free Corps: Major Oswald and Capt. V. Taverna, severely; Lieuts. Amantina and Tarantina, slightly.—Greek Light Infantry: Major Church, severely; Captains Tuffin, Stratti, Turcolecco, Ordioni, and Ensign Permesa, slightly; Lieutenant Boccheciampe, of the Corsican Rangers, slightly.

Total killed and wounded from the 23d March to the 16th April—1 serjeant, 10 rank and file killed; 1 field-officer, 32 rank and file wounded.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, JUNE 26.

Admiral Sir R. Curtis has reported, in his Letter to Mr. Croker, of the 23d instant, that his Majesty's sloop the Bonne Citoyenne captured in the Channel, on the 21st, a French privateer, called Le Maitre de Danse, pierced for fourteen guns, only four mounted, and a complement of 30 men.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, JULY 10.

Rear-admiral Drury, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships in the East Indies, has transmitted to this Office, a Letter he had received from Capt. Hart, commanding his Majesty's ship the Fox, giving an account of the boats of that ship having, on the 23d of March, 1809, captured and brought out from under the batteries at Sapara, La Carravanne, mounting eight four-pounders, belonging to the Isle of France, and bound from Batavia to Sourabava.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, JULY 14.

Copies of two letters from Rear-admiral Drury, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in the East Indies, addressed to the Honourable William Wellesley Pole, late Secretary to the Admiralty.

His Majesty's ship Russel,
SIR, *in Colombo Roads, Jan. 7.*

You will be pleased to lay before the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the enclosed copy of a letter, which I have received from that most able and judicious officer Captain Wainwright, of his Majesty's ship Chiffonne, who has for some time past had the direction of the frigates employed in the Persian Gulf, and appears to have effectually destroyed the nest of pirates which has so long harassed the trade with impunity.

I have &c.
W. O. B. Drury.

His Majesty's ship La Chiffonne,
SIR, *off Ras al Khyma, Nov. 14.*

I have the honour to acquaint your excellency, that by the exertion of the troops and the squadron, under the respective command of Lieut-colonel Smith and myself, Ras al Khyma, the principal town of the pirates who have so long infested the Persian Gulph, has been completely destroyed, together with all the vessels in the port, amounting to upwards of fifty, (about thirty of them very large dows), and of every species of naval stores. —The ships arrived off the place in the afternoon of the 11th instant, but in conse-

quence of the shallowness of the water, were not able to approach the town within four miles, except the small cruizers and two of the transports; these anchored from it as near as two miles. On the same evening the Minerva, an English ship, prize to the pirates, was burnt within twice her length of the shore.

On the following day the town was cannonaded for three hours by the small cruizers and gun-boats, with considerable effect; and a little before day-break on the 13th inst. a feint was made on the northern end of the place, with two gun-boats, under the command of Lieutent Leslie, of the Chiffonne, and a detachment of Native troops, and the main attack commenced on the southern, about half an hour afterwards, consistently with an arrangement made by the Lieut.-colonel. The troops were soon landed, and gallantly executing the plan of their commander, had possession of Ras al Khyma by ten o'clock, driving the enemy to the opposite shore; the gun-boats kept up a fire of grape shot on the sea side as the soldiers advanced. Before four o'clock all the enemy's vessels were in flames, together with the naval store-houses in the town.

I received the most effectual assistance from Capt. Gordon, of the Caroline, who was with me at the landing, and from the officers and men of his Majesty's ships: also from the respective commanders of the Honourable Company's cruizer's * attached to the armament, and their officers and men.—The marines of the Chiffonne and Caroline were disembarked with the army.—By the accompanying return your excellency will have pleasure in observing that the loss of men on our side is trifling: that of the enemy has been very severe.—I have the satisfaction to say, that the most perfect cordiality subsists between the army and navy, such as promises to ensure complete success in all the subsequent operations.—The troops began to embark at day-light this morning, and, notwithstanding the great want of boats, were all on board the transports at noon.

I have, &c.
J. Wainwright.

To his Excellency Rear-admiral Drury. &c.

Return of Killed and Wounded.—Total—2 killed, 1 mortally wounded, 5 severely ditto, 4 slightly ditto.

His Majesty's ship Russel, in Madras Roads, Feb. 4. 1810.

SIR,

For the information of the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, I herewith transmit you further details of the proceedings of the frigates employed in the Persian Gulph. The success attending the exertions of Capt. John Wainwright, the senior officer, throughout this service, in having accomplished the destruction of an enemy so dangerous to the commerce carried on in that quarter, with a loss of men so trifling, reflects on him the highest credit, and serves as a further proof of his very great merit and ability.

I have, &c.
Wm. O. B. Drury.

His Majesty's ship La Chiffonne, Burka Road, Dec. 7, 1809.

SIR,

My letter of the 14th of November, a duplicate of which is enclosed, will have given your Excellency an account of the proceedings of the ships and vessels under my orders up to that date. On the 17th the vessels in the piratical port of Linga, amounting to twenty, nine of them large dows, were burnt without any loss on our side, the inhabitants having abandoned the town on the approach of the ships. The contemptible holds of the Jowasmees, called Congo, Bunder, Mallum, and Hemeram, were next reconnoitred, but no vessels were there.

I then despatched the cruizers Ternate and Nautilus to the eastward of Kishma, to prevent the escape of the Luft pirates, while I entered the channel between that Island and the Main, at the western end; but having got the ship I command a-ground in endeavouring to work through it, as I had no pilot acquainted with the navigation, and as I found the channel was too intricate to pass without buoying the shoals, which would have taken up too much time, I determined to proceed to Luft by the eastern channel, leaving the cruizer Vestal to guard the western end of Kishma. His Majesty's ship the Caroline had been previously detached to Burka Road with the heavy transports.

On the 24th ult. the Ternate and the Nautilus joined; and having procured pilots at Kishern, I proceeded up the channel in his Majesty's ship under my command, with the ships and vessels named in the margin †, and arrived off the town of Luft on the 26th at noon. Twenty-four hours having been expended in fruitless negociation with the Chief Moola Hussum, the Ternate, Nautilus, and Fury were anchored off the town, and the troops, preceded by the gun-boats, approached to the attack, which commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th ultimo.

The enemy made no resistance until the troops came close to the very strong fort and attempted to force the gate; he then commenced a fire, I am sorry to say, most destructive, as your Excellency will see by the accompanying return, added to that of Lieut-

* The Honourable Company's Cruizers.—Mornington, Capt. Jeakes; Aurora, Lieut. Conyers; Nautilus, Lieut. Walkin; Prince of Wales, Lieut. Allen; Fury, Lieut. Davidson; Ariel, Lieut. Salter.—The Vestal joined on the 12th.

† Honourable Company's Cruizers Mornington, Ternate, Nautilus, Fury; Transport, Mary.

col. Smith, to the Government. The piratical vessels, eleven in number, three of them very large dows, were in the mean time burnt by the seamen; and the gun-boats and the cruizer Fury, which, being of light draught of water, had been towed within musket-shot of the fort, kept up a ruinous fire, which very much shattered it by sun-set; the Sheik then consented to yield up the place on the following day to the English, on the part of the Imaum of Muscat, together with all the property in it belonging to his Highness's subjects; this was accordingly carried into effect, the Sheik departing after Lieut.-col. Smith and myself had guaranteed his personal safety. The fort having been delivered in trust for the Imaum to Sheik Dewish, the head of the Benismain, a tribe of Arabs, who have always been firmly attached to his Highness, I sailed next morning in La Chiffonne, leaving the Mornington to bring on the cruizers and the transport to Burka, off which place I anchored this day.

The several Officers and men employed with me, behaved so as to merit my warmest approbation. The marines, under Lieut. Drury, were landed with the troops; and Lieut. Chichton, of the Chiffonne, assisted with a party of seamen in dragging the howitzer close to the fort. The loss of the enemy has been very great; he acknowledged to upwards of fifty, independent of those who were killed in the towers adjacent to the fort, and driven over precipices to the eastward thereof.

I have, &c.

J. WAINWRIGHT, Captain.

Return of Killed and Wounded.—2 killed, 7 dangerously wounded, 3 severely ditto, 15 slightly ditto. [*See page* 40.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE Council of Regency of Spain have ordered, that the Cortes do meet in August, in the Isle of Leon. As soon as the major part are collected, the Sessions will be opened; and in the mean while, the Council of Regency is to occupy itself in removing the difficulties which might obstruct the design of this solemn convention.

The French papers have brought an account of an accident that happened during a *fête* given at Paris on the 1st of this month, by Prince Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Ambassador; at which, Napoleon, the Empress, the Queen of Naples, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the Viceroy of Italy, and a numerous company, were present. A temporary ball-room had been erected of light materials in which the visitors had all assembled, and some dances had taken place; when one of the curtains caught fire from the flame of a wax taper, and notwithstanding the efforts made to arrest the progress of the flames, they very soon enveloped the whole building. Great confusion appears to have arisen in consequence among the company. Napoleon and the Empress quitted the room as soon as it was found the flames began to spread. The members of his family who were present also escaped, but not without being in some danger. The Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, and one of her daughters, unfortunately perished in the flames. The Russian Prince Kurakin, was dangerously hurt, and about 15 persons were more or less wounded.

The *Royal Amsterdam Courant* of the 4th inst. published a very long Proclamation by Louis Napoleon, King of Holland, and Constable of France, announcing his RESIGNATION of the THRONE of HOLLAND. The Proclamation commences by stating the motives of Louis in resigning; which arise from his conviction, "that he can do nothing for the interest and welfare of the Hollanders, but that he must rather consider himself as an obstacle to the *good intentions* of his brother towards the country; he, therefore, resigns his rank and royal dignity in behalf of the Crown Prince, his eldest son Napoleon Louis, and of his brother Prince Charles Louis Napoleon.

He concludes by declaring, that he shall never forget the Hollanders, and exhorting them to receive well the Civil and Military Officers of France, as the only means of gratifying the Emperor, on whom the fate of their country and families depends.

The paper likewise contains another Proclamation, in which he gives as a reason for his resignation, that it cannot be doubtful that the present state of things is in consequence of his having been unfortunate enough to displease his Brother, and lose his friendship.

The Dutch Papers have since published a Decree of Bonaparte, formally uniting Holland to his dominions, and make it an integral part of the French Empire. By this Decree, Holland is declared to be annexed to France in perpetuity; it is to be divided into departments; and is to be governed in future by a Regency. It also orders, that holders of national stock shall, from a certian time, be paid no more than *one-third of the interest upon their capitals in the funds*; and that the remaining two-thirds shall cease to be considered as national debt; so that in fact by this sweeping clause, the national creditors are defrauded of full two thirds of their property.

Among the changes which have taken place in Holland, the *Royal Courant* has been metamorphosed into the *Moniteur of Amsterdam*, by which title it is in future to be desig-

nated. This paper gives a statement of the entrance into Amsterdam of the Duke of Placentia; who, as if for the purpose of a cruel mockery towards the unfortunate Dutch, has received the title of General Stadtholder of the Emperor.

The ship Boyd, from Botany Bay, which put into New Zealand in distress, was taken possession of by the inhabitants, burned, and 30 hands that were on board her killed, and afterwards eaten by the savage natives. Two women, and a boy, named Davison, were saved, the boy owed the preservation of his life to his being *club footed*; the natives taking him for a son of the Devil!!!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

OXFORD, JULY 3.

THE first annual commemoration since the installation of Lord Grenville, commenced this day. The morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, of which there are a profusion in all parts of this city. At nine o'clock the outer gates of the yard of the theatre were opened; when the rush to gain admittance, with such a general assemblage, exceeded belief. Ladies and gentlemen had their clothes actually torn to rags, lost their shoes, rings, and jewels.

At a quarter before eleven o'clock, Dr. Crotch, the professor of music of the University, announced the approach of the Chancellor and the procession, from the Vice-chancellor's, upon the organ; and the excellent band under his direction, amounting to about 100 performers, struck up the march in the Occasional Overture. The six Beadles of the university, in full dresses, entered, followed by Lord Grenville, the Chancellor, in his new robes, which for elegance far exceed the Lord Chancellor's state robes. Dr. Parsons, the Vice-chancellor, followed his lordship in full robes: there were also in the procession, which consisted of about 100, Earl Spencer, Lord G. Cavendish, Lord C. Spencer, Viscount Morpeth, the Bishop of St. Asaph, the Judge of the Admiralty, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Hippesley Cox, Sir Watkins Williams Wynne, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. T. Grenville, &c.

After the Chancellor had taken his seat in the chair, and all those in the procession, the music ceased. His Lordship then opened the High Convocation in a Latin speech, declaring the purposes of the Convocation; viz. to commemorate the benefactors of the University, according to the intention of the Right Hon. Nathaniel Lord Crewe, late Bishop of Durham; also, to confer degrees upon qualified persons.

The band then played a very charming piece; after which, the six Beadles entered again in procession, followed by a Doctor of Laws; and those who were candidates to have that honour conferred upon them. The Doctor, who, we understand to have been Dr. Heber, of Brazenose College, addressed the Chancellor in a long Latin speech, recommending the personages who were candidates for the honour of being admitted Doctors of Civil Law. The Chancellor rose from his chair, took off his cap, and answered the Doctor.

The following is a correct list of the noblemen and gentlemen who were admitted to the degree of D. C. L.—

The Duke of Somerset; Marquisses of Buckingham, Downshire, Ely; Earls of Essex, Abingdon, Jersey, Fortescue, Craysfort, Temple; Viscounts Bulkeley, Carleton; Lords Braybrook, Cawdor, Carrington; Messrs. Wickham, Tierney, William Elliot, Sir William Drummond, K.C. Sir John Newport, Sir John Anstruther, Mr. Fagel, late Greffier of the United Provinces.

The Rev. William Crowe, of New College, the public Orator of the University, then entered the Rostrum, and delivered a Latin Oration, commemorative of the Benefactors of the University, which received great applause.

The recitation of the Chancellor's Prize Odes then took place in the following order:

Latin Verses. Pyramides Ægyptiacæ, Mr. Coleridge, of Corpus Christi College.

English Essay. What are the Arts, in the cultivation of which the Moderns have been less successful than the Ancients? Mr. Whately, of Oriel College. [See p. 64.]

Latin Essay. In Philosophiæ quæ de Vita et Moribus est illustranda quam præcipue Sermonum Socraticorum fuit excellentia? Mr. Miller, of Worcester College.

English Verse. The Statue of the Dying Gladiator, by Mr. Chinnery, of Christ Church. [See p. 64.]

They were all highly applauded.

The new Ode was then performed, written in honour of the Chancellor.

The proceedings of the day being concluded, the Chancellor rose and adjourned the Convocation.

The Chancellor, several Noblemen, Heads of Houses, Doctors, and Proctors, to the number of about 200 afterwards dined with the Vice-chancellor at Baliol College.

At four o'clock again the Theatre was thrown open for the Concert; at a little after five it began with the grand overture from Sampson, by Handel, which was received with great applause: the orchestra was directed by Dr. Crotch, the University Professor. At the end of the Concert *God save the King* was sung by Madame Catalani.

At night night a grand ball took place in the Town Hall, where about 700 persons assembled.

Wednesday—The attraction was at St. Mary's Church, where a Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Howley, Regius Professor of Divinity, before the Chancellor, the Nobility, Heads of Houses, &c.—Sacred music poured forth in rapturous strains from the melodious throats of Braham and Catalani. It was for the benefit of the Radclievian Infirmary. In the evening a second Concert was performed at the Theatre, to a very numerous audience.

Thursday—This morning the Chancellor again went in procession to the Theatre; and having taken the chair with the accustomed formalities, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on the following:—

Lord Viscount Hawarden; the Hon. R. Neville, W. H. Lyttleton, J. Abercromby; Sirs Cecil Bishopp, W. Pole, G. Clarke, S. Glynn, R. Brooke, G. Warrender, G. O. Page Turner, Oswald Moseley, J. M. Strong, G. Nugent, E. B. Sandys, W. Sidney Smith, C. E. Carrington; Rear-admiral I. G. Manley; Messrs. William Cavendish, C. W. W. Wynne, H. Parnell, J. M'Donald, J. Blackburn, W. Lowndes, J. Leach, Daniel Giles, W. H. Freemantle, Pascoe Grensell, R. W. H. Vyse, W. Holmes, Jos. Halsey.

This ceremony being concluded, the recitations, fifteen in number, commenced. The ceremony concluded with *God save the King*, by Catalani and Co. accompanied by a full band.

Friday—The third and last day of the oratorical and poetical exhibition of the Students. The Chancellor being seated, proposed the following for the Honorary Degree, who were all elected and admitted in the usual way:—

The Right Honourable Lord Viscount Duncannon, M.P. Right Honourable Lord George Grenville, M.P. Sirs James Craufurd, Montague Cholmeley, Edward Knatchbull, Barts. Messrs. R. Spencer, T. Tyrwhitt, C. W. Taylor, H. C. Cotton, H. W. W. Wynn, G. Hammond, B. Garlike, W. H. Ashhurst, (High Sheriff of the County) F. T. H. Foster, T. F. Freemantle, G. J. Leigh, W. Hanbury, P. C. Bruce, S. Kekewich, T. Schutz, E. Bisco, J. E. Liebenrood, T. S. Horner, E. Grove, and Albany Saville.

The recitations then took place.

The only circumstance which distinguished the business of this day from the programma of the preceding one, was the warm expression of respect due to the literary character of Mr. Sheridan, mingled with some portion of displeasure that the University was deprived the honour of enrolling him amongst its members.

Thus terminated this splendid Commemoration with the greatest satisfaction to all visitors, to the Students, to the Masters and Heads of Houses, and to Lord Grenville, the Chancellor.– Catalani received 100l. a-day, and Braham 50l. for their services.

A superb diamond ring, the centre brilliant of which is valued at 3000l. has recently been made, as a present to the king of Persia, and another of inferior value for his Ambassador.

8. In consequence of a representation to the Magistrates at Bow-street, that a number of persons of a most detestable description met at the house of J. Cooke, the White Swan, Vere-street, Clare-market, a search warrant was issued this evening; when 23 persons, including the landlord of the house, were taken into custody, and lodged in St. Clement's watch-house. On Monday they underwent an examination, when E. Haycock, J. Amos, W. Thompson, H. Coogood, R. Aspinall, R. Francis, J. Cook, and J. Done, were committed to prison, in default of bail, to answer for a misdemeanor. Sufficient evidence not being adduced against the others, they were liberated, but on quitting the Office, were attacked by the populace, and narrowly escaped with their lives.

9. In the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Justice Grose, after a suitable admonition, sentenced Mr. Cobbett to pay a fine of 1000l. to be imprisoned in Newgate for two years; and on the expiration of that term, to enter into recognizances to keep the peace for seven years, himself in 3000l. and two sureties in 1000l. each. Mr. T. C. Hansard, the printer, was sentenced to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison, and bound to keep the piece for three years, himself in 400l. and two sureties in 200l. Messrs. Bagshaw and Budd, the publishers, were sentenced to two months imprisonment in the King's Bench.

13. This evening, a fire broke out at Mr. Reeve's floor-cloth manufactory, Little Titchfield-street, in consequence of the men having neglected to watch some turpentine which they were about to use in the business. The flames very soon communicated to the adjoining houses on either side; and notwithstanding every exertion was used, we are sorry to say seven houses were entirely consumed, and likewise Mr. Huntingdon's chapel.

20. In an action brought in the Court of King's Bench, by Lord Castlereagh, against M. P. Finnerty for a libel, by imputing to his Lordship improper motives in the issuing of an order preventing Mr. Finnerty's attending the expedition to the Scheldt, the latter withdrew his plea of not guilty, and suffered judgment to go by default. A similar action instituted by his Lordship against Mr. Gale Jones, for announcing the above circumstance, as the question for discussion at the British Forum with severe comments and libellous remarks on his Lordship's character, was afterwards tried, when Gale Jones was found guilty. They were both ordered into custody, and will be brought up for judgment next term.

MARRIAGES.

AT Stockholm, in Sweden, Baron Otto William Klinkowstrom, Knight of the Order of the Sword, Lieutenant-colonel and Aid-de-camp to his Majesty the King of Sweden, and Chamberlain to her Majesty, to Mrs. Sarah Brooke, widow of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq.———At Madras, the Hon. John Edmond Elliot, third son of Lord Minto, and Private Secretary to the Governor-general, to Miss Amelia Cassamajor, third daughter of James Henry Cassamajor, Esq. a Member of Council of the Presidency of Fort St. George.———At Lincoln, Mr. H. Sunderland, aged 94, to Miss Stone, aged 16, both of Heek, near Snaith. The bridegroom was carried to church in an arm chair, and was supported by two men during the ceremony!———Henry Foley, Esq. of Manchester, to Mrs. Wybrow, late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.———Thomas Robinson, aged 65, to Mary Ann Pesent, a Lady of property, aged 77; both of Ogle-street, Marylebonne.—On their return from the Hymeneal Altar, the venerable pair were honoured with a grand concert of marrow bones and cleavers.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, at Burford, Oxfordshire, the Rev. John De la Bere, M. A. Rector of Barrington and Teynton, Oxfordshire, and Chaplain to Lord Dynevor, in the 57th year of his age. He was the last heir of the ancient family of the De la Beres.———At Tisbury, Hampshire, R. Osborne, aged 101. His posterity amounted to 187 persons, viz. three sons, and five daughters, 67 grand-children, 81 great grand-children, and one great-great-grand-child.———At George's-quay, Cork, the Right Rev. Florence M'Carthy, D. D. Roman Catholic Bishop of Antinoe, and Coadjutor Bishop of that profession for the Diocese of Cork.———At Plymouth, Capt. Morris, of the Royal Navy.———At Pentonville, aged 56, Mr. John Boyne, of the Bank.———At Cheltenham John Lucas, Esq. formerly of the island of Dominica, where he had resided upwards of 30 years. ———At Ramsgate, Major Mercote Bowater, aged 67.———At Formosa, his seat in Berkshire, Admiral Sir George Young, of the White. He was one of the oldest officers in the service.———At Cheltenham, Col. Berkeley, of the Royal Marines, Chatham. ———At Mile End, Lieut. Col. John Wilson, of the 2d Royal Regiment of the Tower Hamlets Militia. He formerly belonged to the 28th Regiment of Foot, in which he remained for 26 years—He served in America under Marquis Cornwallis, was present at the siege of the Havannah, and in several actions, in all of which he greatly distinguished himself, and received several wounds.———In Cork at an advanced age, M. Jackson, of Castle Jackson, in that county, Esq.———After taking a hearty breakfast, near Goulding, Sir J. D. Colt, Bart. late of Leominster, Herefordshire.———Aged 13, the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Booker. So long since as the 5th of November 1808, while at school, having a quantity of serpents (as they are called) about his person, an accidental spark communicated itself to them; by which disaster he was burnt so deeply in a vital part of his body, as to be confined to his bed, in a painful state of languishment, till very lately; when a fever seized his enfeebled frame, and put a period to his sufferings.——— Mr. Robert Foot, jun. of Ludwell, Wilts. He was going out with his loaded gun; but, stopping to converse with a friend, incautiously rested on the muzzle of the gun, which went off at half-cock, and nearly the whole charge passed through his left hand, grazed his side, and lodged in his shoulder. He lingered four days.

MAY 27. At Westruther, Scotland, in the 100th year of her age, Margaret Jordan widow of John Fraser, tenant in Wedderlee. She had been upwards of 70 years under the Blantyre family.

JUNE 5. At Newport, County of Mayo, in the 22d year of his age, Neal O'Donel, Esq. son to the late John O'Donel, of that town, Esq. and nephew to Sir Neale O'Donel, Bart.

7. At Bingham, Nottinghamshire, in the 76th year of his age, the Rev. John Walter, A. M. rector of that parish, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the counties of Nottingham and Leicester. Mr. Walter succeeded to the valuable living of Bingham on the 25th of April, 1764, on the demise of the Rev. Henry Stanhope; by which it appears, that he has been the rector of that town for more than 46 years: his predecessor, the Rev. Henry Stanhope, above mentioned, held the living during the long period of 53 years, having succeeded thereto in the year 1711; so that the two gentlemen were the incumbents of Bingham very little short of a century.———Suddenly, at Langare, Carmarthenshire, Captain M. Laugharne, of the navy.

9. At Somercotes, Miss Stainloft, aged 13. The father of this young lady has within six months lost his brother and sister and two daughters; and others of his family lie very dangerously ill.———At Adderney Lodge, near Stoke-Goldington, Bucks, at an advanced age, Colonel Philip Skene, formerly of Skenesborough, lieutenant-governor of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and surveyor of his Majesty's woods and forests, bordering

on Lake Champlain, in the State of New York; whose loyalty could only be equalled by his singular bravery, having served as an officer in the British army from the year 1739, to the close of the American war in 1782; during which period he was engaged in some of the severest conflicts recorded in the British annals, and often wounded.

13. At Kentish Town, Mrs. Clonard, relict of the late Colonel Clonard, deceased. ——At Colooney, Ireland, Mr. G. Yeoman, late master of a troop of equestrian tumblers (who a short time ago exhibited in Sligo) and a native of Edinburgh.

16. At his sister's house, Tottenham, Mr. William Drake, in his 45th year, late purser of his Majesty's ship Centaur; and on the Friday following, at the same place, Mr. Thomas Drake, in his 59th year, of Meyton Hall, in Norfolk, who, on a journey to the coast to meet his sick brother, was attacked by a malady which terminated his existence. ——In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, John Williams Willaume, Esq. aged 70.——At Clifton, near Bristol, the Rev. Albert Wratislaw, of Rugby, Warwickshire.

17. Thomas Best, Esq. formerly of the royal artillery, aged 46.——At Aberdeen, in the 69th year of his age, Mr. James Chalmers, the editor and conductor of *The Aberdeen Journal*—a task which he discharged with unwearied industry, ability, and zeal, during the long period of 46 years.

18. At Falmouth, aged 20, Mr. Samuel Kidd, of the Princess Elizabeth packet.

19. Mr. W. Bailey, of 272, Holborn, in the 69th year of his age.——At Kensington, Mrs. Martha Cabell, relict of the late W. Cabell, Esq. of the India Board.

20. In Horsham goal, aged 82 years, Simon Southward, formerly of Boxgrove, near Chichester. This singular character was a miller: which occupation he followed with industry and attention till about the year 1766; when, by a strange species of insanity, he fancied himself Earl of Derby, King in Man, assumed those titles, neglected his business, and became very troublesome to many of his neighbours. In February, 1767, he was arrested for a small debt, at the suit of the late Duke of Richmond, and was conveyed to the old goal of Horsham; from which he was removed (the first prisoner after its completion) to the present gaol, and from which he was released, after a captivity of 43 years, 4 months and 8 days, on Wednesday last, by the hand of death—Simon Southward was, in stature, about six feet, was exceedingly well made, and had a commanding countenance: his manners were generally affable, and his deportment polite; he was, however, when offended, exceeding wrath, and with difficulty pacified, particularly when his ire had been occasioned by doubts about his assumed dignity. He supposed himself a state prisoner, and would accept of no money nor clothes which were not presented to him as coming from the King, his cousin. His dress was generally a drab coat of a very ancient cut, and cocked-hat, with a black cockade. Simon was always addressed, as well by the governors of the goal, as by his fellow-prisoners and visitors, "My Lord;" and to no other denomination would he ever reply. He had been supported for a number of years past by a weekly stipend from the parish of Boxgrove, which was paid to him by Mr. Smart, as above described, and which his lordship expended on necessaries with the strictest economy; but could scarcely ever be prevailed upon to receive a meal or other favour, except under the deception above stated. ——At Grantstown, Queen's County, Ireland, William S. Vicars, Esq.

21. At Churston Court, Brixham, the ancient residence of her ancestors, the Yarde family, the Dowager Lady Buller, relict of the late Sir Francis Buller, Bart. and mother of Sir Francis Buller Yarde, Bart.——At West Grinstead, aged 62 years, Mr. Thomas Sayers, of that place, yeoman. He was a remarkably corpulent man; his coffin was six feet six inches long, two feet six inches in depth, and two feet eight inches across the shoulders. The weight of the corpse, including coffins, was calculated at half a ton.

22. At Shaftsbury, Mr. John Hayter, cooper, of that town, commonly called the Old Squire, aged 84 years; a well-known character amongst sportsmen. Though often prosecuted and persecuted by gentlemen tenacious of their game, he kept a pack of hariers upwards of 60 years, which he always hunted and followed on foot. He was also earth-stopper to various gentlemen, who claimed the Duntley hunt for nearly the same period. When he was quite a boy, he kept a few beagles, and would often entice the hounds of a neighbouring gentleman from their kennel, to assist his little pack, for which he was, in general, severely reprimanded; but such was his strong propensity for hunting, that he would sit up repeatedly, during the winter nights, to get his work forwarded, to enable him to hunt on the following days. Latterly, however, necessity obliged him to part with his hariers; but even till the end of the last hunting season, he would frequently walk a distance of several miles to meet the neighbouring fox hounds, and till within a few days of his death, it afforded him the greatest pleasure to talk of the diversions of the chase. Notwithstanding all his eccentrical adventures, and his numerous dealings with mankind, this celebrated old sportsman never lost the grand pursuit of what Pope very justly states to be the noblest work of God, "an honest man."——At Twickenham, in the 71st year of her age, the Right Hon. Countess of Elgin and Kincardine; whose life, it truly

may be said, has been spent in piety and benevolence. Her public and private charities were unbounded.——At Lambourne, Essex, Mrs. Dunnage, wife of James Dunnage, Esq.——In Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the 70th year of her age, Mrs. Agassiz, relict of the late Lewis Agassiz, Esq. of Margate.

23. In Pulteney-street, Bath, Jonathan Kendall, Esq.

24. At Fitzroy Farm, Highgate, between nine and ten o'clock, the Right Hon. Lord Southampton. His lordship was but in the 49th year of his age, and within a month before his death appeared in the utmost vigour of life; such is the frail tenure by which the life of man is held! His lordship is succeeded in his title by his eldest son, an infant in the 6th year of his age; he has left a daughter of his former marriage, who has been incessant in her attentions to her revered parent during his illness; and one other son and two daughters by his present lady. ——At Stepney, Richard Price, Esq. in the 75th year of his age.——In his 65th year, Arthur Cosens, Esq. of Yetminster, Dorsetshire. In the morning he attended the service in the Cathedral at Wells, where he was on a visit to a near relative; and whilst at dinner fell from his chair, and instantly expired. In 1807 he filled the office of Sheriff of the county of Dorset.

25. At Edinburgh, in his 78th year, Mr. David Head, writer. He was a most accurate investigator of Scottish literature and antiquities, and enjoyed the friendship, or acquaintance, of nearly all the eminent artists, and men of letters, who have flourished in Edinburgh within these 50 years. Runciman, the painter, was one of his most intimate friends; and with Ruddiman, Gilbert, Stuart, Ferguson, and Robert Burns, he was well acquainted. His information, regarding the history and biography of Scotland was extensive; but, though always ready to lay open his stores to other authors, it is believed he never published any thing in a separate form, excepting a collection of Scottish ballads. Many of his notices, however, have appeared in periodical publications, and the notes appended to several very popular works are enriched by materials of his collecting.

26. In Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, in the 75th year of his age, William Johnson, Esq. of the Inner Temple, many years clerk of indictments of the County of Middlesex, and of the Oxford Circuit. ——William Downe, Esq. of Downe Hall, near Bridport, Dorsetshire.

27. Suddenly, at East Sutton-place, Kent, the Rev. Sir Edmund Filmer, Bart. in the 84th year of his age.——At Cyfarthra, Glamorganshire, Richard Crawshay, Esq. aged 71.

28. At Edgware, in the 96th year of her age, Mrs. Lettice Hallett, widow, relict of William Hallett, Esq. late of Canons, and daughter of James Hallett, Esq. formerly of Dunmow Priory, Essex.——In Brewer-street, Golden-square, Henry De Cort, Esq. aged 71.——At Beccles, in the 87th year of his age, Mr. Joseph Sparshall, of that place, one of the Society of Friends; who, during the whole of so long a life, devoted almost every moment he could spare from the avocations of business, and the affairs of his family, to the acquirement of useful knowledge, and was an instance of what may be effected by the powers and natural bent of the mind, unassisted by the advantages of a liberal education. Of natural history, in its various branches, he was passionately fond; but botany, chemistry, and electricity, were his most favourite studies. He wrote some essays on philosophical subjects, one of which, giving an account of a remarkable *Aurora Borealis*, appeared in a volume of The Philosophical Transactions, and procured him the offer of becoming a member of that learned body, the Royal Society; an honour which he had the modesty to decline.——W. Bird, A. M. rector of Little Hillingbury, Essex, aged 65.

29. At Poplar, Daniel Maxwell, Esq. surgeon, aged 56 years.——At Baston, William Davenport Bromley, Esq. of Baginton Hall, Warwickshire.

30. In Fetter-lane, suddenly, Mr. Williams, many years vestry-clerk of St. Dunstan's in the West.——At Twickenham, Isabella, the lady of the late Major Cole, eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Ibbetson, Bart. and cousin to Fras. Burton, Esq. M.P. for Oxford.——At Hammersmith, J. Carroll, Esq. in his 59th year.——In Dublin, the lady of Morgan John O'Dwyer, Esq. barrister at law.——At Carshalton, in the 69th year of his age, Capt. S. Goddard, of the 16th, or Queen's light dragoons.

July 2. Mr. James Christopher Forsyth, sen. No. 5, Russia-row, Milk-street, Cheapside, aged 52.——At Turnham Green, ——Ogden, Esq. a Gentlemen well known on the Turf.——James Nicklin, Esq. of Hackney, in the 77th year of his age.

In Stratford-place, the Lady of John Kingston, Esq. M. P.——Isaac Heaton, Esq. of Norfolk-street, Strand, in the 77th year of his age.——At Paisley, Mr. Hugh Simm, aged 73 years. He was a native of that town; and, though bred a mechanic, at an early period of life discovered so strong an inclination after literary pursuits, that, without the assistance of a teacher, he made considerable proficiency in the study of the Latin language, &c. The discovery of this invincible propensity to literature, as well as aptness to learn, joined to a religious turn of mind, induced the late celebrated Dr. Witherspoon, when he left Paisley, to take him along with him to America, where, in Princeton College, New Jersey, (over which the learned Doctor presided), besides devoting his attention to

the study of the learned languages and other branches of science, he became a Student of Divinity. The unfortunate revolutionary war, however, soon breaking out, his literary progress was unavoidably interrupted, and his connexion with his patron broken off, as their political sentiments respecting American independence happened to be extremely opposite. Dr. Witherspoon, as is wellknown, at an early period of the contest, became a Member of Congress, and by his writings, speeches, and other active exertions, contributed in no small degree toward the separation of the Colonies from the mother country; while Mr. Simm, in his humble sphere, became warmly devoted to the Royal cause.

4. At Tayside, Perth, Patrick Keir, Esq. of Kinmouth.———At Chelsea, Mrs. Wilson, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Wilson, Canon of Windsor, and Rector of Binfield, Berks.

5. In Chapel-street, aged 33 years, Mrs. Blake, widow of the late Ignatius Charles Blake, Esq. of Ardfry, and mother of the present Lord Wallscourt.———At Hadspen House, Somersetshire, Miss Hobhouse, only sister of Henry Hobhouse, Esq. of that place.

6. At Highgate, Hester, wife of Nathaniel Hardon, Esq. merchant of London.———At Rushby-green, James Randall, Esq. of Dartford, Kent.———Aged 58, Mary Ann, wife of Richard Bridger, Esq. of the Bank of England.———At Hampton, Middlesex, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs Frances Fergusson.

7. Miss Augusta Henrietta Colleton, fourth daughter of Sir James Nassau Colleton, Bart.———Aged 55, Joseph Wilkinson, Esq. of Branhope, and recently of Hawksworth near Leeds. He was a gentleman well known and highly respected in that neighbourhood, as Major of the Leeds Volunteers, and subsequently as Captain in the Wharfdale Corps.

8. At Hatton, near Warwick, in the 38th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Anne Wynne, the only remaining daughter of the Rev. Dr. Parr. The brilliancy of her imagery in conversation and writing, the readiness, gaiety, and fertility of her wit, the acuteness of her observations upon characters and events, and the variety of her knowledge upon the most familiar and most profound subjects, were very extraordinary. They who lived with her in the closest intimacy, were again and again struck with admiration at the rapidity, ease, vivacity, and elegance of her epistolary compositions. Whether upon lively or serious topics, they were always adapted to the occasion—they were always free from the slightest taint of affected phraseology and foreign idiom—they were always distinguished by a peculiar felicity and originality of conception and expression—and the genius displayed in them would most undoubtedly have placed the writer in the very highest class of her female contemporaries, if she had employed her pen upon any work with a deliberate view to publication. Her reading, in the most approved authors, both French and English, was diversified and extensive, her memory was prompt and correct, and her judgment upon all questions of taste and literature, morality and religion, evidently marked the powers with which she had been gifted by nature, and the advantages which she had enjoyed for cultivating those powers under the direction of her enlightened Parents, and in the society of learned and ingenious men, to which she had access from her earliest childhood. With becoming resignation to the will of heaven, she endured a long and painful illness, which had been brought upon her by the pressure of domestic sorrows on a constitution naturally weak. Her virtues, as a friend, a daughter, a wife, and a mother, were most exemplary, and her piety, being sincere, rational and habitual, gave additional value to the great faculties of her understanding, and the generous feelings of her heart.———At Islington, Mr. Armsteed, many years a Clerk in the Bank of England.———At Carshalton, Surry, in her 71st year, Mr. W. Bird, of Howard-street, many years resident in the Strand, near Temple Bar.———In the 65th year of his age, W. Drage, Esq. of Buntington, Hertfordshire.———At Alton, Francis Bruckfield, Esq. of Derby.———In Prospect-row, Bermondsey, Ralph Robinson, Esq. solicitor, aged 38 years.

9. Edward Vincent, Esq. of South Mims, Middlesex, in the 77th year of his age.——— At Edinburgh, James Bruce of Kinnaird, Esq.

10. At Snaresbrook, aged 65, Mr. Charles Bunyon, of Tower-street, London, brandy-merchant.

12. Mark Hodgson, Esq. of Bromley, Middlesex.———Mr. John Burge, an eminent grazier, in Dorsetshire; and, about two hours previously, his daughter, 16 years of age, died of a decline. Mr. Burge's death was occasioned by his falling from a one-horse chaise, on the 5th inst. on his way to Dorsetshire.———Lieut. W. Nowell, of the Royal Navy, and Commander of Peak-hill Signal Station, Devonshire.———At his Cottage, at Muswell hill, Middlesex, the wife of James Cathrow, Esq. of the College of Arms,

13. At Topsham-road, Devonshire, Arthur Fenn, Esq. of Water-lane, Tower-street. ———Aged 25, Mr. Jordan, farmer, Finchley, Middlesex.

14. In Berkeley-square, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. Wm. Egerton, relict of the late Colonel Wm. Egerton, brother of John, late Lord Bishop of Durham.

15. At Exeter, Capt. Hamilton, of the East Kent Militia.

16. At Gloucester, Richard Chancellor, Esq.———In Nottingham-place, Mrs. Mar-

tha Byley, aged 76.———At Gosport, Lieut. Cornelius Willes, Royal Navy, aged 22. This young Officer broke a blood-vessel about two years since, on board the Grashopper, during a gallant action with the enemy, which brought on a decline, and ultimately caused his death. He was brother to Capt. Willes, who, as first Lieutenant of the Spartan, has lately distinguished himself as a brave and excellent officer.

17. Mr. Daniel Durtnall, of Oxford-street.———At the Rectory, St. Paul's Cray, Kent, in the 19th year of her age, Mary Arabella, second daughter of John Pearson, Esq. of Golden-square, surgeon.

19. At Southampton, at an advanced age, Mrs. Faulknor, widow of Admiral Faulknor, and mother of the late Jonathan Faulknor, Esq. Rear-admiral of the Red.

20. James Marshall, 50 years an inhabitant of Great Newport-street, and one of the Burgesses for the City and Liberty of Westminster.———At Tottenham, Mrs. Mildred, relict of the late Daniel Mildred, Esq.-——Mr. John Bowman, of Mansel-street, Sugar Refiner.———At Stanmore, John Torlese, Esq.

21. At the Parsonage House, at Wilby, in the 49th year of his age, the Rev. George Beevor, fifth son of Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart. He was Rector of Wilby with Harpham, in Norfolk, and of North Cove with Wellingham St. Mary, Suffolk.———At Greenwich, Elizabeth Paxton, eldest daughter of Mr. George Paxton, auctioneer, Bampstead, in her 20th year.

22. John Head, Esq. of Union-place, Lambeth.———At Chelsea, Capt. John Wainwright, sen. of the Royal Navy, in his 77th year.

23. In Bucklersbury, Mr. Richard Curson Berry, solicitor.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, the Cardinal Caprara, Archbishop of Milan. He was born at Bologna, on the 29th of May. 1733.———At the advanced age of 70, Joseph De Montgolfier, the celebrated inventor of air balloons.-——At Gibraltar, having gone abroad for the recovery of his health, Robert Lee, Esq.———At Antigua, Capt. C. White of the Royal Navy, Commissioner of the Dock-yard at St. John's.———At Malta, Capt. John Pengelly, of the Eyderen brig of war.———At Madras, aged 20, Lieut. Henry A. Howell, of the 5th Native Infantry, son of Mr. James Howell, of Surrey-street, Strand.———On his return to India, on board the Lord Eldon, off Madeira, Capt. E. W. Smythies, of the 15th Regt. N. I. in the Honourable Company's Service, Madras Establishment.

CURRENT PRICES OF MERCHANDISE.

Article	Unit	£	s	d	to £	s	d
Alum, English - -	ton	24	10	0	to 27	0	0
Anniseeds, Alicant - -	cwt.	6	10	0	6	18	0
Ditto German - - - -		4	18	0	5	10	0
Ashes, American Pot - - - -		2	7	0	3	6	0
Ditto Pearl - - - -		2	10	0	3	8	0
Barilla, Carthagena - - - - -		2	15	0	3	2	0
Ditto Sicily - - - - -		2	8	0	2	13	0
Ditto Teneriffe - - -		2	7	0	2	10	0
Bark, Oak British, 45 cwt.	L.	31	0	0	35	0	0
Ditto Foreign - - - - -		9	0	0	12	0	0
Brandy, Cogniac - - - -	gal.	1	3	0	1	4	6
Ditto Spanish - - - - - - -		1	1	0	1	2	0
Camphire, refined - - - -	lb.	0	8	6	0	9	0
Ditto unrefined - -	cwt.	33	0	0	35	0	0
Cochineal, garbled - - - -	lb.	1	18	0	2	2	0
Ditto East Indian - - - -		0	6	0	0	8	0
Coffee, fine - - - - -	cwt.	4	10	0	5	5	0
Ditto ordinary - - - - - - -		2	15	0	3	10	0
Ditto Mocha in Tine - - - -		10	5	0	25	0	0
Copperas, Green - - - - -	lb.	0	6	6	0	7	0
Ditto White - - - - -		4	9	0	4	15	0
Cotton-wool, Surinam - - - -		0	1	10	0	2	0
Ditto Jamaica - - - -		0	1	5	0	1	6
Ditto Smyrna - - - -		0	1	1	0	1	3½
Ditto Bourbon - - - -		0	2	7	0	3	0
Ditto Pernambucca -		0	2	3	0	2	4½
Ditto East Indian - -		0	1	3	0	1	6
Currants, Zant - - - - -	cwt.	2	15	0	3	19	0
Deals, Dantz. Fir, 3 in. 40 f.	piece	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto 2½ 36 -		0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto 2 30 -		0	0	0	0	0	0
Elephants' Teeth 1. 2. 3.	cwt.	23	0	0	31	0	0
Ditto 4. 5. 6.		4	0	0	23	0	0
Ditto Scrivell - -		12	0	0	20	0	0
Figs, Turkey - - - - - - -		2	7	0	3	0	0
Flax, Riga - - - - - -	ton	79	0	0	80	0	0
Ditto Petersburg,	12 head	75	0	0	76	0	0
Fustick, Jamaica - - - - -	ton	20	10	0	21	0	0
Fustick, Cuba - - - - -		24	0	0	26	0	0
Galls, Turkey - - - - - - -	cwt.	8	5	0	9	15	0
Geneva, Hollands - - -	gal.	1	2	6	1	4	0
Ditto English - - - - - - -		0	10	0	0	14	0
Ginger, Jamaica, White	cwt.	4	15	0	8	0	0
Ditto Black - -		3	16	0	4	0	0
Ditto Barbadoes - - - - -		4	0	0	4	5	0
Ditto East Indian - - - - -		3	12	0	4	2	0
Gum Arabic, Turkey - -	cwt.	6	0	0	11	10	0
Ditto Senegal - - - -		5	10	0	6	10	0

Article	Unit	£	s	d	to £	s	d
Gum Sandrach - - - - - -		6	6	0	8	0	6
Ditto Tragacanth - -		19	10	0	22	0	0
Ditto Mastic - - - -	lb.	0	4	2	0	4	8
Hemp, Riga Rhine - -	ton	65	0	0	66	0	0
Ditto Petersburg clean - -		67	0	0	68	0	0
Ditto East Indian - - - - -		50	0	0	60	0	0
Hides, English - - -	lb.	0	0	3½	0	0	5½
Ditto Buenos Ayres - - - -		0	0	7	0	0	9
Ditto Dutch salted - - - -		0	0	5½	0	0	10
Ditto Horse - - - - - -		0	5	9	0	16	3
Indigo, Caracc. Flo. 1st & 2d -		0	13	6	0	15	9
Ditto East Indian Blue & Purp.		0	12	6	0	13	9
Ditto Brazil - - - - -		0	2	6	0	5	0
Iron, Pig, British, -	ton	7	0	0	9	0	0
Ditto, in bars - - - - -		15	0	0	16	0	0
Ditto Swedish, bars - - - -		21	0	0	23	10	0
Ditto Norway - - - - - -		24	0	0	25	0	0
Ditto Archangel - - - - -		25	0	0	26	0	0
Juniper Berries, German	cwt.	1	8	0	1	12	0
Ditto Italian - - - -		1	15	0	1	19	0
Lead in pigs - - - - -	fod.	38	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto red - - - -	ton	39	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto white - - - - - - -		50	0	0	51	0	0
Lignum Vitæ, American - -		12	0	0	25	0	0
Ditto Tortola - - - -		0	0	0	0	0	0
Logwood, Camp. - - - - - -		45	0	0	47	0	0
Ditto Honduras Chipt -		35	0	0	37	0	0
Ditto Unchipt -		0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto Jamaica Chipt - -		30	0	0	32	0	0
Ditto Unchipt -		0	0	0	0	0	0
Madder Roots, Smyrna -	cwt.	3	10	0	3	15	0
Madder, Dutch Crop -	cwt.	5	12	0	6	6	0
Mahogany, Honduras -	ft.	0	1	5	0	2	0
Ditto Jamaica - - - - -		0	1	6	0	2	2
Ditto Hispaniola - - - -		0	1	9	0	2	6
Molasses - - - - - - - -	cwt.	1	14	6	0	0	0
Oak plank, Dantzic, 4 & 3 inch	load	0	0	0	0	0	0
Oil, Lucca - 25 gal.	jar	19	0	0	21	0	0
Ditto Spermaceti - -	ton	107	0	0	110	0	0
Ditto Whale, Greenland		43	10	0	45	0	0
Ditto Southern -		46	0	0	47	0	0
Ditto Florence -	half chest	3	10	0	3	12	0
Opium, Turkey - - - - -	lb.	1	7	0	1	9	0
Orchilla, Canary - - - -	ton	258	0	0	260	0	0
Ditto Cape de Verd - -		153	0	0	160	0	0
Ditto Madeira - - - - -		120	0	0	130	0	0
Pimento - - - - - - - -	lb.	0	1	7	0	1	10

Pitch, American	cwt.	0	13	0	0	13	0
Ditto Swedish		0	19	0	1	0	0
Pitch, Archangel		0	16	0	0	17	0
Quicksilver	lb.	0	4	9	0	4	10
Raisins, Bloom	cwt.	3	10	0	4	0	0
Ditto Malaga		1	19	0	2	15	0
Ditto Sun		3	8	0	3	12	0
Ditto Muscatell		5	5	0	9	5	0
Rice, Carolina		1	8	0	1	12	0
Ditto East Indian		1	0	0	1	6	0
Rum, Jamaica	gal.	0	4	4	0	6	6
Ditto Leeward I.		0	3	10	0	4	10
Saltpetre, East India Rough	cwt.	3	17	0	4	0	0
Ditto British Refined		4	4	0	4	5	0
Shellach		6	15	0	12	0	0
Shumack, Faro		1	15	0	1	19	0
Ditto Malaga		1	16	0	1	18	0
Ditto Sicily		1	14	0	1	16	0
Ditto Oporto		0	0	0	0	0	0
Silk, Thrown, Piedmont	lb.	2	18	0	3	1	0
Ditto Bergam		2	11	0	2	15	0
Silk, Raw, China, 3 Mos. Sm.		0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto 6 ditto		2	0	0	2	4	0
Ditto Bengal, Sm. Sk. g.		1	4	0	2	3	0
Ditto Novi		1	10	0	2	2	0
Ditto Organzine		2	8	0	3	0	0
Sugar, Jamaica	C.	3	14	0	4	5	0
Ditto East India		3	17	0	4	12	0
Ditto Lumps		6	2	0	6	6	0
Ditto Single Loaves		6	3	0	6	7	0
Ditto Double Ditto	lb.	0	1	5	0	1	7
Tallow, English	cwt.	3	12	6	0	0	0
Ditto Russia, candle, white		3	7	0	3	8	0
Ditto, yellow		3	4	0	3	5	0
Ditto, Buenos Ayres		3	6	0	3	7	0
Tar, Archangel	B.	1	16	0	1	17	0
Tar, Stockholm	B.	1	17	0	1	19	0
Ditto, American		1	5	0	1	10	0
Tin in blocks	cwt.	6	10	0	0	0	0
Ditto, Grain, in blocks		8	0	0	0	0	0
Turpentine, American		0	18	0	1	1	0
Tobacco, Maryl. yellow	lb.	0	1	3	0	1	4
Ditto, Mid. brown		0	0	7	0	0	0
Ditto, Long Leaf		0	0	6	0	0	8
Tobacco, Virg. York River	lb.	0	0	8	0	0	8½
Ditto, James River		0	0	7	0	0	8
Wax, English	cwt.	14	15	0	15	0	0
Ditto Dantzic		15	0	0	15	15	0
Ditto African		8	8	0	10	0	0
Wax, American	cwt.	13	10	0	14	0	0
Whale-fins, Greenland	ton	78	0	0	85	0	0
Ditto S. Fishery		37	0	0	42	0	0
Wine, Red Port	pipe	90	0	0	115	0	0
Ditto Lisbon		90	0	0	100	0	0
Ditto Madeira		74	0	0	128	0	0
Ditto Calcavella		90	0	0	100	0	0
Ditto Sherry	butt	71	0	0	110	0	0
Ditto Mountain		67	0	0	90	0	0
Ditto Vidonia	hogs.	70	0	0	85	0	0
Ditto Claret		42	0	0	100	0	0
Yarn, Mohair	lb.	0	3	3	0	10	0

CURRENT PRICES OF

Shares in Docks, Navigable Canals, Water Works, Fire and Life Insurance Offices, 21st July, 1810.

CANALS.

Grand Junction .... 280l. per share.
Leicestershire and Northamptonshire Union .... 125l. per share.
Grand Union .... 6l. per share premium.
Wilts and Berks .... 57l. ditto.
Kennet and Avon .... 44l. ditto.
Croydon .... 45l. ditto.
Grand Surrey .... 78l. ditto.
Huddersfield .... 40l. ditto.
Rochdale .... 50l. ditto.
Lancaster .... 28l. 10s. ditto.
Ellesmere .... 76l. ditto.
Worcester and Birmingham .... 7l. to 8l. per share premium.

DOCKS.

London .... 130l. per cent.
West India .... 171l. ditto.
East India .... 135l. ditto.
Commercial .... 92l. per share premium.

BRIDGES.

Strand .... 2l. 10s. per share discount.
Vauxhall .... 4l. ditto.

ROADS.

Commercial .... 40l. per share premium.
East India Branch of the Commercial .. 5l. ditto.
Great Dover Street .... 8l. ditto.

WATER-WORKS.

East London .... 223l. per share.
West Middlesex .... 150l. ditto.
South London (with the appropriation attached) .... 138l. ditto.
Kent .... 42l. per share premium.
Colchester .... 55l. ditto.
Portsmouth and Farlington .... 22l. ditto.

INSTITUTIONS.

London .... 80l. per share.
Surrey .... 10l. per share discount.
Russell .... Par.

INSURANCE OFFICES.

Globe	128l. per share.
Imperial	80l. ditto.
Albion	60l. ditto.
Hope	5s. per share discount.
Atlas	Par.
Eagle	12s. per share discount.
Rock	21s. per share premium.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers,
No. 9, Change-alley, Cornhill.

THE AVERAGE PRICES OF

Navigable Canal Property, Dock Stock, Fire Office Shares, &c. in July, 1810, (to the 25th) at the Office of Mr. SCOTT, *28, New Bridge-street, London.*

Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal, dividing 40l. per share clear per annum	750l. to 760l.
Grand Junction	300l. to 280l.
Stourbridge	250l. with half-yearly dividend of 6l. 10s.
Leeds and Liverpool	186l. 10s. ex dividend.
Kennett and Avon	45l. 44l. 43l. 10s.
Wilts and Berks	58l. to 60l.
Huddersfield	40l. 10s.
Rochdale	52l. 10s.
Union	120l.
Grand Union	5l.
Ellesmere	76l.
Wisbech	65l.
Lancaster	28l. 10s.
Dudley	52l. 10s.
Basingstoke	42l.
Croydon	44l.
Worcester & Birmingham Old Shares	42l.
——— New ditto	6l. to 7l. 7s. premium.
West India	170l. per cent. ex dividend.
London Dock	130l. ex dividend, scrip reserved.
Thames and Medway	53l. premium.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.
BY THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,
Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,
At Nine o'Clock, A. M.

1810	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*	1810	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*
Jun. 26	29.99	64	NE	Fair	July 11	29.55	73	S	Fair
27	29.90	64	N	Ditto	12	29.50	67	S	Ditto
28	29.92	62	SE	Ditto	13	29.50	68	S	Ditto
29	29.91	68	S	Ditto	14	29.65	67	SW	Rain
30	30.05	64	W	Ditto	15	29.87	65	SW	Ditto
July 1	29.93	63	W	Ditto	16	30.03	64	S	Fair
2	29.79	67	W	Ditto	17	29.73	65	ENE	Ditto
3	29.54	66	S	Ditto	18	29.51	64	NE	Ditto
4	29.27	64	S	Rain	19	29.80	64	SW	Ditto
5	29.69	63	N	Fair	20	29.72	62	N	Ditto
6	29.80	64	S	Ditto	21	29.90	63	NW	Ditto
7	29.95	68	S	Ditto	22	29.91	62	NW	Ditto
8	29.74	67	S	Rain	23	30.12	64	W	Ditto
9	29.81	64	SW	Fair	24	30.05	65	WSW	Ditto
10	29.66	65	S	Rain	25	29.72	67	SE by S	Ditto

Joyce Gold, Printer, Shoe-lane, London.

DAILY PRICE OF STOCKS FROM JUNE 26, TO JULY 25, 1810, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Days 1810	Bank Stock	3 perCt Reduc	3 per Ct Consols	4 perCt Consol	Navy 5 perCt	Long Anns.	Imp. 3 perCt	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 perCt	India Stock.	India Bonds.	So. Sea Stock.	So. Sea Ann.	Exche. Bills.	StateLot. Tickets.	CityFr. Tick.	Omn.	Cons. for Ac.
Jun. 26	—	69⅛	—	84⅝	—	18⅜	—	—	—	—	20s pr.	—	New	1s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	½ pr.	71¼ a ⅛
27	—	69½	—	84½	—	18⅜	—	—	—	—	19s pr.	—	Shut	par	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅜ pr.	70⅞ a 71⅛
28	259½	69½	—	84⅝	—	18 7-16	—	—	—	—	16s pr.	—	—	1s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅜ pr.	71⅛
29	holi a y																	
30	—	69⅝	—	84¾	—	18 7-16	—	—	—	—	18s pr.	—	—	2s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅝ pr.	71⅛ a ¼
July 2	—	69⅞	—	84⅞	—	18 7-16	—	—	—	—	19s pr.	—	—	4s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	¾ pr.	71¼ a ⅜
3	259	70	—	85	—	18⅜	—	—	—	—	18s pr.	—	—	3s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅞ pr.	71⅜ a ½
4	—	70	—	84⅞	—	18 7-16	—	—	—	—	17s pr.	—	—	1s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅞ pr.	71½ a ⅜
5	260	70⅛	—	85	—	18 7-16	—	—	—	—	22s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1 pr.	71⅜ a ½
6	—	70⅝	69⅝ a ⅞	85½	99½	18 7-16	—	—	—	—	24s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1 pr.	71½ a ⅝
7	—	70¼	69½ a ⅝	85½	99⅛	18 7-16	—	—	—	183¾	22s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅞ pr.	71⅜ a ¼
9	—	70⅛	69⅜ a ½	85⅜	99⅛	18½	—	—	—	—	23s pr.	74¾	—	8s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	¾ pr.	71¼ a ⅝
10	260½	70⅛	69½ a ⅝	85⅜	99¼	18½	—	—	—	183¾	23s pr.	—	—	9s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅝ pr.	71¼ a ⅜
11	—	70⅜	69¾ a ⅝	85½	99¼	18½	68¼	—	—		22s pr.	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	¾ pr.	71⅛ a ¼
12	260½	70¼	69¾ a ⅝	85⅝	99¼	18½	—	—	—	184	22s pr.	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	½ pr.	71¼ a ⅛
13	260¾	70⅛	69¼ a ⅝	85⅜	99¼	18½	—	—	—	182½	22s pr.	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅛ pr.	71⅞ a 71½
14	—	70	69½ a ¼	85¼	99⅜	18 9-16	—	—	—	—	21s pr.	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅛ pr.	71 a 70⅞
16	—	69¾	69⅛ a 68½	85⅛	99⅛	18½	—	—	—	—	20s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	⅛ pr.	70¾ a ¼
17	259	68⅞	67¼ a 68⅜	84⅛	98¼	18 3-16	66⅝	—	—	—	14s pr.	—	—	2s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1¼ dis.	70 a 68⅞
18	—	68⅞	67¾ a 68⅜	84⅛	98¾	18⅛	—	—	—	178¾	15s pr.	—	—	1s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1⅛ dis.	69⅛ a ⅞
19	260½	68½	68⅛ a 67¼	84	98¼	18¼	—	6¾	—	178¾	15s pr.	—	—	1s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1½ dis.	68¾ a 69⅝
20	260½	68⅛	66¾ a 67⅜	83⅝	98¾	18¼	—	—	—	—	15s pr.	—	—	2s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2 dis.	67¾ a 68⅛
21	260½	68⅝	67⅞ a 68⅛	84⅛	98¾	18 5-16	—	6⅞	—	180¾	20s pr.	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1¼ dis.	68½ a ⅝
23	—	68⅞	68⅜ a ¼	84⅜	99	18⅜	—	—	—	180¾	20s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1 dis.	68½ a ¾
24	262	69¼	68¼ a ¾	85¼	100	18½	—	—	—	182¼	20s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1 dis.	68¾ a 69
25	holiday																	

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